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THE COLONIAL EXPANSION OF THE UNITED STATES.

OUR country has been suddenly placed in the position of a man who, intending to make a small bid at a foreclosure sale to protect the interest of a poor neighbor, finds himself unexpectedly the owner of a large estate subject to a heavy mortgage. If the heritage rent from Spain is princely, the questions it entails are sorely perplexing; and although before we made the bid we talked a great deal about the right of the poor neighbor to manage his own property, we have now discovered that the responsibility rests mainly upon us. In short, we have taken the irrevocable step of extending our possessions beyond the sea, and it is wise to consider soberly, without enthusiasm and without prejudice, the problems which that step involves.

It is commonly said that the recent annexations mark a departure from our traditional policy, in that they present the first attempt the nation has made to acquire colonies. The former half of this statement is substantially correct; for, with the exception of Alaska, the lands we have annexed have bordered upon those we already possessed. Moreover, they have been, for the most part, uninhabited or very thinly peopled. The other half of the statement — that we have entered for the first time in the path of colonization — cannot be accepted without careful examination. The term "colony" is habitually used in a vague sense. It brings to mind European possessions in America, Asia, and Africa, and conjures up recollections of selfish oppres-

sion. In fact, for many Americans the word has disagreeable associations with which it has no necessary connection. Properly speaking, a colony is a territory, not forming, for political purposes, an integral part of the mother country, but dependent upon her, and peopled in part, at least, by her emigrants. If this is true, there has never been a time, since the adoption of the first ordinance for the government of the Northwest Territory in 1784, when the United States has not had colonies. Nor is there anything artificial or strained about this definition. The very essence of a colony lies in the fact that it is a new land, to which citizens can go and carry with them the protection of the parent state; and this has been eminently the case in the territories of the United States. They have been administered, it is true, with a view to their becoming at the earliest possible moment members of the Union, with full equality of rights; but that is not inconsistent with their being colonies in the strictest sense, so long as they remained territories at all. Until admitted as states, their position has not differed in any essential particular from that of the North American colonies of England before the outbreak of the Revolution.

The extension of the boundaries of the United States has been brought about by every kind of process: by purchase, as in the case of Louisiana with the land then belonging to it, which stretched from the Mississippi to the Rocky Moun-

tains, and in the north all the way to the Pacific, — in the case, also, of Florida, of the Gadsden purchase, and of Alaska; by voluntary annexation, in the case of Texas; finally, by conquest, in the case of California, together with the country lying eastward to the Rio Grande: and by far the greater part of these acquisitions were for a time governed as territories or colonies.

The existence of vast regions in North America uninhabited by civilized man enabled our fathers to plant an ever extending series of new communities to which the people of the older settlements could emigrate without becoming foreigners, and the process has added enormously to the prosperity of the nation. Unlimited land, fit for agriculture, and to be had almost for the asking, made it possible for any man, by going West, to earn a living; and this, reacting upon the more thickly settled parts of the country, relieved the pressure of competition for work in spite of the constant stream of immigration, kept up a high standard of material comfort among the working classes, and fostered enterprise, energy, and self-reliance. After the great belt of forest had been cleared and the open prairie was reached, the conditions became even more favorable; for the absence of forests, the fertility of the virgin soil, the advance in the use of agricultural machinery, and the multiplication of railroad lines enabled the Western farmer to raise his crops at a cost that insured him a profitable market in Europe. At the same time the rapid growth of the country stimulated industry in the East, and made it possible to maintain a protective tariff, which was little felt by the farmer, while it built up manufactures. The progress of the people westward at an ever increasing speed thus developed and enriched all parts of the nation, the old as well as the new.

Nor has the process of planting new communities in the West been less successful from a political than from an

economic point of view. With the exception of the troubles in Kansas during the contest over slavery, a quarrel imported from the older states, and the disturbances in Utah, where polygamy was a rock of offense, the United States has had scarcely any friction with the territories. The course of their government has run smoothly; and if the conditions have been peculiarly favorable and such as can never occur again, this fact has not been the sole cause of success. That the expansion to the Mississippi and the plains beyond has been a source of strength, that it has promoted the welfare of the nation to an incalculable degree, no man will feel inclined to deny. To realize this, one has only to recall what the position of our country would have been to-day if the ocean or a foreign power had encompassed the boundaries of the original thirteen states; if the Alleghanies had been our western frontier. Since the Revolutionary War the inhabitants of the United States have increased twentyfold; and of the present population one half live in communities that have at some time been organized as territories, — in other words, that have been founded by the process of colonization. It may safely be asserted, therefore, that the United States has been one of the greatest and most successful colonizing powers the world has ever known.

Like an engine on a down grade, a nation that is bringing fresh fields under cultivation can easily make rapid progress; but a down grade cannot go on forever, and vacant land cannot be of indefinite extent. The conditions that made possible the expansion of our people westward at a furious and constantly accelerated pace are surely, and not very slowly, coming to an end. For some time the Commissioner of Public Lands has been repeating, and since 1890 in almost the same words, "that quite a considerable portion of the vacant land is embraced in the heavily timbered re-

gions of the Southern States, the lake region, the Pacific Coast, and the mountainous and arid regions of the far West, and that the portion of land cultivable without clearing or irrigation is comparatively small. It is a reasonable conclusion, however, that vast bodies of arid lands will in time be reclaimed by irrigation, as the result of the efforts of the government to construct storage basins and ditches for the purpose, seconded, as undoubtedly they will be, by private enterprise; and that, as a consequence, the rain areas of the West will be considerably enlarged." Now, experts are by no means all agreed in thinking that arid lands can be permanently reclaimed by means of irrigation; but even if this is feasible, the total cost to the community of farming on such land is clearly far larger than it is in the well-watered prairies of Iowa. The same thing is true in the states with an abundant rainfall, where the most profitable land has been taken up, and that which is left is less fertile or less well situated. The time has almost come when we shall no longer be able to increase our grain crop by simply running a steam plough through unoccupied square miles of rich virgin soil, but must employ the more expensive processes of higher cultivation or irrigation. Besides, we have reached this point at a moment when the cost of the crop is of vital importance, because our fields are now obliged to compete with foreign lands recently opened to cultivation. Some of these countries are using modern agricultural machinery; they have the advantage of cheaper labor; and in the case of Argentina, where the transportation is all by water, the freight to the markets of Europe is not so high. We have no reason to expect, therefore, that the Western movement will continue much longer at the present rate. The United States as a whole is capable, no doubt, of supporting a far larger population than it contains to-day, but the filling up of country already settled is a much slower pro-

cess than that of pushing into vacant territories, and hence the rate of expansion must inevitably be checked. One often hears the question asked, "We have been getting along exceedingly well; why cannot we keep on as we have been going?" The answer is that an engine cannot keep on if there is no more track; or to make the simile a little closer, it cannot continue at the old speed when the down grade comes to an end. The expansion into new regions, within the old limits of the United States, must cease, because there will be no new fertile regions there; and we shall be confined to filling up what we have already occupied.

If we look, then, at the past and the future, the question is, not whether we shall enter upon a career of colonization or not, but whether we shall shift into other channels the colonization which has lasted as long as our national existence, or whether we shall abandon it; whether we shall expand in other directions, or cease to expand into new territory at all. Although the acquisition of the Spanish colonies was an accident, in the sense that the war was not waged with any deliberate intention of expansion, yet the question was sure to present itself in some form before long; and there can be little doubt how it would have been answered. The checking of expansion by the occupation of all the best agricultural land is certain to produce an economic pressure in many ways. In the first place, it must diminish the demand for labor; or rather, check the demand that has hitherto increased with the supply. The Western land will not absorb farm hands at the same rate as in the past; while in the East industry has developed so fast that the home market is already fully stocked with most kinds of manufactured goods, profits have fallen, and there is little inducement for a large increase of factories. In short, the demand for labor must decrease as compared with the supply, and hence wages

must fall. Some of our manufactures may, indeed, find a wider foreign market, but this can hardly take place on a large scale without a general decline of wages to a point nearer the European standard.

Moreover, — and this would have still greater weight in determining national action, — the filling up of the vacant land must diminish the chance of employment even faster for men who work with their heads than for those who work with their hands. Our public schools are often criticised on the ground that the kind of instruction they give is ill adapted for training boys to be artisans. It is said that it fills their heads with useless information and gives them a distaste for manual labor. No doubt this charge is not entirely unfounded, but hitherto the constantly swelling stream of immigrants has supplied most of the laborers for the rougher kinds of work, and the young men educated here have found plenty of room higher up the economic ladder. Throughout the North, the native-born Americans have filled the professions, have been merchants, shopkeepers, clerks, managers, and foremen. They have been the captains, and, if I may use the term, the non-commissioned officers of labor. Now, as immigration lessens with the filling up of the country, the proportion of men who have obtained a fair education cannot fail to be much larger; and thus the competition for the work they are capable of doing must become exceedingly sharp, as it is to-day in France, for example, or in Germany. That men of this stamp will tend to seek their fortunes in other places where their services are in demand cannot be doubted. It is also clear that, wherever they go, they will claim the protection of our government: and this class in the community is, after all, the main controlling force in politics.

Finally, we must not forget that the Anglo-Saxon race is expansive. While the elaborate administrative systems of

Continental Europe tend to make men dependent upon the government, the common law develops self-reliance and fits a man to cope alone with new conditions. A colonist, to succeed, must be allowed to make his own way as best suits his surroundings, untrammelled by administrative regulations; and it is a striking fact that German emigrants do not flock to their own colonies. They prefer to go to America or to an English colony, and thrive better there. The habit of shifting for one's self is not only a natural result of our institutions, but has been deeply ingrained by the Western movement of the population, until the idea of bettering his prospects by emigration comes naturally to every American. That a tendency so firmly rooted should die out as the country fills up, that the custom of pushing into any favorable opening should not operate beyond the present limits of the United States, seems incredible. The rush for the Klondike is enough to dispel such an illusion. Now, if a large number of American citizens were to pour into any country where law and order are not effectually maintained, and where there is no adequate security for the enforcement of contracts, our government would certainly be called upon to interfere, and the appeal would not long be made in vain.

It seems altogether probable, therefore, that if the war with Spain had not broken out, the question of expansion would have arisen in some concrete form before many decades had passed, and that it would ultimately have been answered in the affirmative. The war has forced the issue, prematurely, perhaps, and rightly or wrongly, for good or for evil, the die is cast. Hence it behooves us to consider the causes of our past success in expansion or colonization, and see how far they are applicable to our new possessions. Of these causes two are preëminent: the territories have been treated as infant states, subject to tutelage only until they came of age:

and they have been managed unselfishly. Let us examine each of these principles separately, analyzing the conditions on which it is based, as compared with the state of affairs in the provinces ceded by Spain.

With the exception of Alaska, which can never contain a considerable civilized population, and hence occupies an anomalous position, the territories have been dealt with on the same plan. They have been admitted to the Union as states, on a footing of equality with the original members, as soon as their population was large enough to justify such a step. To this rule there have been only two exceptions. The admission of Utah was delayed for a time by the existence of polygamy, which had to be effectually rooted out before she could be allowed to take her place in the nation; and New Mexico still remains under a territorial government, although her population is already greater than is usually required for statehood, a large part of the inhabitants being of Spanish race, and not sufficiently trained in habits of self-government. Admission as states has been the object constantly in view in dealing with the territories; and while yet too small for that, they have been prepared for it by extensive self-government. During what might be called their babyhood, when first created, or while still little more than scattered clearings in the backwoods, they were indeed governed solely by officers appointed by the President.¹ But this stage was brief, and they were early given an organization modeled on that of the states. The territorial governor had much the same powers as the governor of a state; the legislatures, after some early variations, soon settled down to the fixed type of two houses, both elected by the people on a suffrage that widened contemporaneously with

the lowering of the franchise in the older states, until it became universal. These bodies were given general legislative power, subject to restrictions in the main similar to those embodied in the state constitutions. In short, the form of government resembled closely that of a state, save that the United States appointed the governor and higher judges, and reserved the power to annul laws enacted by the territories and to legislate for them in case of necessity. The system of apprenticeship has proved so effective that "of the twenty-six territories that have organized themselves as states, there is not a single instance of one having substantially altered the form of government to which they were accustomed."² Now, this policy in dealing with the territories is based upon the belief that their people have equal rights with those of the states, which in turn has its foundation in the theory that all men are created equal; nay, that all men remain equal in spite of every difference in education and environment. This has become a political axiom in America; and an axiom has been defined as a proposition which cannot be proved, but which is universally accepted as true. It may be of service to inquire what the theory in question really signifies.

The doctrine of human equality has two distinct meanings. One of them refers to civil, the other to political rights, and the two have no necessary connection. The equality of all free men as regards civil rights is an essential principle of the common law. Its foundations were laid by the Norman and Angevin kings of England, and found utterance in Magna Charta. It is too deeply imbedded in the law to be shaken, and it is now a part of the creed of every civilized nation. With the abolition of slavery it has become of universal application, and it will, of

¹ See the article by Professor Boyd in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1898.

² Max Ferrand in *The Legislation of Con-*

gress for the Government of the Organized Territories of the United States, page 54. New-ark, 1896.

course, be applied to any people that come under our control. It is this that the signers of the Declaration of Independence had in mind when they said, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness." They did not mention the right to vote among the natural rights of man, as in fact at this time, and for half a generation later, by far the greater part of the states limited the suffrage to the owners of a certain amount of property, and all the rest required the payment of a tax.

The theory that all men are equal politically is quite a different matter. There is no use in discussing whether it is strictly true. No one ever thought that. No one ever believed that a worthless street loafer and Abraham Lincoln were equally fit to be intrusted with a share in the direction of public affairs, or that they were political equals in any sense. The question is whether the theory is near enough to the truth to be acted upon. At best it is an approximation, and many approximations are sufficiently accurate for practical purposes within certain limits. In building a house, ploughing a field, laying out the streets of a city, or sailing a few miles along the coast, for example, we take no account of the earth's curvature, but act as if it were flat; and the error is so very small that we are perfectly justified in so doing. But if one were to try to circumnavigate the globe on that hypothesis, he would find himself wrecked far away from his port of destination. In the same way, the theory that all men are equal is accurate enough to be applied where the inequalities are not too great. This is true where the population is tolerably homogeneous and political education is widely diffused, as in the rural districts and smaller cities of the Northern States; but in the large

cities, where the inequalities of social condition are enormous, and where there is a huge mass of foreigners untrained in self-government, the Utopia foretold by the prophets of democracy has not been quite fulfilled. Tammany does not altogether realize the dreams of Jefferson.

The practical application of this theory in the United States has had a curious history. It was not acted upon in any state at the beginning of our national existence, or for many years afterward. In fact, the experiment of doing without any tax or property qualification was first tried by Kentucky and Vermont, on their admission to the Union in 1791. Within the next ten years two or three of the old states abolished the property qualification. In 1821 New York and Massachusetts did the same, and the others followed slowly; so that by the time of the civil war only two states required the voters to own property, although half a dozen more retained a provision for the payment of a small tax. But even so there was only a very partial application of the theory, for it was not applied to the Indians; and indeed, to the present day it has been quietly assumed that so long as they remain in the tribal state they are not men, within the meaning of the theory, — one of many illustrations of the political good sense and bad logic of the English-speaking race. The negroes, also, were barred out originally even in many of the free states. The civil war and the emancipation of the slaves aroused a more generous enthusiasm than ever for the equality of all mankind. The negro was made a free citizen, and why should he not enjoy the franchise? It was urged that without the power to vote he would have no means of protecting his rights effectually, and thus the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution was adopted in 1870.

The theory of political equality had now reached its highest point of development. Rhode Island alone clung for a

few years more, till 1888, to a property qualification for voting, while a few other states required the payment of a small tax,¹ and two the ability to read and write. Except for the tribal Indians, manhood suffrage had become almost universal. But the tide had hardly reached its height before it began to ebb.

The equality of all the races of mankind had no sooner been settled forever than it again unsettled. The first people who were found to be without the pale were the Chinese. The writer well remembers how deeply he was shocked at the violation of our fundamental doctrine by the proposal to forbid their immigration. It seemed a mere selfish attempt on the part of one class of immigrants to prevent competition by another; but the argument that the Chinese could never be assimilated, and hence would be an injurious element in the community, was sound, and resulted in the passage of the exclusion act of 1882, which expressly forbade also the naturalization of any members of that race. The courts had already decided that the existing naturalization laws, which spoke only of "white persons" and "Africans," did not include Chinese. Meanwhile, the political position of the negroes had been a constant source of trouble at the South. As fast as the whites obtained control of the states they began to suppress the colored vote, first by violence, and later by the milder process of fraudulent elections. This kindled indignation at the North; but by degrees men came to doubt whether a decisive control of public affairs could be wisely intrusted to people who were not accustomed to self-government, and until recently had not even power to dispose of their own persons. Finally, the states where the negroes are most numerous have taken a

more legal way of disfranchising them. In 1890 Mississippi adopted a constitution which provided that after 1892 no one should vote who was not able to read the constitution, or to understand it when read to him, and give a reasonable interpretation thereof. The intent is obvious. It is a simple matter to offer to a white man a clause of the document which any one can understand, and to a negro a clause which only a lawyer can explain; and, in fact, the Supreme Court of the state, in expounding this constitution, remarked that "within the field of permissible action under the limitations imposed by the Federal Constitution, the convention swept the circle of expedients to obstruct the exercise of the franchise by the negro race."² The provision was brought before the Supreme Court of the United States, which decided last spring³ that it did not on its face deny or abridge the right to vote on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude, and that the allegations that the law was so administered as to discriminate against the negro were not direct and definite enough to justify holding it unconstitutional. The court had difficulty in distinguishing the case from some of its earlier decisions, but it may be presumed that the validity of the provision is definitely established. The decision has not raised the storm of protest in the North that would have followed it a score of years ago, and this may be taken as an indication that the country at large has made up its mind that the fifteenth amendment cannot be carried out strictly. In 1895 South Carolina adopted a constitution which contained a similar clause, and also a provision that no man can be registered as a voter after January 1, 1898, unless he can read and write, or pays taxes on property assessed

¹ One of these, Massachusetts, ceased to require the payment of a poll tax in 1891, as it did not act as a real restriction, but had become simply a tax on the political parties.

² *Ratliff vs. Beal*, 74 Miss. 247, 266.

³ *Williams vs. State of Mississippi*.

at three hundred dollars. In May last Louisiana followed in the same path, but, with a fine sense of humor, added that these educational and property qualifications should not apply to any person entitled to vote in 1867, or to his son or grandson, — a provision, however, that might be set aside as unconstitutional without marring the main end in view. Thus the three states where the negroes outnumber the whites have rid themselves of the fifteenth amendment; and so we have reached the point that the theory of universal political equality does not apply to tribal Indians, to Chinese, or to negroes under all conditions.¹ In short, it seems to apply rigorously only to our own race, and to those people whom we can assimilate rapidly.

An examination of the doctrine of political equality throws light upon our treatment of the territories, because it explains why we have been able to regard them as infant states, and to admit them rapidly as full partners in the Union. The application of the principle that their people had equal political rights with those of the older parts of the country has been justified by the fact that the population of states and territories has been substantially homogeneous. The approximation has been sufficiently close to the fact for practical purposes. The settlers in the West carried with them the laws and customs of the East, and the precious habit of self-government. Mankind is prone to construct absolute theories on limited experience, and this is, no doubt, the source of the widespread popular belief that all men are fitted to govern themselves. But nothing could be further from the truth. The art of self-government is one of the most difficult to learn; for it requires a perpetual self-restraint on the part of the whole people, which is not really attained until it has become un-

conscious. The Anglo-Saxon race was prepared for it by centuries of discipline under the supremacy of law; and men will always take generations to acquire it, unless they are immersed in, and assimilated by, a mass of others already accustomed to it. The vast numbers of immigrants coming to America might indeed have made the experiment a failure here, had it not been that many of them came from countries where self-government was practiced, and the rest were so distributed throughout the land that, like recruits in a regiment, they quickly learned the drill and took their place in the ranks. Now, these conditions are not true in our new possessions. No one of them has a population homogeneous with our own, or the experience of a long training in self-government. Every unprejudiced observer must recognize that to let the Filipinos rule themselves would be sheer cruelty both to them and to the white men at Manila. It would be nothing less than abandoning the duty that we have undertaken toward them. Even in case of the people of Porto Rico, who stand on an entirely different footing, self-government must be gradual and tentative, if it is to be a success. They must be trained for it, as our forefathers were trained, beginning with local government under a strong judicial system, and the process will necessarily be slow.

The condition of the Sandwich Islands is peculiar; for there a small fraction of the population are Anglo-Saxon, and perfectly familiar with self-government. They form about five per cent of the inhabitants, while of the remainder, fifteen per cent are Portuguese, forty per cent are Japanese or Chinese, nearly thirty per cent are Kanakas, and eight per cent more are partly of Kanaka blood. No one proposes to treat all these as political equals. On the contrary, the Hawaiian ability to read and write instead of payment of a tax.

¹ Florida and Arkansas have recently required payment of a poll tax, no doubt for the same purpose, and in 1897 Delaware required

commissioners have recommended that the islands be organized with a territorial government, but that the Japanese and Chinese shall not be made citizens at all, and that the Kanakas and Portuguese shall be virtually excluded from the suffrage by making the right to vote depend upon ability to read and write English and the payment of a tax. This is certainly no bigoted application of the doctrine that all men have an inherent right to an equal share in the government of their country, and yet it would be a gross blunder to attempt to extend the franchise to all this motley population. Whether the presence of a governor appointed by the United States, with power to enforce justice between the races, will not be permanently necessary is a question that will be referred to again, but for our present purpose it is enough that universal suffrage ought not to be set up in Hawaii.

One element of our success in the management of the territories — their treatment as infant states, with institutions like our own and prospective equality of rights — cannot therefore be applied to our new possessions; and this very fact ought to make us the more earnest in using every other means at our disposal.

The second great cause of our success has been that we have treated the territories unselfishly. The primary object in dealing with the Western country has never been the commercial profit of the older states. The territories have been permitted and assisted to develop normally in the way that seemed to be for their own best interests; in the belief, no doubt, that their development would enrich the whole country, but still with their domestic interests as the primary aim. They have always enjoyed perfect commercial equality with the rest of the nation. Whether the protective tariff, for instance, was a benefit to them or not, it was believed to be so by its advocates, and was certainly not im-

posed with any idea of gain to the states at the expense of the territories. This principle of unselfish management can be applied perfectly to our new possessions, and to any others we may ever acquire. The revolt of North America taught England the lesson that colonies cannot be a permanent source of wealth and strength unless they are managed with a single eye to their own welfare; and the subsequent experience of European nations has confirmed the principle, for it is one that is universally true. We must treat fairly not only each of our possessions as a whole, but also every race that inhabits it. It would be clearly unwise to give over the government absolutely to a small minority of American settlers, and suffer them to deal with the natives as they think best. It is notorious that such a relation is always liable to produce tyrannical abuse. The opinion of the Americans must, of course, be given grave consideration, but the United States ought always to retain, in the Sandwich Islands, for example, a governor who can do justice to all the races.

Moreover, it is not enough that Congress legislate unselfishly. The men sent to conduct the administration must have in view solely the welfare of the colonies committed to their charge, and this cannot be the case if they are appointed for political motives. Political appointments are tolerable where the duties to be performed can be understood by any man of good capacity, and where the people can and will criticise his acts effectively. In such a case the appointing power shrinks from selecting an obviously unfit person, and the official himself is to some extent, at least, constrained by public opinion. But political appointments would be ruinous where the problems are such that only a man thoroughly familiar with the subject can deal with them, and where local criticism can neither be intelligently made nor effectively used. The condition of things that has existed at times in the Indian

Bureau and in Alaska furnishes painful examples of this. Now, it will hardly be denied that the Spanish colonies cannot be well administered by us without a full knowledge of their condition, and it is clear how ineffective local criticism is there. Their recent history is sufficient evidence of this; for it is safe to assert that no Anglo-Saxon community could have been treated by any rulers as Spain treated Cuba. If our colonies are to thrive and add to our own prosperity, we must select only thoroughly trained administrators, fit them for their work by long experience, and retain them in office irrespective of party. To do this, it is necessary to create a permanent and highly paid colonial administrative service, which shall offer an honorable and attractive career for young men of ability. It must be organized on the same basis as the army and the navy, and there can be no doubt that the wisest course would be to base it upon an academy like the schools at West Point and Annapolis. Each of these institutions has produced a corps of men admirably qualified for the work they have to do, and the system has proved perfectly in harmony with our form of government. In fact, the rapid growth in America of schools for educating lawyers, doctors, and engineers shows that experts, with a highly specialized training, are quite as much in demand — and hence quite as much needed — in a democracy as anywhere else.

The task of managing colonies outside the continental limits of the United States is exposed to two dangers of an opposite character. One is that of attempting to apply theories of government where they are not applicable; the other, that of taking a selfish view of the relation. We must reject all *a priori* political dogmas, and avoid premature experiments in democracy; and at the same time we must not allow the colonies to be considered a mere market for our goods, a lucrative opening for a commercial monopoly, or a happy hunting-ground for politicians. The success or failure of our dependencies does not affect them alone, or the Americans who trade or dwell there. It will react powerfully upon us; and that is the reason why colonial expansion fills many people with alarm. Rome appointed her provincial governors for short periods on political grounds, and the result was that they looked upon the office as a means of personal profit. The Republic could not stand the strain. It fell, and the Emperors rose upon its ruins. England governs her colonies by means of a permanent corps of trained administrators, independent of party, and they have contributed to her greatness without endangering her institutions. If home politics do not interfere with the colonies, they will not harm home politics. Our destiny is in our own hands, and our measure of political wisdom and virtue will determine what we shall make of it.

A: Lawrence Lowell.

TALKS TO TEACHERS ON PSYCHOLOGY.

I.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE TEACHING ART.¹

IN the general activity and uprising of ideal interests which every one with an eye for fact can discern all about us in American life, there is perhaps no more inspiring or promising feature than the fermentation which for a dozen years or more has been going on among the teachers of our land, in whatever sphere of education their functions may lie. The renovation of nations begins always at the top, amongst the reflective members of the state, and spreads slowly outward and downward. The teachers of this country, one may say, have its future in their hands. The earnestness which they at present show in striving to enlighten and strengthen themselves is an index of the nation's probabilities of advance in ideal directions. The outward organization of education which we have in our United States is perhaps, on the whole, the best organization that exists in any country. The state school-systems give a diversity and flexibility, an opportunity for experiment and keenness of competition, nowhere else to be found on such a scale. The independence of so many of the colleges and universities; the give and take of students and instructors between them all; their emulation and their happy organic relations to the lower schools; the traditions of instruction in them, evolved from the older American recitation-method (and so avoiding on the one hand the pure lecture-system prevalent in Germany and Scotland, which consid-

ers too little the individual student, and yet not involving the sacrifice of the instructor to the individual student, which the English tutorial system would seem too often to entail), — all these things, (to say nothing of that coeducation of the sexes in whose benefits so many of us heartily believe), all these things, I say, are most happy features of our scholastic life, and from them the most sanguine auguries may be drawn.

Having so favorable an organization, all we need is to impregnate it with geniuses, to get superior men and women working more and more abundantly in it and for it and at it, and in a generation or two America will lead the education of the world. I must say that I look forward with no little confidence to the day when that shall be an accomplished fact.

No one has profited more by the fermentation of which I speak, in pedagogical circles, than we psychologists. The desire of the school-teachers for complete professional training, and their aspiration toward the professional spirit in their work, have led them more and more to turn to us for light on fundamental principles. In these few hours which we are to spend together, you look to me, I am sure, for information concerning the mind's operations, which may enable you to labor more easily and effectively in the several schoolrooms over which you preside.

Far be it from me to disclaim for psychology all title to such hopes. Psychology ought certainly to give the teacher radical help. And yet I confess that,

¹ The matter of this and of the ensuing papers, together with other similar matter, has been delivered by me offhand for several years past at various teachers' institutes and summer schools. Since repetition stales at last, I have decided to say good-by to it finally, by writing

it down for the readers of *The Atlantic*. And inasmuch as simplicity and practicality can be its only possible merits, I have preserved in the writing, as best harmonizing with these characters, the original didactic and colloquial form.

acquainted as I am with the height of some of your expectations, I feel a little anxious lest, at the end of these simple talks of mine, not a few of you may experience some disappointment at the net results. In other words, I am not sure that you may not now be indulging fancies that are a shade exaggerated. That would not be altogether astonishing, for we have been having something like a "boom" in psychology in this country. Laboratories and professorships have been founded, and reviews established. The air has been full of rumors. The editors of educational journals and arrangers of conventions have had to be industrious and busy, and on a level with the novelties of the day. Some of the professors have not been unwilling to coöperate, and I am not sure even that the publishers have been entirely inert. "The new psychology" has thus become a term to conjure up portentous ideas withal; and you teachers, docile and receptive and aspiring, as many of you are, have been plunged in an atmosphere of vague talk about our science, which to a great extent has been more mystifying than enlightening. Altogether it does seem as if there were a certain fatality of mystification laid upon the teachers of our day. The matter of their profession, compact enough in itself, has to be frothed up for them in journals and institutes, till its outlines often threaten to be lost in a kind of vast uncertainty. Where the disciples are not independent and critical-minded enough (and I think that if you teachers in the earlier grades have any defect, — just the slightest touch of a defect in the world, — it is that you are just a mite too docile), we are pretty sure to miss accuracy and balance and measure in those who get a license to lay down the law to them from above.

As regards this subject of psychology, now, I wish at the very threshold to do what I can to dispel the mystification. So I say at once that in my humble opin-

ion there is no "new psychology" worthy of the name. There is nothing but the old psychology which began in Locke's time, plus a little brain and sense physiology, and with the addition of a few refinements of introspective detail for the most part without adaptation to the teacher's use. It is only the fundamental conceptions of psychology which are of real value to the teacher, and they are far from new. I trust that you will see better what I mean by this at the end of all these talks.

I say, moreover, that you make a great, a very great mistake if you think that psychology, being the science of the mind's laws, is something from which you can deduce definite programmes and schemes and methods of instruction for immediate schoolroom use. Psychology is a science, and teaching is an art; and sciences never generate arts directly out of themselves. An intermediary inventive mind must make the application, by using its originality. The science of logic never made a man reason rightly, and the science of ethics (if there be such a thing) never made a man behave rightly. The most such sciences can do is to help us to catch ourselves up and check ourselves, if we start to reason or to behave wrongly, and to criticise ourselves more articulately after we have made mistakes. A science only lays down lines within which the rules of the art must fall, laws which the follower of the art must not transgress; but what particular thing he shall positively do within those lines is left exclusively to his own genius. One genius will do his work well and succeed in one way, whilst another succeeds as well quite differently; yet neither will transgress the lines.

The art of teaching grew up in the schoolroom, out of inventiveness and sympathetic concrete observation. Even where, as in the case of Herbart, the advancement of the art was also a psychologist, the pedagogics and the psychology ran side by side, and the former was not

derived in any sense from the latter. The two were congruent, but not subordinate. And so everywhere, the teaching must *agree* with the psychology, but need not necessarily be the only kind of teaching that would so agree, for many diverse methods of teaching may equally follow psychological laws. To know psychology, therefore, is absolutely no guarantee that we shall be good teachers. To advance to that result we must have an additional endowment altogether, a happy tact and ingenuity to tell us what definite things to say and do. That ingenuity in meeting and pursuing the pupil, that tact for the concrete situation, though they are the alpha and omega of the teacher's art, are things to which psychology cannot help us in the least.

The science of psychology, and whatever science of general pedagogics may be based on it, are in fact much like the science of war. Nothing is simpler or more definite than the principles of either. In war, all you have to do is to work your enemy into a position from which the natural obstacles prevent him from escaping, if he tries to; then to fall on him in numbers superior to his own, at a moment when you have led him to think you far away; and so, with a minimum of exposure of your own troops, to hack his force to pieces, and take the remainder prisoners. So, in teaching, you must simply work your pupil into such a state of interest in what you are going to teach him that every other object of attention is banished from his mind; then reveal it to him so impressively that he will remember the occasion to his dying day; and finally fill him with devouring curiosity to know what the next steps in connection with the subject are. There would be nothing but victories for the masters of the science, either on the battlefield or in the schoolroom, if they did not both have to apply their principles to an incalculable quantity in the shape of the mind of their opponent. The mind of your enemy, the pupil, is working away

from you as keenly and eagerly as is the mind of the commander on the other side from the scientific general. Just what the enemy wants and thinks, and what he knows and does not know, are as hard things for the teacher as for the general to find out. Divination and perception, not psychological pedagogics or strategy, are the only helpers here.

But if the use of psychological principles thus be negative rather than positive, it does not follow that it may not be a great use, all the same. It narrows the path for experiments and trials: we know in advance that certain methods will be wrong, so our psychology saves us from mistakes. It makes us, moreover, more clear as to what we are about. It gives us confidence in respect to any method which we are using to know that it has theory as well as practice at its back. Most of all, it fructifies our independence, and it reanimates our interest, to see our subject at two different angles — to get a stereoscopic view, so to speak, of the youthful organism who is our enemy; and whilst handling him with all our concrete tact and divination, at the same time to be able to represent to ourselves the curious inner elements of his mental machine. Such a complete knowledge as this of the pupil, at once intuitive and analytic, is surely the knowledge at which every teacher ought to aim.

Fortunately for you teachers, the elements of the mental machine can be clearly apprehended, and their workings easily grasped. And as the most general elements and workings are just those parts of psychology which the teacher finds most directly useful, it follows that the amount of this science which is necessary to all teachers need not be very great. Those who find themselves loving the subject may go as far as they please, and become possibly none the worse teachers for the fact, even though in some of them one might apprehend a little loss of balance from the tendency observable in all of us to overemphasize

special parts of a subject when we are studying it intensely and abstractly. But for the great majority of you a general view is enough, provided it be a true one; and such a general view, one may say, might almost be written on the palm of one's hand.

Least of all need you, *as teachers*, deem it part of your duty to become contributors to psychological science, or to make psychological observations in a methodical or responsible manner. I fear that some of the enthusiasts for child-study have thrown a certain burden on you in this way. By all means let child-study go on, — it is refreshing all our sense of the child's life. There are teachers who take a spontaneous delight in filling syllabuses, inscribing observations, compiling statistics, and computing the per cent. Child-study will certainly enrich their lives. And if its results, as treated statistically, would seem on the whole to have but trifling value, yet the anecdotes and observations of which it in part consists do certainly acquaint us more intimately with our pupils. Our eyes and ears grow quickened to discern in the child before us processes similar to those we have read of as noted in the children, — processes of which we might otherwise have remained inobservant. But let the rank and file of teachers be passive readers, if they wish, and feel free not to contribute to the accumulation. Let not the prosecution of it be preached and imposed on those to whom it proves an exterminating bore, or who in any way whatever miss in themselves the appropriate vocation for it. I cannot too strongly agree with my colleague, Professor Münsterberg, when he says that the teacher's attitude toward the child, being concrete and ethical, is positively opposed to the psychological observer's, which is abstract and analytic. Although some of us may conjoin the attitudes successfully, in most of us they must conflict. The worst thing that can happen to a good teacher is to get a bad conscience

about her profession because she feels herself hopeless as a psychologist.

Our teachers are overworked already. Every one who adds a jot or tittle of unnecessary weight to their burden is a foe of education. A bad conscience increases the weight of every other burden; yet I know that child-study, and other pieces of psychology as well, have been productive of bad conscience in many a really innocent pedagogic breast. I should indeed be glad if this passing word from me might tend to dispel such a bad conscience, if any of *you* have it, for it is certainly one of those fruits of systematic mystification of which I have already complained. The best teacher may be the poorest contributor of child-study material; and the best contributor may be the poorest teacher, — no fact is more palpable than this.

So much for what seems the reasonable attitude of the teacher toward the subject which is to occupy our attention.

THE STREAM OF CONSCIOUSNESS.

I said a few minutes ago that the most general elements and workings of the mind are all that the teacher absolutely needs to be acquainted with for his purposes. Now the immediate fact which psychology, the science of mind, has to study is also the most general fact. It is the fact that in each of us, when awake (and often when asleep), some kind of consciousness is always going on. There is a stream, a succession of states, or waves, or fields (or of whatever you please to call them), of knowledge, of feeling, of desire, of deliberation, etc., that constantly pass and repass, and that constitute our inner life. The existence of this stream is the primal fact, the nature and origin of it form the essential problem, of our science. So far as we class the states or fields of consciousness, write down their several natures, analyze their contents into elements, or trace their habits of succession, we are on the descriptive or analytic level. So far as

we ask where they come from, or why they are just what they are, we are on the explanatory level.

In these talks with you, I shall entirely neglect the questions that come up on the explanatory level. It must be frankly confessed that in no fundamental sense do we know where our successive fields of consciousness come from, or why they have the precise inner constitution which they do have. They certainly follow or accompany our brain states; but if we ask just how the brain conditions them, we have not the remotest inkling of an answer to give. And on the other hand, if we should say that they are due to a spiritual being called our soul, which reacts on our brain states by these peculiar forms of spiritual energy, our words would be familiar enough, it is true, but I think you will agree that they would offer little genuine explanatory meaning. The truth is that we really *do not know* the answers to the problems on the explanatory level. I shall therefore dismiss them entirely, and turn to mere description. This state of things was what I had in mind when, a moment ago, I said there was no "new psychology" worthy of the name.

We have thus fields of consciousness, — that is the first general fact; and the second general fact is that the concrete fields are always complex. They contain sensations of our bodies and of the objects around us, memories of past experiences and thoughts of distant things, feelings of satisfaction and dissatisfaction, desires and aversions, and other emotional conditions, together with determinations of the will, in every variety of permutation and combination. In most of our concrete states of consciousness all these different classes of ingredients are found simultaneously present to some degree, though the relative proportion they bear to one another is very shifting. One state will seem to be composed of hardly anything but sensations, another of hardly anything but memories, etc.

But around the sensation, if one consider carefully, there will always be some fringe of thought or will, and around the memory some margin or penumbra of emotion or sensation.

In most of our fields of consciousness there is a *core of sensation* that is very pronounced. You, for example, now, although you are also thinking and feeling, are getting through your eyes sensations of my face and figure, and through your ears sensations of my voice. The sensations are the *centre or focus*, the thoughts and feelings the *margin*, of your actually present conscious field. On the other hand, some object of thought, some distant image, may have become the focus of your mental attention even whilst I am speaking, — your mind, in short, may have wandered from the lecture; and in that case, the sensations of my face and voice, although not absolutely vanishing from your conscious field, may have taken up there a very faint and marginal place. Again (to take another sort of variation), some feeling connected with your own body may have passed from a marginal to a focal place, even whilst I speak.

The expressions "focal object" and "marginal object," which we owe to Mr. Lloyd Morgan, require, I think, no further explanation. The distinction they embody is a very important one, and they are the first technical terms which I shall ask you to remember.

In the successive mutations of our fields of consciousness, the process by which one dissolves into another is often very gradual, and all sorts of inner rearrangements of contents occur. Sometimes the focus remains but little changed, whilst the margin alters rapidly. Sometimes the focus alters, and the margin stays. Sometimes focus and margin change places. Sometimes, again, abrupt alterations of the whole field occur. There can seldom be a sharp description. All we know is that, for the most part, each field has a sort of practical unity

for its possessor, and that from this practical point of view we can class a field with other fields similar to it, by calling it a state of emotion, of perplexity, of sensation, of abstract thought, of volition, and the like.

Vague and hazy as such an account of our stream of consciousness may be, it is at least secure from positive error, and free from admixture of conjecture or hypothesis. An influential school of psychology, discontented with this haziness of outline, has tried to make things appear more exact and scientific by making the analysis more sharp. The various fields of consciousness, according to this school, result from a definite number of perfectly definite elementary mental states, mechanically associated into a mosaic or chemically combined. According to some thinkers, — Spencer, for example, or Taine, — these resolve themselves at last into little elementary psychic particles or atoms of "mind stuff," out of which all the more immediately known mental states are said to be built up. Locke introduced this theory in a somewhat vague form. Simple "ideas" of sensation and reflection, as he called them, were for him the bricks of which our mental architecture is built up. If I ever have to refer to this theory again, I shall refer to it as the theory of "ideas." But I shall try to steer clear of it altogether. Whether it be true or false, it is at any rate purely conjectural; and for your practical purposes as teachers, the more unpretending conception of the stream of consciousness, with its waves or fields incessantly changing, will amply suffice.

THE CHILD AS A BEHAVING ORGANISM.

I wish now to continue the description of the peculiarities of the stream of consciousness by asking whether we can in any intelligible way assign its *functions*.

It has two functions that are obvious: it leads to knowledge, and it leads to action.

And can we say which of these functions is the more essential?

An old historic divergence of opinion comes in here. Popular belief has always tended to estimate the worth of a man's mental processes by their effects upon his practical life. But philosophers have usually cherished a different view. "Man's supreme glory," they have said, "is to be a *rational* being, to know absolute and eternal and universal truth. The uses of his intellect for practical affairs are therefore subordinate matters. 'The theoretic life' is his soul's genuine concern." Nothing can be more different in its results for our personal attitude than to take sides with one or the other of these views, and emphasize the practical or the theoretical ideal. In the one case, abstraction from the emotions and passions and withdrawal from the strife of human affairs would be not only pardonable, but praiseworthy; and all that makes for quiet and contemplation should be regarded as conducive to the highest human perfection. In the other, the man of contemplation would be treated as only half a human being, passion and practical resource would become once more glories of our race, a concrete victory over this earth's outward powers of darkness would appear an equivalent for any amount of passive spiritual culture, and conduct would remain as the test of every education worthy of the name.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that in the psychology of our own day the emphasis is transferred from the mind's purely rational function, where Plato and Aristotle and what one may call the whole classic tradition in philosophy had placed it, to the so long neglected practical side. The theory of evolution is mainly responsible for this. Man, we now have reason to believe, has been evolved from infra-human ancestors, in whom pure reason hardly existed, if at all, and whose mind, so far as it can have had any function, would appear to

have been an organ for adapting their movements to the impressions received from the environment, so as to escape the better from destruction. Consciousness would thus seem in the first instance to be nothing but a sort of superadded biological perfection, — useless unless it prompted to useful conduct, and inexplicable apart from that consideration.

Deep in our own nature the biological foundations of our consciousness persist, undisguised and undiminished. Our sensations are here to attract us or to deter us, our memories to warn or encourage us, our feelings to impel and our thoughts to restrain our behavior, so that, on the whole, we may prosper and our days be long in the land. Whatever of transmundane metaphysical insight or of practically inapplicable æsthetic perception or ethical sentiment we may carry in our interiors might at this rate be regarded as so much inessential superfœtation, part of the incidental excess of function that necessarily accompanies the working of every complex machine.

I shall ask you now — not meaning at all thereby to close the theoretic question, but merely because it seems to me the point of view likely to be of greatest practical use to you as teachers — to adopt with me, in this course of lectures, the biological conception, as thus expressed, and to lay your own emphasis on the fact that man, whatever else he may be, is essentially and primordially a practical being, whose mind is given him to aid in adapting him to this terrestrial environment.

The reasons for which I do this can be simply stated.

First, human and animal psychology thereby become less discontinuous. I know that to some of you this will hardly seem an attractive reason, but there are others whom it will affect.

Second, mental action is conditioned by brain action, and runs parallel therewith. But the brain, so far as we un-

derstand it, is given us for practical behavior. Every current that runs into it from skin or eye or ear runs out again into muscles, glands, or viscera, and helps to adapt the animal to the environment from which the current came. It therefore generalizes and simplifies our view to treat the brain life and the mental life as having one fundamental kind of purpose.

Third, those very functions of the mind that do not refer directly to the environment, the ethical utopias, æsthetic visions, insights into eternal truth, and fanciful logical combinations, could never be carried on at all, unless the mind that produced them also produced more practically useful products. The latter are thus the more essential, or at least more fundamental, results.

Fourth, the inessential “unpractical” activities are themselves far more connected with our behavior and our adaptation to the environment than at first sight might appear. No truth, however abstract, is ever perceived, that will not probably at some time influence our earthly action. You must remember that when I talk of action here, I mean action in the widest sense. I mean speech, I mean writing, I mean yeses and noes, and tendencies “from” things and tendencies “toward” things, and emotional determinations; and I mean them in the future as well as in the immediate present. As I talk here, and you listen, it might seem as if no action followed. You might call it a purely theoretic process, with no practical result. But it *must* have a practical result. It cannot take place at all and leave your conduct unaffected. If not to-day, then on some far future day, you will answer some question differently by reason of what you are thinking now. Some of you will be led by my words into new veins of inquiry, into reading special books. These will develop your opinion, whether for or against. That opinion will in turn be expressed, will receive criticism from

others in your environment, and will affect your standing in their eyes. We cannot escape our destiny, which is practical; and even our most theoretic faculties contribute to its working out.

These few reasons will perhaps smooth the way for you to my conclusion. As teachers, I sincerely think it will be amply sufficient conception for you to adopt, of the youthful psychological phenomena handed over to your inspection, if you consider them from the point of view of their relation to the future conduct of their possessor. You should regard your professional task as if it con-

sisted essentially in *training the pupil to behavior*; taking behavior, not in the narrow sense of his manners, but in the very widest possible sense, as including every possible sort of fit reaction on the circumstances into which he may find himself brought by the vicissitudes of life. The reaction may often be a negative reaction. *Not to speak, not to move*, is one of the most important of our duties, in certain practical emergencies. "Thou shalt refrain, renounce, abstain!" This often requires a great effort of will power, and, physiologically considered, is just as positive a nerve function as is motor discharge.

William James.

IN THE TRENCHES.

WE lay among the rifle-pits, above our low heads streaming
 Bullets, like sleet, with now and then, near by, the vicious screaming
 Of shells that made us hold our breath, till each had burst and blasted
 Its ghastly circle, hid in smoke — here, there — and while it lasted,
 That murderous fume and fusillade, our hearts were in our throats;
 For hell let loose about us raged, and in those muddy moats
 The rain that fell was shot and shell, the plash it made was red,
 And all about the long redoubt was garrisoned with dead.
 Upon my right a veteran in rasping whispers swore;
 Upon my left an Irish lad breathed Ave Marys o'er.
 And I? — Well, well, I won't aver my lips no murmur made;
 A prayer, long silent, half forgot, stirred them; but something stayed
 The sacred words; I locked my lips. "No, no, ah no!" I thought:
 "Not now! I'll wait, nor sue for what, unharmed, I left unsought!
 Not so I'll pray, let come what may!" I held my heart and lips,
 And, nerved afresh, I gripped my rifle-stock — when — something clips
 Smartly my temple (that long lock conceals the bullet's mark),
 And, sharply stinging, with ears loud-ringing, I dropped into the dark.

When I awoke, the sultry smoke was gone, and over me,
 Faint as a cloud against the air, a sweet face tenderly,
 A mother-woman's face, was bending, in the evening beam —
 That touched her good gray hair to gold — with eyes that made me seem,
 'Mid all the fever's burning, wholly safe — since they were there.
 Well — oddly sir, — in that dim peace, I let my lips breathe prayer.

F. Whitmore.

THE SUBTLE PROBLEMS OF CHARITY.

PROBABLY there is no relation in life which our democracy is changing more rapidly than the charitable relation, — that relation which obtains between benefactor and beneficiary ; at the same time, there is no point of contact in our modern experience which reveals more clearly the lack of that equality which democracy implies. We have reached the moment when democracy has made such inroads upon this relationship that the complacency of the old-fashioned charitable man is gone forever ; while the very need and existence of charity deny us the consolation and freedom which democracy will at last give.

We find in ourselves the longing for a wider union than that of family or class, and we say that we have come to include all men in our hopes ; but we fail to realize that all men are hoping, and are part of the same movement of which we are a part. Many of the difficulties in philanthropy come from an unconscious division of the world into the philanthropists and those to be helped. It is an assumption of two classes, and against this class assumption our democratic training revolts as soon as we begin to act upon it.

The trouble is that the ethics of none of us are clearly defined, and we are continually obliged to act in circles of habit based upon convictions which we no longer hold. Thus, our estimate of the effect of environment and social conditions has doubtless shifted faster than our methods of administering charity have changed. Formerly when it was believed that poverty was synonymous with vice and laziness, and that the prosperous man was the righteous man, charity was administered harshly with a good conscience ; for the charitable agent really blamed the individual for his poverty, and the very fact of his own supe-

rior prosperity gave him a certain consciousness of superior morality. Since then we have learned to measure by other standards, and the money-earning capacity, while still rewarded out of all proportion to any other, is not respected as exclusively as it was ; and its possession is by no means assumed to imply the possession of the highest moral qualities. We have learned to judge men in general by their social virtues as well as by their business capacity, by their devotion to intellectual and disinterested aims, and by their public spirit, and we naturally resent being obliged to judge certain individuals solely upon the industrial side for no other reason than that they are poor. Our democratic instinct constantly takes alarm at this consciousness of two standards.

Of the various struggles which a decade of residence in a settlement implies, none have made a more definite impression on my mind than the incredibly painful difficulties which involve both giver and recipient when one person asks charitable aid of another.

An attempt is made in this paper to show what are some of the perplexities which harass the mind of the charity worker ; to trace them to ethical survivals which are held not only by the benefactor, but by the recipients of charity as well ; and to suggest wherein these very perplexities may possibly be prophetic.

It is easy to see that one of the root difficulties in the charitable relationship lies in the fact that the only families who apply for aid to the charitable agencies are those who have come to grief on the industrial side ; it may be through sickness, through loss of work, or for other guiltless and inevitable reasons, but the fact remains that they are industrially ailing, and must be bolstered and helped

into industrial health. The charity visitor, let us assume, is a young college woman, well-bred and open-minded. When she visits the family assigned to her, she is embarrassed to find herself obliged to lay all the stress of her teaching and advice upon the industrial virtues, and to treat the members of the family almost exclusively as factors in the industrial system. She insists that they must work and be self-supporting; that the most dangerous of all situations is idleness; that seeking one's own pleasure, while ignoring claims and responsibilities, is the most ignoble of actions. The members of her assigned family may have charms and virtues, — they may possibly be kind and affectionate and considerate of one another, generous to their friends; but it is her business to stick to the industrial side. As she daily holds up these standards, it often occurs to the mind of the sensitive visitor, whose conscience has been made tender by much talk of brotherhood and equality which she has heard at college, that she has no right to say these things; that she herself has never been self-supporting; that, whatever her virtues may be, they are not the industrial virtues; that her untrained hands are no more fitted to cope with actual conditions than are those of her broken-down family.

The grandmother of the charity visitor could have done the industrial preaching very well, because she did have the industrial virtues; if not skillful in weaving and spinning, she was yet mistress of other housewifely accomplishments. In a generation our experiences have changed — our views with them; while we still keep on in the old methods, which could be applied when our consciences were in line with them, but which are daily becoming more difficult as we divide up into people who work with their hands and those who do not; and the charity visitor, belonging to the latter class, is perplexed by recognitions and suggestions which the situation forces upon her. Our de-

mocracy has taught us to apply our moral teaching all around, and the moralist is rapidly becoming so sensitive that when his life does not exemplify his ethical convictions, he finds it difficult to preach.

Added to this is a consciousness in the mind of the visitor of a genuine misunderstanding of her motives by the recipients of her charity and by their neighbors. Let us take a neighborhood of poor people, and test their ethical standards by those of the charity visitor, who comes with the best desire in the world to help them out of their distresses. A most striking incongruity, at once apparent, is the difference between the emotional kindness with which relief is given by one poor neighbor to another poor neighbor, and the guarded care with which relief is given by a charity visitor to a charity recipient. The neighborhood mind is immediately confronted not only by the difference of method, but also by an absolute clashing of two ethical standards.

A very little familiarity with the poor districts of any city is sufficient to show how primitive and frontier-like are the neighborhood relations. There is the greatest willingness to lend or borrow anything, and each resident of a given tenement house knows the most intimate family affairs of all the others. The fact that the economic condition of all alike is on a most precarious level makes the ready outflow of sympathy and material assistance the most natural thing in the world. There are numberless instances of heroic self-sacrifice quite unknown in the circles where greater economic advantages make that kind of intimate knowledge of one's neighbors impossible. An Irish family, in which the man has lost his place, and the woman is struggling to eke out the scanty savings by day work, will take in a widow and her five children who have been turned into the street, without a moment's reflection upon the physical discomforts involved. The most maligned landlady is usually

ready to lend a scuttleful of coal to a suffering tenant, or to share her supper. A woman for whom the writer had long tried in vain to find work failed to appear at the appointed time when a situation was found at last. Upon investigation it transpired that a neighbor further down the street was taken ill; that the children ran for the family friend, who went, of course; saying simply, when reasons for her failure to come to work were demanded, "It broke me heart to leave the place, but what could I do?"

Another woman, whose husband was sent up to the city prison for the maximum term, just three months before the birth of her child, having gradually sold her supply of household furniture, found herself penniless. She sought refuge with a friend whom she supposed to be living in three rooms in another part of the town. When she arrived, however, she discovered that her friend's husband had been out of work so long that they had been reduced to living in one room. The friend at once took her in, and the friend's husband was obliged to sleep upon a bench in the park every night for a week; which he did uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully. Fortunately it was summer, "and it only rained one night." The writer could not discover from the young mother that she had any special claim upon the "friend" beyond the fact that they had formerly worked together in the same factory. The husband she had never seen until the night of her arrival, when he at once went forth in search of a midwife who would consent to come upon his promise of future payment.

The evolutionists tell us that the instinct to pity, the impulse to aid his fellows, served man at a very early period as a rude rule of right and wrong. There is no doubt that this rude rule still holds among many people with whom charitable agencies are brought into contact, and that their ideas of right and wrong are quite honestly outraged by the

methods of these agencies. When they see the delay and caution with which relief is given, these do not appear to them conscientious scruples, but the cold and calculating action of the selfish man. This is not the aid that they are accustomed to receive from their neighbors, and they do not understand why the impulse which drives people to be good to the poor should be so severely supervised. They feel, remotely, that the charity visitor is moved by motives that are alien and unreal; they may be superior motives, but they are "ag'in' nature." They cannot comprehend why a person whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his natural impulses should go into charity work at all. The only man they are accustomed to see whose intellectual perceptions are stronger than his tenderness of heart is the selfish and avaricious man, who is frankly "on the make." If the charity visitor is such a person, why does she pretend to like the poor? Why does she not go into business at once? We may say, of course, that it is a primitive view of life which thus confuses intellectuality and business ability, but it is a view quite honestly held by many poor people who are obliged to receive charity from time to time. In moments of indignation they have been known to say, "What do you want, anyway? If you have nothing to give us, why not let us alone, and stop your questionings and investigations?" This indignation, which is for the most part taciturn, and a certain kindly contempt for her abilities often puzzle the charity visitor. The latter may be explained by the standard of worldly success which the visited families hold. In the minds of the poor success does not ordinarily go with charity and kind-heartedness, but rather with the opposite qualities. The rich landlord is he who collects with sternness; who accepts no excuse, and will have his own. There are moments of irritation and of real bitterness against him, but there is admiration, because he is rich and successful. The

good-natured landlord, he who pities and spares his poverty-pressed tenants, is seldom rich. He often lives in the back of his house, which he has owned for a long time, perhaps has inherited; but he has been able to accumulate little. He commands the genuine love and devotion of many a poor soul, but he is treated with a certain lack of respect. In one sense he is a failure, so long have we all been accustomed to estimate success by material returns. The charity visitor, just because she is a person who concerns herself with the poor, receives a touch of this good-natured and kindly contempt, sometimes real affection, but little genuine respect. The poor are accustomed to help one another, and to respond according to their kindliness; but when it comes to worldly judgment, they are still in that stage where they use industrial success as the sole standard. In the case of the charity visitor, they are deprived of both standards; she has neither natural kindness nor dazzling riches; and they find it of course utterly impossible to judge of the motive of organized charity.

Doubtless we all find something distasteful in the juxtaposition of the two words "organized" and "charity." The idea of organizing an emotion is in itself repelling, even to those of us who feel most sorely the need of more order in altruistic effort and see the end to be desired. We say in defense that we are striving to turn this emotion into a motive: that pity is capricious, and not to be depended on; that we mean to give it the dignity of conscious duty. But at bottom we distrust a little a scheme which substitutes a theory of social conduct for the natural promptings of the heart, and we ourselves feel the complexity of the situation. The poor man who has fallen into distress, when he first asks aid, instinctively expects tenderness, consideration, and forgiveness. If it is the first time, it has taken him long to make up his mind to the step. He comes somewhat bruised and battered, and in-

stead of being met by warmth of heart and sympathy he is at once chilled by an investigation and an intimation that he ought to work. He does not see that he is being dealt with as a child of defective will is cared for by a stern parent. There have been no years of previous intercourse and established relation, as between parents and children. He feels only the postponement or refusal, which he considers harsh. He does not "live to thank his parents for it," as the disciplined child is reported to do, but cherishes a hardness of heart to his grave. The only really popular charity is that of visiting nurses, who carry about with them a professional training, which may easily be interpreted into sympathy and kindness, in their ministration to obvious needs without investigation.

The state of mind which an investigation arouses on both sides is most unfortunate; but the perplexity and clashing of different standards, with the consequent misunderstandings, are not so bad as the moral deterioration which is almost sure to follow.

When the agent or visitor appears among the poor, and they discover that under certain conditions food and rent and medical aid are dispensed from some unknown source, every man, woman, and child is quick to learn what the conditions may be, and to follow them. Though in their eyes a glass of beer is quite right and proper when taken as any self-respecting man should take it; though they know that cleanliness is an expensive virtue which can be expected of few; though they realize that saving is well-nigh impossible when but a few cents can be laid by at a time; though their feeling for the church may be something quite elusive of definition and quite apart from daily living, — to the visitor they gravely laud temperance and cleanliness and thrift and religious observance. The deception doubtless arises from a wondering inability to understand the ethical ideals which can require such im-

possible virtues, combined with a tradition that charity visitors do require them, and from an innocent desire to please. It is easy to trace the development of the mental suggestions thus received.

The most serious effect upon the individual comes when dependence upon the charitable society is substituted for the natural outgoing of human love and sympathy, which, happily, we all possess in some degree. The spontaneous impulse to sit up all night with a neighbor's sick child is turned into righteous indignation against the district nurse because she goes home at six o'clock. Or the kindness which would have prompted a quick purchase of much needed medicine is transformed into a voluble scoring of the dispensary, because it gives prescriptions, and not drugs; and "who can get well on a piece of paper?"

If a poor woman knows that her neighbor next door has no shoes, she is quite willing to lend her own, that her neighbor may go decently to mass or to work; for she knows the smallest item about the scanty wardrobe, and cheerfully helps out. When the charity visitor comes in, all the neighbors are baffled as to what her circumstances may be. They know she does not need a new pair of shoes, and rather suspect that she has a dozen pairs at home; which indeed she sometimes has. They imagine untold stores which they may call upon, and her most generous gift is considered niggardly, compared with what she might do. She ought to get new shoes for the family all round; "she sees well enough that they need them." It is no more than the neighbor herself would do. The charity visitor has broken through the natural rule of giving, which, in a primitive society, is bounded only by the need of the recipient and the resources of the giver; and she gets herself into untold trouble when she is judged by the ethics of that primitive society.

The neighborhood understands the selfish rich people who stay in their own

part of the town, where all their associates have shoes and other things. Such people do not bother themselves about the poor; they are like the rich landlords of the neighborhood experience. But this lady visitor, who pretends to be good to the poor, and certainly does talk as though she were kind-hearted, what does she come for, if she does not intend to give them things which so plainly are needed? The visitor says, sometimes, that in holding her poor family so hard to a standard of thrift she is really breaking down a rule of higher living which they formerly possessed; that saving, which seems quite commendable in a comfortable part of the town, appears almost criminal in a poorer quarter, where the next-door neighbor needs food, even if the children of the family do not. She feels the sordidness of constantly being obliged to urge the industrial view of life. The benevolent individual of fifty years ago honestly believed that industry and self-denial in youth would result in comfortable possessions for old age. It was, indeed, the method he had practiced in his own youth, and by which he had probably obtained whatever fortune he possessed. He therefore reproved the poor family for indulging their children, urged them to work long hours, and was utterly untouched by many scruples which afflict the contemporary charity visitor. She says sometimes: "Why must I talk always on getting work and saving money, the things I know nothing about? If it were anything else I had to urge, I could do it; anything like Latin prose, which I had worried through myself, would not be so hard." But she finds it difficult to connect the experiences of her youth with the experiences of the visited family.

Because of this diversity in experience the visitor is continually surprised to find that the safest platitudes may be challenged. She refers quite naturally to the "horrors of the saloon," and discovers that the head of her visited family,

who knows the saloons very well, does not connect them with "horrors" at all. He remembers all the kindnesses he has received there, the free lunch and treating which go on, even when a man is out of work and not able to pay up; the poor fellows who are allowed to sit in their warmth when every other door is closed to them; the loan of five dollars he got there, when the charity visitor was miles away, and he was threatened with eviction. He may listen politely to her reference to horrors, but considers it only "temperance talk."

The same thing happens when she urges upon him a spirit of independence, and is perhaps foolish enough to say that "every American man can find work and is bound to support his family." She soon discovers that the workingman, in the city at least, is utterly dependent for the tenure of his position upon the good will of his foreman, upon the business prosperity of the firm, or the good health of the head of it; and that, once work is lost, it may take months to secure another place. There is no use in talking independence to a man when he is going to stand in a row, hat in hand, before an office desk, in the hope of getting a position. The visitor is shocked when she finds herself recommending to the head of her visited family, whom she has sent to a business friend of hers to find work, not to be too outspoken when he goes to the place, and not to tell that he has had no experience in that line unless he is asked. She has in fact come around to the view which has long been his.

The charity visitor may blame the women for lack of gentleness toward their children, for being hasty and rude to them, until she learns to reflect that the standard of breeding is not that of gentleness toward the children so much as the observance of certain conventions, such as the punctilious wearing of mourning garments after the death of a child. The standard of gentleness each mother has to work out largely by herself, as-

sisted only by the occasional shamefaced remark of a neighbor, that "they do better when you are not too hard on them;" but the wearing of mourning garments is sustained by the definitely expressed sentiment of every woman in the street. The mother would have to bear social blame, a certain social ostracism, if she failed to comply with that requirement. It is not comfortable to outrage the conventions of those among whom we live, and if our social life be a narrow one, it is still more difficult. The visitor may choke a little when she sees the lessened supply of food and the scanty clothing provided for the remaining children, in order that one may be conventionally mourned. But she does not talk so strongly against it as she would have done during her first month of experience with the family since bereaved.

The subject of clothes, indeed, perplexes the visitor constantly, and the result of her reflections may be summed up something in this wise: The girl who has a definite social standing, who has been to a fashionable school or to a college, whose family live in a house seen and known by all her friends and associates, can afford to be very simple or even shabby as to her clothes, if she likes. But the working girl, whose family lives in a tenement or moves from one small apartment to another, who has little social standing, and has to make her own place, knows full well how much habit and style of dress have to do with her position. Her income goes into her clothing out of all proportion to that which she spends upon other things. But if social advancement is her aim, it is the most sensible thing which she can do. She is judged largely by her clothes. Her house-furnishing with its pitiful little decorations, her scanty supply of books, are never seen by the people whose social opinions she most values. Her clothes are her background, and from them she is largely judged. It

is due to this fact that girls' clubs succeed best in the business part of a town, where "working girls" and "young ladies" meet upon an equal footing, and where the clothes superficially look very much alike. Bright and ambitious girls will come to these down-town clubs to eat lunch and rest at noon, to study all sorts of subjects and listen to lectures, when they might hesitate a long time about joining a club identified with their own neighborhood, where they would be judged not solely on their personal merits and the unconscious social standing afforded to good clothes, but by other surroundings which are not nearly up to these. For the same reason, girls' clubs are infinitely more difficult to organize in little towns and villages, where every one knows every one else, just how the front parlor is furnished, and the amount of mortgage there is upon the house. These facts get in the way of a clear and unbiased judgment; they impede the democratic relationship, and add to the self-consciousness of all concerned. Every one who has had to do with down-town girls' clubs has had the experience of going into the home of some bright, well-dressed girl, to discover it uncomfortable and perhaps wretched, and to find the girl afterwards carefully avoiding her, although she may not have been at home when the call was made, and the visitor may have carried herself with the utmost courtesy throughout. In some very successful down-town clubs the home address is not given at all, and only the "business address" is required. Have we worked out our democracy in regard to clothes farther than in regard to anything else?

The charity visitor has been rightly brought up to consider it vulgar to spend much money upon clothes, to care so much for "appearances." She realizes dimly that the care for personal decoration over that for one's home or habitat is in some way primitive and undeveloped; but she is silenced by its obvious

need. She also catches a hint of the fact that the disproportionate expenditure of the poor in the matter of clothes is largely due to the exclusiveness of the rich, who hide from them the interior of their houses and their more subtle pleasures, while of necessity exhibiting their street clothes and their street manners. Every one who goes shopping at the same time with the richest woman in town may see her clothes, but only those invited to her receptions see the Corot on her walls or the bindings in her library. The poor naturally try to bridge the difference by reproducing the street clothes which they have seen; they therefore imitate, sometimes in more showy and often in more trying colors, in cheap and flimsy material, in poor shoes and flippant hats, the extreme fashion of the well-to-do. They are striving to conform to a common standard which their democratic training presupposes belongs to us all. The charity visitor may regret that the Italian peasant woman has laid aside her picturesque kerchief, and substituted a cheap street hat. But it is easy to recognize the first attempt toward democratic expression.

The charity visitor is still more perplexed when she comes to consider such problems as those of early marriage and child labor; for she cannot deal with them according to economic theories, or according to the conventions which have regulated her own life. She finds both of these fairly upset by her intimate knowledge of the situation, and her sympathy for those into whose lives she has gained a curious insight. She discovers how incorrigibly bourgeois her standards have been, and it takes but a little time to reach the conclusion that she cannot insist so strenuously upon the conventions of her own class, which fail to fit the bigger, more emotional, and freer lives of working people. The charity visitor holds well-grounded views upon the imprudence of early marriages; quite naturally, because she comes from a family and

circle of professional and business people. A professional man is scarcely equipped and started in his profession before he is thirty; a business man, if he is on the road to success, is much nearer prosperity at thirty-five than at twenty-five, and it is therefore wise for these men not to marry in the twenties. But this does not apply to the workingman. In many trades he is laid upon the shelf at thirty-five, and in nearly all trades he receives the largest wages of his life between twenty and thirty. If the young workingman has all his wages too long to himself, he will probably establish habits of personal comfort which he cannot keep up when he has to divide with a family, — habits which, perhaps, he can never overcome.

The sense of prudence, the necessity for saving, can never come to a primitive, emotional man with the force of a conviction, but the necessity of providing for his children is a powerful incentive. He naturally regards his children as his savings-bank; he expects them to care for him when he gets old, and in some trades old age comes very early. A Jewish tailor was quite lately sent to the Cook County poorhouse, paralyzed beyond recovery at the age of thirty-five. Had his little boy of nine been a few years older, the father might have been spared this sorrow of public charity. He was, in fact, better able to support a family when he was twenty than when he was thirty-five, for his wages had steadily become less as the years went on. Another tailor whom I know, a Socialist, always speaks of saving as a bourgeois virtue, one quite impossible to the genuine workingman. He supports a family, consisting of himself, a wife and three children, and his parents, on eight dollars a week. He insists that it would be criminal not to expend every penny of this amount upon food and shelter, and he expects his children later to take care of him.

This economic pressure also accounts

for the tendency to put children to work over-young, and thus cripple their chances for individual development and usefulness, and with the avaricious parent it often leads to exploitation. "I have fed her for fourteen year; now she can help me pay my mortgage," is not an unusual reply, when a hard-working father is expostulated with because he would take his bright daughter out of school and put her into a factory. It has long been a common error for the charity visitor, who is strongly urging her family toward self-support, to suggest, or at least connive, that the children be put to work early, although she has not the excuse that the parents have. It is so easy, after one has been taking the industrial view for a long time, to forget the larger and more social claim; to urge that the boy go to work and support his parents, who are receiving charitable aid. The visitor does not realize what a cruel advantage the person who distributes charity has, when she gives advice. The manager in a huge mercantile establishment employing many children was able to show, during a child-labor investigation, that the only children under fourteen years of age in his employ were protégés, urged upon him by philanthropic ladies, who were not only acquaintances of his, but valued patrons of the establishment. It is not that the charity visitor of an earlier day was less wise than other people, but she fixed her mind so long upon the industrial lameness of her family that she was eager to seize any crutch, however weak, which might enable them to get on. She failed to see that the boy who attempts prematurely to support his widowed mother may lower wages, add an illiterate member to the community, and arrest the development of a capable workingman. Just as she has failed to see that the rules which obtain in regard to the age of marriage in her own family may not apply to the workingman, so also she fails to understand that the present conditions of em-

ployment surrounding a factory child are totally unlike those which obtained during the energetic youth of her father. Is it too much to hope that the insight which the contemporary visitor is gaining may save the administration of charity from certain reproaches which it has well deserved?

This never ending question of the means of subsistence not only oppresses the child who is prematurely put to work, but almost crushes a sensitive child through his affectionate sympathy. The writer knows a little Italian lad of six, to whom the problems of food, clothing, and shelter have become so immediate and pressing that, although an imaginative child, he is unable to see life from any other standpoint. In his mind the goblin or bugaboo of the more fortunate child has come to be the need of coal, which caused his father hysterical and demonstrative grief when it carried off his mother's inherited linen, the mosaic of St. Joseph, and, worst of all, his own rubber-boots. He once came to a party at Hull House, and was interested in nothing save a gas-stove in the kitchen. He became excited over the discovery that fire could be produced without fuel. "I will tell my father of this stove. You buy no coal; you need only a match. Anybody will give you a match." He was taken to visit at a country house, and at once inquired how much rent was paid for it. On being told carelessly by his hostess that they paid no rent for that house, he came back quite wild with interest that the problem was solved. "Me and my father will go to the country. You get a big house, all warm, without rent." Nothing else in the country interested him but the subject of rent, and he talked of that with an exclusiveness worthy of a single-taxer.

The struggle for existence, which is so much harsher among people near the edge of pauperism, sometimes leaves ugly marks on character, and the charity visitor finds the indirect results most

mystifying. Parents who work hard and anticipate an old age when they can no longer earn, take care that their children shall expect to divide their wages with them from the very first. Such a parent, when successful, seizes the immature nervous system of the child and hypnotizes it, so to speak, into a habit of obedience, that the nerves and will may not depart from this control when the child is older. The charity visitor, whose family relation is lifted quite out of this, does not in the least understand the industrial foundation in this family despotism.

The head of a kindergarten training class once addressed a club of working-women, and spoke of the despotism which is often established over little children. She said that the so-called determination to break a child's will many times arose from a lust of dominion, and she urged the ideal relationship founded upon love and confidence. But many of the women were puzzled. One of them remarked to the writer, as she came out of the club-room, "If you did not keep control over them from the time they were little, you would never get their wages when they were grown up." Another one said, "Ah, of course, she [meaning the speaker] does n't have to depend upon her children's wages. She can afford to be lax with them, because, even if they don't give money to her, she can get along without it."

There are an impressive number of children who uncomplainingly hand over their weekly wages to their parents, sometimes receiving back ten cents or a quarter for spending-money, but quite as often nothing at all; and the writer knows one daughter of twenty-five who for six years has received two cents a week from the constantly falling wages which she earns in a large factory. Is it habit or virtue which holds her steady in this course? If love and tenderness had been substituted for parental despotism, would the mother have had enough affection, enough power of expression, to hold her

daughter's sense of money obligation through all these years? This young woman, who spends her paltry two cents on chewing-gum, and goes plainly clad in clothes of her mother's choosing, while many of her friends spend their entire wages on clothes which factory girls love so well, must be held by some powerful force.

It is these subtle and elusive problems which, after all, the charity visitor finds most harassing. The head of a family she is visiting is a man who has become blacklisted in a strike. He is not a very good workman, and this, added to his reputation as an agitator, keeps him out of work for a long time. The fatal result of being long out of work follows. He becomes less and less eager for it, and "gets a job" less and less frequently. In order to keep up his self-respect, and still more to keep his wife's respect for him, he yields to the little self-deception that this prolonged idleness is due to his having been blacklisted, and he gradually becomes a martyr. Deep down in his heart, perhaps — But who knows what may be deep down in his heart? Whatever may be in his wife's, she does not show for an instant that she thinks he has grown lazy, and accustomed to see her earn, by sewing and cleaning, most of the scanty income for the family. The charity visitor does see this, and she also sees that the other men who were in the strike have gone back to work. She further knows, by inquiry and a little experience, that the man is not skillful. She cannot, however, call him lazy and good-for-nothing, and denounce him as worthless, because of certain intellectual conceptions at which she has arrived. She sees other workmen come to him for shrewd advice; she knows that he spends many more hours in the public library, reading good books, than the average workman has time to do. He has formed no bad habits, and has yielded only to those subtle temptations toward a life of leisure which come to the

intellectual man. He lacks the qualifications which would induce his union to engage him as a secretary or an organizer, but he is a constant speaker at workmen's meetings, and takes a high moral attitude to the questions discussed there. He contributes a kind of intellectuality to his friends, and he has undoubted social value. The neighborhood women confide to the charity visitor their sympathy with his wife, because she has to work so hard, and because her husband does not "provide." Their remarks are sharpened by a certain resentment toward the superiority of the husband's education and gentle manners.

The charity visitor is ashamed to take this narrow point of view, for she knows that it is not altogether fair. She is reminded of a college friend of hers, who told her that she was not going to allow her literary husband to write unworthy pot-boilers, for the sake of earning a living. "I insist that we shall live within my own income; that he shall not publish until he is ready, and can give his genuine message." The charity visitor recalls what she has heard of another acquaintance, who urged her husband to decline a lucrative position as a railroad attorney, because she wished him to be free to take municipal positions and handle public questions without the inevitable suspicion which attaches itself in a corrupt city to a corporation attorney. The action of these two women had seemed noble to her, but they merely lived on lesser incomes. In the case of the workingman's wife, she faced living on no income at all, or on the precarious income which she might be able to get together. She sees that this third woman has made the greatest sacrifice, and she is utterly unwilling to condemn her while praising the friends of her own social position. She realizes, of course, that the situation is changed, by the fact that the third family need charity, while the other two do not; but, after all, they have not asked for it, and their

plight was only discovered through an accident to one of the children. The charity visitor has been taught that her mission is to preserve the finest traits to be found in her visited family, and she shrinks from the thought of convincing the wife that her husband is worthless, and she suspects that she might turn all this beautiful devotion into complaining drudgery. To be sure, she could give up visiting the family altogether, but she has become much interested in the progress of the crippled child, who eagerly anticipates her visits, and she also suspects that she will never know many finer women than the mother. She is unwilling, therefore, to give up the friendship, and goes on, bearing her perplexities as best she may.

The first impulse of our charity visitor is to be somewhat severe with her shiftless family for spending money on pleasures and indulging their children out of all proportion to their means. The poor family which receives beans and coal from the county, and pays for a bicycle on the installment plan, is not unknown to any of us. But as the growth of juvenile crime becomes gradually understood, and as the danger of giving no legitimate and organized pleasure to the child becomes clearer, we remember that primitive man had games long before he cared for a house or for regular meals. There are certain boys in many city neighborhoods who form themselves into little gangs with leaders somewhat more intrepid than the rest. Their favorite performance is to break into an untenanted house, to knock off the faucets and cut the lead pipe, which they sell to the nearest junk dealer. With the money thus procured they buy beer, which they drink in little freebooters' groups sitting in an alley. From beginning to end they have the excitement of knowing that they may be seen and caught by the "coppers," and at times they are quite breathless with suspense. In motive and execution it is not the least

unlike the practice of country boys who go forth in squads to set traps for rabbits or to round up a coon. It is characterized by a pure spirit of adventure, and the vicious training really begins when they are arrested, or when an older boy undertakes to guide them into further excitements. From the very beginning the most enticing and exciting experiences which they have seen have been connected with crime. The policeman embodies all the majesty of successful law and established government in his brass buttons and dazzlingly equipped patrol wagon. The boy who has been arrested comes back more or less a hero, with a tale to tell of the interior recesses of the mysterious police station. The earliest public excitement the child remembers is divided between the rattling fire-engines, "the time there was a fire in the next block," and the patrol wagon "the time the drunkest lady in our street was arrested." In the first year of their settlement the Hull House residents took fifty kindergarten children to Lincoln Park, only to be grieved by their apathetic interest in trees and flowers. On the return an omnibusful of tired and sleepy children were galvanized into sudden life because a patrol wagon rattled by. Eager little heads popped out of the windows full of questioning. "Was it a man or a woman?" "How many policemen inside?" and eager little tongues began to tell experiences of arrests which baby eyes had witnessed.

The excitement of a chase, the chances of competition, and the love of a fight are all centred in the outward display of crime. The parent who receives charitable aid, and yet provides pleasures for his child and is willing to indulge him in his play, is blindly doing one of the wisest things possible; and no one is more eager for playgrounds and vacation schools than the charity visitor whose experience has brought her to this point of view.

The charity visitor has her own ideas

concerning the administration of justice. To her mind, the courts can do no wrong. To be sure she has never come in contact with them, and she is shocked as she gradually discovers that the courts are used for justice or revenge exactly according to the ethical development of the plaintiff. Almost the only court which the very poor use, certainly the only one to which they voluntarily appeal, is the police court; and they hasten to that often, not in order to secure justice, but for the much more primitive desire for revenge. The penalties for swearing out a warrant if the arrested person fails to be proved guilty are so inadequate that they are practically never enforced; hence there is no restraint to the impulse against fulfilling the threats of "I'll have you arrested," and "I'll take the law to you," which are such quick and common retorts in neighborhood quarrels.

An old lady takes care of her five grandchildren, three of them headstrong boys with whom she has no end of trouble. Her only sources of revenue are the precarious earnings of the two older boys and the rent of two thirds of a house, which she owns and partly occupies. She is an affectionate and devoted grandmother, but she balances her over-indulgence by administering an occasional good scolding to her children and her tenants. One day she met one of her former tenants upon the street, a well-dressed, prosperous young matron, who had left her house owing her ten dollars for rent. The good clothes of the delinquent tenant offered a sharp contrast to the shabby attire of the landlady. She asked for her back rent gently enough at first, but the conversation fast grew acrid and stormy. The tenant refused point blank to pay up, and that evening, at nine o'clock, after the defeated landlady had told the tale to her sympathizing family, and they were already in bed, an officer came with a warrant to arrest the head of the house for disorderly con-

duct and to carry her off to the nearest police station. Fortunately, the good Irish heart of the officer was touched by the piteous plight of the old lady of seventy-eight, and he contented himself with her promise to appear before the police justice the next morning at ten o'clock. She came to Hull House early in the morning in a pathetic and bewildered state of mind, that she who had avoided a police court all her life, and had held it up as an awful warning to her grandsons, should now be brought there herself because she had tried to collect the rent justly due her. She went to the police court accompanied by two of her Hull House friends. During the earlier stages of the trial they kept in the background, and were chagrined to find that the old lady appeared very badly. The sight of her triumphant and prosperous tenant brought forth a volley of shrill invective. The tenant was filled with reasonable excuses and surrounded by several witnesses. She had meant to pay up as soon as her husband received his month's wages, and had repeatedly told the old lady so. She was attacked on the street in the presence of strangers, and her character brought into question. The prosperous plaintiff made so good an impression that the judge was about to dismiss the case with a stern reprimand to the landlady for losing her temper and making a scene in the streets, without any further investigation as to her character or claims. One of her Hull House friends was prompted by her long acquaintance with the defendant to make an appeal so eloquent that the judge grew chivalric, and finally apologized to the old lady for the annoyance caused her; and the light-minded although kind-hearted tenant, touched in turn by his example, borrowed ten dollars on the spot from one of the swell witnesses whom she had brought, and paid her back rent. The desire to administer justice in the case apparently never occurred to anybody involved. It was a question of bad

manners and shrewish retort, eloquent speaking and kind-hearted response, from beginning to end. The desire for revenge was mollified, if not gratified, by the arrest, and the complainant softened. It would be easy to instance dozens of similar cases.

The greatest difficulty is experienced when the two standards come sharply together, and when an attempt is made at understanding and explanation. The difficulty of defining one's own ethical standpoint is at times insurmountable. A woman who had bought and sold school-books stolen from the school fund, books plainly marked with a red stamp, came to Hull House one morning in great distress because she had been arrested, and begged a resident "to speak to the judge." She gave as a reason the fact that the House had known her for six years, and had once been very good to her when her little girl was buried. The resident more than suspected that her visitor knew the schoolbooks were stolen, when buying them, and any attempt to talk upon that subject was evidently considered very rude. The visitor wished to avoid a trial, and manifestly saw no reason why the House should not help her. The alderman was out of town, so she could not go to him. After a long conversation the visitor entirely failed to get another point of view, and went away grieved and disappointed at a refusal, thinking the resident simply disobliging, — wondering, no doubt, why such a mean woman had once been good to her; leaving the resident, on the other hand, utterly baffled, and in the state of mind she should have been in had she brutally insisted that a little child should lift weights too heavy for its undeveloped muscles.

Such a situation brings out the impossibility of substituting a higher ethical standard for a lower one without the intermediate stages of growth; but it is not as painful as that illustrated by the following example, where the highest ethical standard yet attained by the charity

recipients is broken down, and the substituted one is not in the least understood: —

A certain charity visitor is peculiarly appealed to by the weakness and pathos of forlorn old age. She is responsible for the well-being of perhaps a dozen old women, to whom she sustains a sincere and simple and almost filial relation. Some of them learn to take her benefactions quite as if they came from their own relatives, grumbling at all she does, and scolding her with a family freedom. One of these poor old women was injured in a fire years ago. She has but the fragment of a hand left, and is grievously crippled in her feet. Through years of pain she had become addicted to opium, and when she first came under the residents' care was held from the poorhouse only by the awful thought that she would there perish without her drug. Five years of tender care have done wonders for her. She lives in two neat little rooms, where with a thumb and two fingers she makes innumerable quilts, which she sells and gives away with the greatest delight. Her opium is regulated to a set amount taken each day, and she has been drawn away from much drinking. She is a voracious reader, and has her head full of strange tales made up from books and her own imagination. At one time it seemed impossible to do anything for her in Chicago, and she was kept for two years in a suburb where the family of the charity visitor lived, and where she was nursed through several hazardous illnesses. She now lives a better life than she did, but she is still far from being a model old woman. Her neighbors are constantly shocked by the fact that she is supported and comforted by "a charity lady," while at the same time she occasionally "rushes the growler," scolding at the boys lest they jar her in her tottering walk. The care of her has broken through even that second standard, which the neighborhood had learned to recognize as the standard of

charitable societies, that only the "worthy poor" are to be helped; that temperance and thrift are the virtues which receive the plums of benevolence. The old lady herself is conscious of this criticism. Indeed, irate neighbors tell her to her face that she does not in the least deserve what she gets. In order to disarm them, and at the same time to explain what would otherwise seem loving-kindness so colossal as to be abnormal, she tells them that during her sojourn in the suburb she discovered an awful family secret, a horrible scandal connected with the long-suffering charity visitor; that it is in order to prevent the divulgence of this that the ministrations are continued. Some of her perplexed neighbors accept this explanation as simple and offering a solution of a vexed problem. Doubtless many of them have a glimpse of the real state of affairs, of the love and patience which minister to need irrespective of worth. But the standard is too high for most of them, and it sometimes seems unfortunate to break down the second standard, which holds that people who "rush the growler" are not worthy of charity, and that there is a certain justice attained when they go to the poor-house. It is doubtless dangerous to break down this sense of justice, unless the higher motive is made clear.

Just when our affection becomes large and real enough to care for the unworthy among the poor as we would care for the unworthy among our own kin, is a perplexing question. To say that it should never be so is a comment upon our democratic relations to them which few of us would be willing to make.

Of what use is all this striving and perplexity? Has the experience any value? It is obviously genuine, for it induces an occasional charity visitor to live in a tenement house as simply as the other tenants do. It drives others to give up visiting the poor altogether, because, they claim, the situation is untenable unless the individual becomes a member of a sister-

hood which requires, as some of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods do, that the member first take the vows of obedience and poverty, so that she can have nothing to give save as it is first given to her, and she is not thus harassed by a constant attempt at adjustment. Both the tenement house resident and the sister assume to have put themselves upon the industrial level of their neighbors. But the young charity visitor who goes from a family living upon a most precarious industrial level to her own home in a prosperous part of the city, if she is sensitive at all, is never free from perplexities which our growing democracy forces upon her.

We sometimes say that our charity is too scientific, but we should doubtless be much more correct in our estimate if we said that it is not scientific enough. We dislike the entire arrangement of cards alphabetically classified according to streets and names of families, with the unrelated and meaningless details attached to them. Our feeling of revolt is, probably, not unlike that which afflicted the students of botany and geology in the early part of this century, when flowers were tabulated in alphabetical order, when geology was taught by colored charts and thin books. No doubt the students, wearied to death, many times said that it was all too scientific, and were much perplexed and worried when they found traces of structure and physiology which their so-called scientific principles were totally unable to account for. But all this happened before science had become evolutionary and scientific at all,—before it had a principle of life from within. The very indications and discoveries which formerly perplexed, later illumined, and made the study absorbing and vital. The dry-as-dust student, who formerly excelled, is now replaced by the man who possesses insight as well as accuracy,—who holds his mind open to receive every suggestion which growth implies. He can, how-

ever, no longer use as material the dried plants of the herbariums, but is forced to go to the spots in which plants are growing. Collecting data in sociology may mean sorrow and perplexity and a pull upon one's sympathies, just as truly as collecting data in regard to the flora of the equatorial regions means heat and scratches and the test of one's endurance. Human motives have been so long a matter of dogmatism that to act upon the assumption that they are the result of growth, and to study their status with an open mind and a scientific conscience, seems well-nigh impossible to us. A man who would hesitate to pronounce an opinion upon the stones lying by the wayside because he has a suspicion that they are "geological specimens," and his veneration for science is such that he would not venture to state to which period they belonged, will, without a moment's hesitation, dogmatize about the delicate problems of human conduct, and will assert that one man is a scoundrel and another an honorable gentleman, without in the least considering the ethical epochs to which the two belong. He disregards the temptations and environment to which they have been subjected, and requires the same human development of an Italian peasant and a New England scholar.

Is this again a mark of our democracy or of our lack of science? We are singularly slow to apply the evolutionary principle to human affairs in general, although it is fast being applied to the education of children. We are at last learning to follow the development of the child; to expect certain traits under certain conditions; to adapt methods and matter to his growing mind. No "advanced educator" can allow himself to be so absorbed in the question of what a child ought to be as to exclude the discovery of what he is. But, in our charitable efforts, we think much more of what a man ought to be than of what he is or of what he may become; and we ruthlessly force our conventions and

standards upon him, with a sternness which we would consider stupid, indeed, did an educator use it in forcing his mature intellectual convictions upon an undeveloped mind.

Let us take the example of a timid child, who cries when he is put to bed, because he is afraid of the dark. The "soft-hearted" parent stays with him simply because he is sorry for him and wants to comfort him. The scientifically trained parent stays with him because he realizes that the child is passing through a phase of race development, in which his imagination has the best of him. It is impossible to reason him out of demonology, because his logical faculties are not developed. After all, these two parents, wide apart in point of view, act much the same, and very differently from the pseudo-scientific parent, who acts from dogmatic conviction and is sure he is right. He talks of developing his child's self-respect and good sense, and leaves him to cry himself to sleep, demanding powers of self-control and development which the child does not possess. There is no doubt that our development of charity methods has reached this pseudo-scientific and stilted stage. We have learned to condemn unthinking, ill-regulated kind-heartedness, and we take great pride in mere repression, much as the stern parent tells the visitor below how admirably he is rearing the child who is hysterically crying upstairs, and laying the foundation for future nervous disorders. The pseudo-scientific spirit, or rather the undeveloped stage of our philanthropy, is, perhaps, most clearly revealed in this tendency to lay stress on negative action. "Don't give," "don't break down self-respect," we are constantly told. We distrust the human impulse, and in its stead substitute dogmatic rules for conduct. In spite of the proof that the philanthropic Lord Shaftesbury secured the passage of English factory laws, that the charitable Octavia Hill has brought about the reform of the London

tenement houses, and of much similar concurrent testimony, we do not yet really believe that pity and sympathy, even, in point of fact quite as often precede the effort toward social amelioration as does the acceptance of a social dogma; we forget that the accumulation of knowledge and the holding of convictions must finally result in the application of that knowledge and those convictions to life itself, and that the course which begins by activity, and an appeal to the sympathies so severe that all the knowledge in the possession of the visitor is continually applied, has reasonably a greater chance for an ultimate comprehension.

For most of the years during a decade of residence in a settlement, my mind was sore and depressed over the difficulties of the charitable relationship. The incessant clashing of ethical standards, which had been honestly gained from widely varying industrial experience, — the misunderstandings inevitable between people whose conventions and mode of life had been so totally unlike, — made it seem reasonable to say that nothing could be done until industrial conditions were made absolutely democratic. The position of a settlement, which attempts at one and the same time to declare its belief in this eventual, industrial democracy, and to labor toward that end, to maintain a standard of living, and to deal humanely and simply with those in actual want, often seems utterly untenable and preposterous. Recently, however, there has come to my mind the suggestion of a principle, that while the painful condition of administering charity is the inevitable discomfort of a transition into a more democratic relation, the perplexing experiences of the actual administration have a genuine value of their own. The economist who treats the individual cases as mere data, and the social reformer who labors to make such cases impossible, solely because of the appeal to his rea-

son, may have to share these perplexities before they feel themselves within the grasp of a principle of growth, working outward from within; before they can gain the exhilaration and uplift which come when the individual sympathy and intelligence are caught into the forward, intuitive movement of the mass. This general movement is not without its intellectual aspects, but it is seldom apprehended by the intellect alone. The social reformers who avoid the charitable relationship with any of their fellow men take a certain outside attitude toward this movement. They may analyze it and formulate it; they may be most valuable and necessary, but they are not essentially within it. The mass of men seldom move together without an emotional incentive, and the doctrinaire, in his effort to keep his mind free from the emotional quality, inevitably stands aside. He avoids the perplexity, and at the same time loses the vitality.

The Hebrew prophet made three requirements from those who would join the great forward-moving procession led by Jehovah. "To love mercy," and at the same time "to do justly," is the difficult task. To fulfill the first requirement alone is to fall into the error of indiscriminate giving, with all its disastrous results; to fulfill the second exclusively is to obtain the stern policy of withholding, and it results in such a dreary lack of sympathy and understanding that the establishment of justice is impossible. It may be that the combination of the two can never be attained save as we fulfill still the third requirement, "to walk humbly with God," which may mean to walk for many dreary miles beside the lowliest of his creatures, not even in peace of mind, that the companionship of the humble is popularly supposed to give, but rather with the pangs and misgivings to which the poor human understanding is subjected whenever it attempts to comprehend the meaning of life.

Jane Addams.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A REVOLUTIONIST.

SIBERIA.

I.

IN the middle of May, 1862, a few weeks before our promotion, I was told one day to make up the final list of the regiments which each of us intended to join. We had the choice of all the regiments of the Guard, which we could enter with the first officer's grade, and of the army with the third grade of lieutenant. I took a list of our form and went the rounds of my comrades. Every one knew well the regiment he was going to join, most of them already wearing in the garden the officer's cap of that regiment.

"Her Majesty's Cuirassiers," "The Body Guard Preobrazhénsky," "The Horse Guards," were the replies which I inscribed.

"But you, Kropótkin? The artillery? The Cossacks?" I was asked on all sides. I could not stand these questions, and at last, asking a comrade to complete the list, I went to my room to think once more over my final decision.

That I should not enter a regiment of the Guard, and give my life to parades and court balls, I had settled long ago. My dream was to enter the university, — to study, to live the student's life. That meant, of course, to break entirely with my father, whose ambitions were quite different, and to rely for my living upon what I might earn by means of lessons. Thousands of Russian students live in that way, and such a life did not frighten me in the least. In a few weeks I should have to leave the school, to don my own clothes, to have my own lodging, and I saw no possibility of providing even the little money which would be required for the most modest start. Then, failing the university, I had often thought lately of enter-

ing the artillery academy. That would free me for two years from the drudgery of military service, and, besides the military sciences, I could study mathematics and physics. But, with the wind of reaction that was blowing, the officers in the academies had been treated like schoolboys; a severe discipline was imposed upon them, and in two cases they had revolted and left in a body.

My thoughts went more and more toward Siberia. The Amúr region had recently been annexed by Russia; I had read all about that Mississippi of the East, the mountains it pierces, the sub-tropical vegetation of its tributary, the Usurí, and my thoughts went further, — to the tropical regions which Humboldt had described, and to the great generalizations of Ritter, which I delighted to read. Besides, I reasoned, there is in Siberia an immense field for the application of the great reforms which have been made or are coming: the workers must be few there, and I shall find a field of action to my tastes. The worst was that I should have to separate from my brother Alexander; but he had been compelled to leave the University of Moscow after the last disorders, and in a year or two, I guessed (and guessed rightly), in one way or another we should be together. There remained only the choice of the regiment in the Amúr region. The Usurí attracted me most; but, alas, there was on the Usurí only one regiment, of infantry Cossacks. A Cossack not on horseback, — that was too bad for the boy that I still was, and I settled upon "the mounted Cossacks of the Amúr."

This I wrote on the list, to the great consternation of all my comrades. "It is so far," they said, while my friend Daúroff, seizing the Officers' Handbook,

read out of it, to the horror of all present: "Uniform, black, with a plain red collar without braids; fur bonnet made of dog's fur or any other fur; trousers, gray."

"Only look at that uniform!" he exclaimed. "Bother the cap! — you can wear one of wolf or bear fur; but think only of the trousers! Gray, like a soldier of the Train!" The consternation reached its climax after that reading.

I joked as best I could, and took the list to the colonel.

"Kropótkin, always with his jokes!" he cried. "Did I not tell you that the list must be sent to the grand duke to-day?"

Astonishment was depicted on his face when I told him that the list really showed my intention.

However, all my decisions nearly vanished next day, when I saw the way in which Klasóvsky took my decision. He had hoped to see me in the university, and had given me lessons in Latin and Greek for that purpose. I did not dare to tell him what prevented me from entering the university: I knew that if I told him the truth he would offer to share with me the little that he had.

Then my father telegraphed to the director that he forbade my going to Siberia; and the matter was reported to the grand duke, who was the chief of the military schools. I was called before his assistant, and talked about the vegetation of the Amúr and like things, because I had strong reasons for believing that if I said I wanted to go to the university, and could not afford it, a bursary would be offered to me by some one of the imperial family, — an offer which by all means I wished to avoid.

It is impossible to say how all this would have ended, but an event of much importance — the great fire at St. Petersburg — brought in an indirect way a solution to my difficulties.

On the Monday after Trinity — the

day of the Holy Ghost, which was that year on May 26, Old Style — a terrible fire broke out in the so-called Apráxin Dvor. The Apráxin Dvor was an immense space, more than half a mile square, which was entirely covered with small shops, — mere shanties of wood, — where all sorts of second and third hand goods were sold. Old furniture and bedding, second-hand dresses and books, poured in from every quarter of the city, and were stored in the small shanties, in the passages between them, and even on their roofs. This accumulation of inflammable materials had at its back the Ministry of the Interior and its archives, where all the documents concerning the liberation of the serfs were kept; and in front of it, lined by a row of shops built of stone, was the state bank. A narrow lane, also bordered with stone shops, separated it from a wing of the Corps of Pages, which was occupied by grocery and oil shops in its lower story, and with the apartments of the officers in its upper story. Almost opposite the Ministry of the Interior, on the other side of a canal, there were extensive timber yards. This labyrinth of small shanties and the timber yards opposite took fire at the same time, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

If there had been wind on that day, half the city would have perished in the flames, including the Bank, several Ministries, the Gostínoi Dvor (another great block of shops on the Nevsky Perspective), the Corps of Pages, and the National Library.

I was that afternoon at the Corps, dining at the house of one of our officers, and we dashed to the spot as soon as we noticed from the windows the first clouds of smoke rising in our close neighborhood. The sight was terrific. The fire, truly like an immense snake, rattling and whistling, threw itself in all directions, right and left, enveloped the shanties, and suddenly rose in a huge column, sending its whistling tongues to swallow

more shanties with their contents. Whirlwinds of smoke and fire were formed; and when the whirls of burning feathers from the bedding shops began to sweep the space, it became impossible to remain any longer inside the burning market. The whole had to be abandoned.

The authorities had entirely lost their heads. There was not, at that time, a single steam fire engine in St. Petersburg, and it was workmen who suggested bringing one from the iron works of Kólpino, situated twenty miles by rail from the capital. When the engine reached the railway station, it was the people who dragged it to the conflagration. Of its four lines of hose, one was damaged by an unknown hand, and the other three were directed upon the Ministry of the Interior.

The grand dukes came to the spot and went away again. Late in the evening, when the Bank was out of danger, the Emperor also made his appearance, and said, what every one knew already, that the Corps of Pages was now the key of the battle, and must be saved by all means. It was evident that if the Corps had taken fire, half of the Nevsky Perspective would have been burned too.

It was the crowd, the people, who did everything to prevent the fire from spreading further and further. There was a moment when the Bank was seriously menaced. The goods cleared from the shops opposite were thrown into the Sadóvaya street, and lay in great heaps upon the walls of the left wing of the Bank. The articles which covered the street itself continually took fire, but the people, roasting there in an almost unbearable heat, prevented the fire from being communicated to the piles on the other side. They swore at all the authorities, seeing that there was not a pump on the spot. "What are they all doing at the Ministry, when the Bank and the Foundlings' House are going to burn? They have all lost their heads!" "We must hunt up the chief of police

and ask him to send a fire brigade here!" they cried. I knew the chief, General Annenkoff, personally, as I had met him several times at our sub-inspector's house, and I volunteered to find him. I found him, indeed, walking aimlessly in a street; and when I reported to him the state of affairs, incredible though it may seem, it was to me, a boy, that he gave the order to move one of the fire brigades from the Ministry to the Bank. I exclaimed, of course, that the men would never listen to me, and asked for a written order; but he had not, or pretended not to have, a scrap of paper, so that I asked one of our officers, L. L. Gosse, to come with me to transmit the order. We at last prevailed upon one fire master — who swore at all the world and at his chiefs — to move his brigade to the Bank.

The Ministry itself was not burning; it was the archives which took fire, and many boys, chiefly cadets and pages, carried bundles of papers out of the burning building and loaded them into cabs. Often a bundle would fall out, and the wind, taking possession of its leaves, would strew them about the square. Through the smoke a sinister fire could be seen raging in the timber yards on the other side of the canal.

The narrow lane which separated the Corps of Pages from the Apráxin Dvor was in a deplorable state. The shops which lined it were full of brimstone, oil, turpentine, and the like, and immense tongues of fire of many hues, thrown out by explosions, licked the roofs of the wing of the Corps, which bordered the lane on its other side. The windows and the pilasters under the roof began already to smoulder, while the pages and some cadets, after having cleared the lodgings, pumped water through a small fire engine, which received at long intervals scanty supplies from old-fashioned barrels which had to be filled with ladles. A couple of firemen who stood on the hot roof continually shouted out, "Water! Water!" in tones which were simply

heart-rending. On all sides my comrades urged me, "Go and find somebody, — the governor, the grand duke, any one, — and tell them that without water we shall have to abandon the Corps to the fire." "Shall we not report to our director?" somebody would remark. "Bother the whole lot! you won't find them with a lantern. Go and do it yourself."

I went and found at last the governor-general of St. Petersburg, Prince Suvóroff, in the court of the Bank. When I reported to him the state of affairs, his first question was, "Who has sent you?" "Nobody — the comrades," was my reply. "So you say the Corps is going to burn?" "Yes." He started at once, and seizing an empty hatbox covered his head with it, and ran full speed to the lane. Empty barrels, straw, wooden boxes, and the like covered the lane, between the flames of the oil shops on the one side and the buildings of our Corps, of which the window frames and the pilasters were smouldering, on the other side. Prince Suvóroff acted resolutely. "There is a company of soldiers in your garden," he said to me: "take a detachment and clear that lane — at once. A hose from the steam engine will be brought here immediately. Keep it playing. I trust it to you personally."

It was not easy to move the soldiers out of our garden. They had cleared the barrels and boxes of their contents, and with their pockets full of coffee, and with conical lumps of sugar concealed in their *képis*, they were enjoying the warm night under the trees, cracking nuts. No one cared to move till an officer interfered. The lane was cleared, and the pump was kept pouring water. The comrades were delighted, and every twenty minutes we relieved the men who directed the jet of water, standing there in a terrible scorching heat.

About three or four in the morning it was evident that bounds had been put to the fire; the danger of its spreading to

the Corps was over, and after having quenched our thirst with half a dozen glasses of tea, in a small "white inn" which happened to be open, we fell, half dead from fatigue, on the first bed that we found unoccupied in the hospital of the Corps.

Next morning I met the Grand Duke Michael, and accompanied him on his round. The pages, with their faces quite black from the smoke, with swollen eyes and inflamed lids, some of them with their hair burned, raised their heads from the pillows. It was hard to recognize them. They were proud, though, of feeling that they had not been merely "white hands," and had worked as hard as any one else.

This visit of the grand duke settled my difficulties. He asked me what fancy of mine it was to go to the Amúr, — whether I had friends there; and learning that I had no relatives in Siberia, and that the governor-general did not know me, he exclaimed, "But how are you going, then? They may send you to a lonely Cossack village. I had better write about you to the governor-general, to recommend you."

After such an offer I was sure that my father's objections would be removed. I could go to Siberia.

This great conflagration became a turning point not only in the policy of Alexander II., but also in the history of Russia for that part of the century. That it was not a mere accident was self-evident. Trinity and the day of the Holy Ghost are great holidays in Russia, and there was nobody inside the market except a few watchmen; besides, the Apráxin market and the timber yards took fire at the same time, and the conflagration at St. Petersburg was followed by similar disasters in several provincial towns. The fire was lit by somebody, but by whom? This question remains unanswered to the present time.

Katkóff, the ex-Whig, who was inspired with personal hatred of Hérzen, and especially of Bakúnin, with whom he had once to fight a duel, on the very day after the fire accused the Poles and the Russian revolutionists of being the cause of it; and that opinion prevailed at St. Petersburg and at Moscow.

Poland was preparing then for the revolution which broke out in the following January, and the secret revolutionary government had concluded an alliance with the London refugees, and had its men in the very heart of the St. Petersburg administration. Only a short time after the conflagration occurred, the lord lieutenant of Poland, Count Lüders, was shot at by a Russian officer; and when the Grand Duke Constantine was nominated in his place (with the intention, it was said, of making Poland a separate kingdom for Constantine), he also was immediately shot at, on June 26. Similar attempts were made in August against the Marquis Wielepólsky, the Polish leader of the pro-Russian Union party. Napoleon III. maintained then among the Poles the hope of an armed intervention in favor of their independence. In such conditions, judging from the ordinary narrow military standpoint, to destroy the Bank of Russia and several Ministries and to spread a panic in the capital might have been considered a good plan of warfare; but there never was the slightest scrap of evidence forthcoming to support this hypothesis.

On the other side, the advanced parties in Russia saw that no hope could any longer be placed in Alexander's reformatory initiative: he was clearly drifting into the reactionary camp. To men of forethought it was evident that the liberation of the serfs, under the conditions of redemption which were imposed upon them, meant their certain ruin, and revolutionary proclamations were issued in May, at St. Petersburg, calling the people and the army to a

general revolt, while the educated classes were asked to insist upon the necessity of a national convention. Under such circumstances, to disorganize the machine of the government might have entered into the plans of some revolutionists.

Finally, the indefinite character of the emancipation had produced a great deal of fermentation among the peasants, who constitute a considerable part of the population in all Russian cities; and through all the history of Russia, every time such a fermentation has begun it has resulted in anonymous letters foretelling fires, and eventually in incendiarism.

It was possible that the idea of setting the Apráxin market on fire might occur to isolated men in the revolutionary camp; but neither the most searching inquiries nor the wholesale arrests which began all over Russia and Poland immediately after the fire revealed the slightest indication in that direction. If anything of the sort had been found, the reactionary party would have made capital out of it. Many reminiscences and volumes of correspondence from those times have since been published, but they contain no hint whatever in support of this suspicion.

On the contrary, when similar conflagrations broke out in several towns on the Vólga, and especially at Sarátóff, and when Zhdánoff, a member of the Senate, was sent by the Tsar to make a searching inquiry, he returned with the firm conviction that the conflagration at Sarátóff was the work of the reactionary party. There was among that party a general belief that it would be possible to induce Alexander II. to postpone the final abolition of serfdom, which was to take place on February 19, 1863. They knew the weakness of his character, and immediately after the great fire at St. Petersburg they began a violent campaign for postponement, and for the revision of the emancipation law in its practical applications. It was rumored in well-informed lawyers' circles that Senator

Zhdánoff was really bringing in positive proofs of the culpability of the reactionaries at Sarátoff; but he died on his way back, and his portfolio disappeared; it has never been found.

Be it as it may, the Apráxin fire had the most deplorable consequences. After it Alexander II. surrendered to the reactionaries, and — what was still worse — the public opinion of that part of society at St. Petersburg, and especially at Moscow, which carried most weight with the government suddenly threw off its liberal garb, and turned against not only the more advanced section of the reform party, but even its moderate wing. A few days after the conflagration, I went on Sunday to see my cousin, the aide-de-camp of the Emperor, in whose apartment I had often seen the Horse Guard officers in sympathy with Chernyshévsky, and who himself was an assiduous reader of the *Contemporary* (the organ of the advanced reform party). He brought several numbers of the *Contemporary*, and, putting them on the table I sat at, said to me, "Well, now, after this I will have no more of that incendiary stuff; enough of it," — and these words expressed the opinion of "all St. Petersburg." It became improper to talk of reforms. The whole atmosphere was laden with a reactionary spirit. The *Contemporary* and other similar reviews were suppressed; the Sunday-schools were prohibited under any aspect; wholesale arrests began. The capital was placed under a state of siege.

A fortnight later, on June 13 (25), the time which we pages and cadets had so long looked for came at last. The Emperor gave us a sort of military examination in all kinds of evolutions, — during which we commanded the companies, and I paraded on a horse before the battalion, — and we were promoted officers.

When the parade was over, Alexander II. loudly called out, "The pro-

moted officers to me!" and we gathered round him. He remained on horseback.

Here I saw him in a quite new light. The man who the next year appeared in the rôle of a bloodthirsty and vindictive crusher of the insurrection in Poland rose now, full size, before my eyes, in the speech he addressed to us.

He began in a quiet tone. "I congratulate you: you are officers." He spoke about military duty and loyalty as they are usually spoken of on such occasions. "But if any one of you," he went on, distinctly shouting out every word, his face suddenly contorted with anger, "but if any one of you — which God preserve you from — should under any circumstances prove unloyal to the Tsar, the throne, and the fatherland, know — I tell you — that he will be treated with all the se-ve-ri-ty of the laws, without the slightest com-mi-se-ration!"

His voice failed; his face was peevish, full of that expression of blind rage which I saw in my childhood on the faces of landlords when they threatened their serfs "to skin them under the rods." He abruptly gave the spurs to his horse, and rode out of our circle. Next morning, the 14th of June, by order of the Emperor, three officers were shot at Módlin in Poland, and one soldier, Szur by name, was killed under the rods.

"Reaction, full speed backwards," I said to myself as we made our way back to the Corps.

I saw Alexander II. once more before leaving St. Petersburg. Some days after our promotion, all the newly promoted officers were at the palace, to be presented to him. My more than modest uniform, with its prominent gray trousers, attracted universal attention, and every moment I had to satisfy the curiosity of officers of all ranks, who came to ask me what was the uniform that I wore. The Amúr Cossacks being then the youngest regiment of the Rus-

sian army, I stood somewhere near the end of the hundreds of officers who were present. Alexander II. found me, and asked, "So you go to Siberia? Did your father consent to it, after all?" I answered in the affirmative. "Are you not afraid to go so far?" I hotly replied, "No, I want to work. There must be so much to do in Siberia to apply the great reforms which are going to be made." He looked straight at me; he became pensive; at last he said, "Well, go; one can be useful everywhere;" and his face took on such an expression of fatigue, such a character of complete surrender, that I thought at once, "He is a used-up man; he is going to give it all up."

St. Petersburg had assumed a gloomy aspect. Soldiers marched in the streets, Cossack patrols rode round the palace, the fortress was filled with prisoners. Wherever I went I saw the same thing, — the triumph of the reaction. I left St. Petersburg without regret.

I went every day to the Cossack administration to ask them to make haste and deliver me my papers, and as soon as they were ready I hurried to Moscow to join my brother Alexander.

II.

The five years that I spent in Siberia were for me a genuine education in life and human character. I was brought into contact with men of all descriptions: the best and the worst; those who stood at the top of society and those who vegetated at the very bottom, — the tramps and the so-called incorrigible criminals. I had ample opportunities to watch the ways and habits of the peasants in their daily life, and still more opportunities to appreciate how little the state administration could give to them, even though it was animated by the very best intentions. Finally, my extensive journeys, during which I traveled over fifty thousand miles in carts, on board steamers, in boats, and especially on horseback,

had a wonderful effect in strengthening my health. They also taught me how little man really needs as soon as he comes out of the enchanted circle of conventional civilization. With a few pounds of bread and a few ounces of tea in a leather bag, a kettle and a hatchet hanging at the side of the saddle, and under the saddle a blanket, to be spread at the camp fire upon a bed of freshly cut spruce twigs, a man feels wonderfully independent, even amidst unknown mountains thickly clothed with woods, and in winter time. A book might be written about this part of my life, but I must rapidly glide over it here, there being so much more to say about the later periods.

Siberia is not the land buried in snow and peopled with exiles only, that it is imagined to be, even by many Russians. In its southern parts it is as rich in natural productions as are the southern parts of Canada, which it resembles so much in its physical aspects; and beside half a million of natives, it has a population of more than four millions as thoroughly Russian as that to the north of Moscow. In 1862 the upper administration of Siberia was far more enlightened and far better all round than that of any province of Russia proper. For several years the post of governor-general of East Siberia had been occupied by a remarkable personage, Count N. N. Muravióff, who annexed the Amúr region to Russia almost against the will of the St. Petersburg authorities, and certainly without any help from them. He was very intelligent, very active, extremely amiable, and desirous to work for the good of the country. Like all men of action of the governmental school, he was a despot at the bottom of his heart; but he held advanced opinions, and a democratic republic would not have quite satisfied him. He had succeeded to a great extent in getting rid of the old staff of civil service officials, who considered Siberia a camp to be plundered, and he

had gathered around him a number of young officials, quite honest, and many of them animated by the same excellent intentions as himself. In his own study, the young officers, with the exile Bakúnin among them (he escaped from Siberia in the autumn of 1861), discussed the chances of creating the United States of Siberia, federated across the Pacific Ocean with the United States of America.

When I came to Irkútsk, the capital of East Siberia, the wave of reaction which I saw rising at St. Petersburg had not yet reached these distant dominions. I was very well received by the young governor-general, Korsákov, who had just succeeded Muravíoff, and he told me that he was delighted to have about him men of liberal opinions. As to the commander of the general staff, Kúkel, — a young general not yet thirty-five years old, whose personal aide-de-camp I became, — he at once took me to a room in his house, where I found, together with the best Russian reviews, complete collections of the London revolutionary editions of Hérzen. We were soon warm friends.

General Kúkel temporarily occupied at that time the post of governor of Transbaikália, and a few weeks later we crossed the beautiful Lake Baikál and went further east, to the little town of Chitá, the capital of the province. There I had to give myself, heart and soul, without loss of time, to the great reforms which were then under discussion. The St. Petersburg ministries had applied to the local authorities, asking them to work out schemes of complete reform in the administration of the provinces, the organization of the police, the tribunals, the prisons, the system of exile, the self-government of the townships, — all on broadly liberal bases laid down by the Emperor in his manifestoes.

Kúkel, supported by an intelligent and practical man, Colonel Pedashénko, and a couple of well-meaning civil service

officials, worked all day long, and often a good deal of the night. I became the secretary of two committees, — for the reform of the prisons and the whole system of exile, and for preparing a scheme of municipal self-government, — and I set to work with all the enthusiasm of a youth of nineteen years. I read much about the historical development of these institutions in Russia and their present condition abroad, excellent works and papers dealing with these subjects having been published by the ministries of the interior and of justice; but what we did in Transbaikália was by no means merely theoretical. I discussed first the general outlines, and subsequently every point of detail, with practical men, well acquainted with the real needs and the local possibilities; and for that purpose I met a considerable number of men both in town and in the province. Then the conclusions we arrived at were re-discussed with Kúkel and Pedashénko; and when I had put the results into a preliminary shape, every point was again very thoroughly thrashed out in the committees. One of these committees, for preparing the municipal government scheme, was composed of citizens of Chitá, elected by all the population, as freely as they might have been elected in the United States. In short, our work was very serious; and even now, looking back at it through the perspective of so many years, I can say in full confidence that if municipal self-government had been granted then, in the modest shape which we gave to it, the towns of Siberia would be very different from what they are. But nothing came of it all, as will presently be seen.

There was no lack of other incidental occupations. Money had to be found for the support of charitable institutions; an economic description of the province had to be written in connection with a local agricultural exhibition; or some serious inquest had to be made. "It is a great epoch we live in; work, my dear

friend; remember that you are the secretary of all existing and future committees," Kúkel would sometimes say to me, — and I worked with doubled energy.

There was in our province a "district chief" — that is, a police officer invested with very wide and indeterminate rights — who was simply a disgrace. He robbed the peasants and flogged them right and left, — even women, which was against the law; and when a criminal affair fell into his hands, it might lie there for months, men being kept in the meantime in prison till they gave him a bribe. Kúkel would have dismissed this man long before, but the governor-general did not like the idea of it, because he had strong protectors at St. Petersburg. After much hesitation, it was decided at last that I should go to make an investigation on the spot, and collect evidence against the man. This was not by any means easy, because the peasants, terrorized by him, and well knowing an old Russian saying, "God is far away, while your chief is your next-door neighbor," did not dare to testify. Even the woman he had flogged was afraid at first to make a written statement. It was only after I had stayed a fortnight with the peasants, and had won their confidence, that the misdeeds of their chief could be brought to light. I collected crushing evidence, and the district chief was dismissed. We congratulated ourselves on having got rid of such a pest. What was my astonishment when, a few months later, I learned that this same man had been nominated to a higher post in Kamchátka! There he could plunder the natives free of any control, and so he did. A few years later he returned to St. Petersburg a rich man. The articles he occasionally contributes now to the reactionary press are, I must say, full of high "patriotic" spirit.

The wave of reaction, as I have already said, had not then reached Siberia, and the political exiles continued to be treated with all possible leniency, as in

Muravióff's time. When, in 1861, the poet Mikháiloff was condemned to hard labor for a revolutionary proclamation which he had issued, and was sent to Siberia, the governor of the first Siberian town on his way, Tobólsk, gave a dinner in his honor, in which all the officials took part. In Transbaikália he was not kept at hard labor, but was allowed officially to stay in the hospital prison of a small mining village. His health being very poor, — he was dying from consumption, and did actually die a few months later, — General Kúkel gave him permission to stay in the house of his brother, a mining engineer, who had rented a gold mine from the Crown on his account. Unofficially that was well known all over Siberia. But one day we learned from Irkútsk that, in consequence of a secret denunciation, the general of the gendarmes (state police) was on his way to Chitá, to make a severe inquiry into the affair. An aide-de-camp of the governor-general brought us the news. I was dispatched in great haste to warn Mikháiloff, and to tell him that he must return at once to the hospital prison, while the general of the gendarmes was kept at Chitá. As that gentleman found himself every night the winner of considerable sums of money at the green table in Kúkel's house, he soon decided not to exchange this pleasant pastime for a long journey to the mines in a temperature which was then a dozen degrees below the freezing point of mercury, and eventually went back to Irkútsk, quite satisfied with his lucrative mission.

The storm, however, was coming nearer and nearer, and it swept everything before it soon after the insurrection broke out in Poland.

III.

In January, 1863, Poland rose against Russian rule. Insurrectionary bands were formed, and a war began which lasted for full eighteen months. The London refugees had implored the Po-

lish revolutionary committees to postpone the movement. They foresaw that it would be crushed, and would put to an end the reform period in Russia. But it could not be helped. The repression of the nationalist manifestations which took place at Warsaw in 1861, and the cruel, quite unprovoked executions which followed, exasperated the Poles. The die was cast.

Never before had the Polish cause so many sympathizers in Russia as at that time. I do not speak of the revolutionists; but even among the more moderate elements of Russian society it was thought, and was openly said, that it would be a benefit for Russia to have in Poland a friendly neighbor instead of a hostile subject. Poland will never lose her national character, it is too strongly developed; she has, and will have, her own literature, her own art and industry. Russia can keep her in servitude only by means of sheer force and oppression, — a condition of things which has hitherto favored, and necessarily will favor, oppression in Russia herself. Even the peaceful Slavophiles were of that opinion; and while I was at school, St. Petersburg society greeted with full approval the "dream" which the Slavophile Iván Aksákoff had the courage to print in his paper, *The Day*. His dream was that the Russian troops had evacuated Poland, and he discussed the excellent results which would follow.

When the revolution of 1863 broke out, several Russian officers refused to march against the Poles, while others openly took their part, and died either on the scaffold or on the battlefield. Funds for the insurrection were collected all over Russia, — quite openly in Siberia, — and in the Russian universities the students equipped those of their comrades who were going to join the revolutionists.

Then, amidst this effervescence, the news spread over Russia that, during the night of January 10, bands of insur-

gents had fallen upon the soldiers who were cantoned in the villages, and had murdered them in their beds, although on the very eve of that day the relations of the troops with the Poles seemed to be quite friendly. There was some exaggeration in the report, but unfortunately there was also truth in it, and the impression it produced in Russia was most disastrous. The old antipathies between the two nations, so akin in their origins, but so different in their national characters, woke once more.

Gradually the bad feeling faded away to some extent. The gallant fight of the always brave sons of Poland, and the indomitable energy with which they resisted a formidable army, won sympathy for that heroic nation. But it became known that the Polish revolutionary committee, in its demand for the reestablishment of Poland with its old frontiers, included the Little Russian or Ukrainian provinces, the Greek Orthodox population of which hated the Poles, and had maintained terrible wars of extermination against them. Moreover, Napoleon III. began to menace Russia with a new war, — a vain menace, which did more harm to the Poles than all other things put together. And finally, the radical elements of Russia saw with regret that now the purely nationalist elements of Poland had got the upper hand, the revolutionary government did not care in the least to grant the land to the serfs, — a blunder of which the Russian government did not fail to take advantage, in order to appear in the position of protector of the peasants against their Polish landlords. "Go to Poland; apply there your Red programme against the Polish landlords," Alexander II. said to Nicholas Milútin; and Milútin, with Prince Cherkásky and many others, really did his best to take the land from the landlords and give it to the peasants.

The disastrous consequences for Poland of this revolution are known; they

belong to the domain of history. How many thousand men perished in the battles, how many hundreds were hanged, and how many scores of thousands were transported to various provinces of Russia and Siberia is not yet fully known. But even the official figures which were printed in Russia a few years ago show that in the Lithuanian provinces alone — not to speak of Poland proper — that terrible man, Mikhail Muravióff, to whom the Russian government has just erected a monument at Wilno, hanged by his own authority 128 Poles, and transported to Russia and Siberia 9423 men and women. Official lists, also published in Russia, give 18,672 men and women exiled to Siberia from Poland, of whom 10,407 were sent to East Siberia. I remember that the governor-general of East Siberia mentioned to me the same number, about 11,000 persons, sent to hard labor or exile in his domains. I saw them there, and witnessed their sufferings. Altogether, something like 60,000 or 70,000 persons, if not more, were torn out of Poland and transported to different provinces of Russia, to the Urals, to Caucasus, and to Siberia.

For Russia the consequences were equally disastrous. The Polish insurrection was the definitive close of the reform period. True, the law of provincial self-government (*Zémstvos*) and the reform of the law courts were promulgated in 1864 and 1866; but both were ready in 1862, and, moreover, at the last moment Alexander II. gave preference to the scheme of self-government which had been prepared by the reactionary party of Valúeff, as against the scheme that had been prepared by Nicholas Milútin; and immediately after the promulgation of both reforms, their importance was reduced, and in some cases destroyed, by the enactment of a number of by-laws.

Worst of all, public opinion itself took a further step backward. The hero of the hour was Katkóff, the leader of the

serfdom party, who appeared now as a Russian "patriot," and carried with him most of the St. Petersburg and Moscow society. After that time, those who dared to speak of reforms were at once classed by Katkóff as "traitors to Russia."

The wave of reaction soon reached our remote province. One day in March a paper was brought by a special messenger from Irkútsk. It intimated to General Kúkel that he was at once to leave the post of governor of Transbaikalia and go to Irkútsk, waiting there for further orders, and that he was not to reassume the post of commander of the general staff.

Why? What did that mean? There was not a word of explanation. Even the governor-general, a personal friend of Kúkel, had not run the risk of adding a single word to the mysterious order. Did it mean that Kúkel was going to be taken between two gendarmes to St. Petersburg, and immured in that huge stone coffin, the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul? All was possible. Later on we learned that such was indeed the intention; and so it would have been done but for the energetic intervention of Count Nicholas Muravióff, "the conqueror of the Amúr," who personally implored the Tsar that Kúkel should be spared that fate.

Our parting with Kúkel and his charming family was like a funeral. My heart was very heavy. I not only lost in him a dear personal friend, but I felt also that this parting was the burial of a whole epoch, full of long-cherished hopes, — "full of illusions," as it became the fashion to say.

So it was. A new governor came, — a good-natured, "leave-me-in-peace" man. With renewed energy I completed my plans of reform, seeing that there was no time to lose. The governor made a few objections here and there for formality's sake, but finally signed

the schemes, and they were sent to headquarters. But at St. Petersburg reforms were no longer wanted. There our projects lie buried still, with hundreds of similar ones from all parts of Russia. A few "improved" prisons, even more terrible than the old unimproved ones, have been built in the capitals, to be shown during prison congresses to distinguished foreigners; but the remainder, and the whole system of exile, were found by George Kennan in 1886 in exactly the same state in which I left them in 1862. Only now, after thirty-five years have passed away, the authorities are introducing the reformed tribunals and a parody of self-government in Siberia, and committees have been nominated again to inquire into the system of exile.

When Kennan came back to London from his journey to Siberia, he managed, on the very next day after his arrival in London, to hunt up Stepniák, Chaykóvsky, myself, and another Russian refugee. In the evening we all met at Kennan's room in a small hotel near Charing Cross. We saw him for the first time, and having no excess of confidence in enterprising Englishmen who had previously undertaken to learn all about the Siberian prisons without even learning a word of Russian, we began to cross-examine Kennan. To our astonishment, he not only spoke excellent Russian, but he knew everything worth knowing about Siberia. One or another of us had been acquainted with the greater proportion of all political exiles in Siberia, and we besieged Kennan with questions: "Where is So and So? Is he married? Is he happy in his marriage? Does he still keep fresh in spirit?" It was soon evident that Kennan knew all about every one of them.

When this questioning was over, and we were preparing to leave, I asked, "Do you know, Mr. Kennan, if they have built a watchtower for the fire

brigade at Chitá?" Stepniák looked at me, as if to reproach me for abusing Kennan's good will. Kennan, however, began to laugh, and I soon joined him. Amidst our hearty laughter we tossed each other questions and answers: "Why, do you know about that?" "And you too?" "Built?" "Yes, double estimates!" and so on, till at last Stepniák interfered, and in his most severely good-natured way objected: "Tell us at least what you are laughing about." Whereupon Kennan told the story of that watchtower which his readers must remember. In 1859 the Chitá people wanted to build a watchtower, and collected the money for it; but their estimates had to be sent to St. Petersburg. So they went to the ministry of the interior; but when they came back, two years later, duly approved, all the prices for timber and work had gone up in that rising young town. This was in 1862, while I was at Chitá. New estimates were made and sent to St. Petersburg, and the story was repeated for full twenty-five years, till at last the Chitá people, losing patience, put in their estimates prices nearly double the real ones. These fantastic estimates were solemnly considered at St. Petersburg, and approved. This is how Chitá got its watchtower.

It has often been said that Alexander II. committed a great fault, and brought about his own ruin, by raising so many hopes which later on he did not satisfy. It is seen from what I have just said — and the story of little Chitá was the story of all Russia — that he did worse than that. It was not merely that he raised hopes. Yielding for a moment to the current of public opinion around him, he induced men all over Russia to set to work, to issue from the domain of mere hopes and dreams, and to touch with the finger the reforms that were required. He made them realize what could be done immediately, and how easy it was to do it; he induced them

to sacrifice of their ideals what could not be immediately realized, and to demand only what was practically possible at the time. And when they had framed their ideas, and had shaped them into laws which merely required his signature to become realities, then he refused that signature. No reactionist could raise, or ever has raised, his voice to assert that what was left—the unreformed tribunals, the absence of municipal government, or the system of exile—was good and was worth maintaining: no one has dared to say that. And yet, owing to the fear of doing anything, all was left as it was; for thirty-five years those who ventured to mention the necessity of a change were treated as “suspects;” and institutions unanimously recognized as bad were permitted to continue in existence only that nothing more might be heard of that abhorred word “reform.”

IV.

Seeing that there was nothing more to be done in the direction of reform, I tried to do what seemed to be possible under the existing circumstances,—only to become convinced of the absolute uselessness of such efforts. In my new capacity of attaché to the governor-general for Cossack affairs, I made, for instance, a most thorough investigation of the economical conditions of the Usurí Cossacks, whose crops used to be lost every year, so that the government had every winter to feed them in order to save them from famine. When I returned from the Usurí with my report, I received congratulations on all sides, I was promoted, I got special rewards. All the measures I recommended were accepted, and special grants of money were given for aiding the emigration of some and for supplying cattle to others, as I had suggested. But the practical realization of the measures went into the hands of some old drunkard, who would squander the money and pitilessly flog

the unfortunate Cossacks for the purpose of converting them into good agriculturalists. So it went in all directions, beginning with the winter palace at St. Petersburg, and ending with the Usurí and Kamchátka.

Gradually I turned my energy more and more toward scientific exploration. In 1864 I went with twelve unarmed trading Cossacks to discover a direct communication across the great Khin-gán, through northern Manchuria, between Transbaikalia and the middle Amúr. In the treaty with China only merchants were mentioned, so I bought quantities of various goods and went disguised as a merchant. The governor-general delivered me a passport “to the Irkútsk second guild merchant, Peter Alexéiev, and his companions,” and warned me that if the Chinese arrested me and took me to Peking, and thence across the Gobi to the Russian frontier,—in a cage, on a camel’s back, was their way of conveying prisoners,—I must not betray him by naming myself. The temptation of visiting a country which no European had ever seen was so great that I accepted all the conditions. We discovered the route and many interesting things besides, as for instance the tertiary volcanoes of the Uyun Holdontsi. We were thus the pioneers of the Manchurian railway. I cannot say that I was a sharp tradesman, for I once persisted (in broken Chinese) in asking thirty-five rubles for a watch, when the Chinese buyer had already offered me forty-five; but the Cossacks traded all right, and the expedition covered its expenses.

The same summer I went up the Sungari with Colonel Tchernyáieff’s expedition, on board the first steamer which touched the waters of the great river of Manchuria, and we reached the capital of Manchuria, Kirin. The next year I explored the western Sayáns, where I came upon another important volcanic region on the Chinese frontier. Finally,

in 1866, I undertook a long journey to discover a direct communication between the gold mines of northern Siberia (on the Vitim and the Olókma) and Transbaikalia. For many years the members of the Siberian expedition had tried to find such a passage, and had endeavored to cross the terrible mountain region, which consists of a series of the wildest stony parallel ridges; but when they reached that region, coming from the south, and saw before them these dreary mountains spreading for hundreds of miles northward, all of them, save one who was killed by natives, returned southward. It so happened that while I was preparing for the expedition, I was shown a map which a native had traced with his knife on a piece of bark. This little map—a splendid specimen, by the way, of the usefulness of the geometrical sense in the lowest stages of civilization, and one which would consequently interest A. R. Wallace—so struck me by its seeming truth to nature that I fully trusted to it, and began my journey from the north, following the indications of the map. This time the passage was found. For three months we wandered in the almost totally uninhabited mountain deserts and over the marshy plateau, till at last we reached our destination, Chitá. I am told that this passage is now of value for bringing cattle from the south to the gold mines; as for me, the journey helped me immensely afterward in finding the key to the structure of the mountains and plateaus of Siberia—but I am not writing a book of travel, and must stop.

The years that I spent in Siberia taught me many lessons which I could hardly have learned elsewhere. I began to understand not only men and human character, but also the inner springs of the life of human society. The constructive work of the unknown masses, which so seldom finds any mention in

books, and the importance of that constructive work in the growth of forms of society, appeared before my eyes in its full import. To witness, for instance, the ways in which the communities of Dukhobórtzy (brothers of those who are now going to settle in Canada, and who find such a hearty support in the United States) migrated to the Amúr region, to see the immense advantages which they got from their semi-communistic brotherly organization, and to realize what a wonderful success their colonization was, amidst all the failures of state colonization, was learning something which cannot be learned from books. Again, to live with natives, to see at work all the complex forms of social organization which they have elaborated far away from the influence of any civilization, was, as it were, to store up floods of light which illuminated my subsequent reading. The part which the unknown masses play in the accomplishment of all important historical events, and even in war, became evident to me from direct observation, and I came to hold ideas similar to those which Tolstoy expresses concerning the leaders and the masses in his monumental work, *War and Peace*.

Having been brought up in a serf-owner's family, I entered active life, like all young men of my time, with a great deal of confidence in the necessity of commanding, ordering, scolding, punishing, and the like. But when, at an early stage, I had to manage serious enterprises and to deal with men, and when each mistake would lead at once to heavy consequences, I began to appreciate the difference between acting on the principle of command and discipline and acting on the principle of common understanding. The former works admirably in a military parade, but it is worth nothing where real life is concerned, and the aim can be achieved only through the severe effort of many converging wills. Although I did not then formulate my ob-

servations in terms borrowed from party struggles, I may say now that I lost in Siberia whatever faith in state discipline I had cherished before.

At the age of from nineteen to twenty-five I had to work out important schemes of reform, to deal with hundreds of men in bringing barges down the Amúr, to take command one day of a steamer whose captain fell ill, to prepare and to make risky expeditions with ridiculously small means, and so on; and if all these things ended more or less successfully, I account for it only by the fact that I soon understood that in serious work commanding and discipline are of little avail. Men of initiative are required everywhere; but once the impulse has been given, the enterprise must be conducted, especially in Russia, not in military fashion, but in a sort of communal way, by means of common understanding. I wish that all framers of plans of state discipline might first pass through the school of real life: we should then hear far less than at present of schemes of military and pyramidal organization of society.

Life in Siberia became less and less attractive, although my brother Alexander had joined me in 1864 at Irkútsk, where he commanded a squadron of Cossacks. We were happy to be together; we read a great deal, and discussed all the philosophical, scientific, and sociological questions of the day; but we both longed after intellectual life, and there was none in Siberia. The occasional passage through Irkútsk of Raphael Pum-

pelly or of Adolph Bastian — the only two men of science who visited our capital during my stay there — was quite an event for both of us. The scientific and political life of Western Europe, of which we heard through the papers, attracted us, and the return to Russia was the subject to which we continually came back in our conversations. Finally, the insurrection of the Polish exiles in 1866 opened our eyes to the false position we both occupied as officers of the Russian army.

I was far away, in the Vitím Mountains, when the Polish exiles, who were employed in piercing a new road in the cliffs round Lake Baikal, made a desperate attempt to break their chains and to force their way to China across Mongolia; but my brother was at Irkútsk, and his squadron was dispatched against the insurgents. Happily, the commander of the regiment to which my brother belonged knew him well, and, under some pretext, he ordered another officer to take command of the mobilized part of the squadron. Otherwise, Alexander, of course, would have refused to march; and such a refusal meant a sentence of death, or, in the most favorable case, degradation. If I had been at Irkútsk, I should have done the same.

We decided then to leave the military service and to return to Russia. This was not an easy matter, especially as Alexander had married in Siberia; but at last all was arranged, and early in 1867 we were on our way to St. Petersburg.

P. Kropotkin.

FAREWELL LETTERS OF THE GUILLOTINED.

ONE of the most revolting yet least known features of the Reign of Terror in Paris was the suppression of many hundreds of letters addressed by or to prisoners. The detention of Marie Antoinette's touching letter to her sister-in-law, Princess Elisabeth, which was not recovered and published till twenty years afterward, was no isolated act of barbarity. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor at the Revolutionary tribunal, dealt in the same way with a multitude of epistles written at the Conciergerie and other prisons. Some of these contained requests for the supply of necessities or comforts, others for the dispatch of testimonies which might perhaps have saved their writers from the scaffold. No matter; they were ruthlessly flung among his files of papers, which now fill two hundred cardboard boxes at the National Archives in Paris. By far the most pathetic of these intercepted documents are letters addressed by condemned prisoners to their families or friends. Written on sheets or scraps of paper of every variety of form and quality, the ink now faded, they cannot be handled without emotion. They have never before been published, and possibly descendants now living may learn for the first time from this article what were the last lines penned by their unfortunate ancestors. Victor Hugo in his *Dernier Jour d'un Condamné* drew on his powerful imagination, but here we have the genuine outpourings of the heart on the approach of death. We can realize the Terror more vividly when we read, still more when we handle, these tragical farewells. Resignation, as will be seen, is the dominant note; but not all of the victims possessed equal fortitude at the thought of leaving wives and children, perhaps in penury, and one writer tells us that his letter was watered with

tears. Forgiveness of enemies is also frequently expressed; only in one instance is there a breath of malediction. Some of the victims enjoyed religious consolations; others felt merely a possibility of a future state with the renewal of family ties. We can fancy the prisoners employing their few remaining moments in these assurances of affection; sympathizing fellow captives, perhaps, standing round who knew not how soon their own turn might come. Death would have had an additional sting had they known that these harrowing farewells, cynically scanned by the brutal Fouquier, would be tossed aside, to lie neglected for a century.

I retain the second person singular, wherever used; for the French still employ it in addressing near relations or intimate friends as well as in invoking the Deity. This distinction we have unhappily lost; for by the beginning of the sixteenth century *thou* had become contumelious. "*I thou* thee, thou traitor," said Coke to the unfortunate Raleigh, and George Fox could not succeed in restoring it. The French Jacobins were equally unsuccessful in attempting to make *tutoiement* universal, though among Paris cabmen it still lingers.

It is difficult to give the exact equivalent of terms of endearment. Literally translated, some would seem more effusive than they really are (for words by wear often lose much of their original force), while others would appear cold. *Mon cher ami, ma chère amie*, for instance, mean much more than "my dear friend." It is a common form of address between husband and wife, and I have usually rendered it by "dearest." If, nevertheless, some expressions are too gushing for Anglo-Saxon tastes, we must make allowance for national temperament, and for the high

pitch to which emotions had been worked up by the Revolution.

I give the letters in chronological order, not merely because any other arrangement would be arbitrary, but because it is necessary to bear in mind the successive stages of the Terror. The victims were at first entirely or mostly Royalists; for the Revolution began by devouring its enemies, but it ended, as Vergniaud foreboded, by devouring, like Saturn, its own children. The later sufferers were Republicans, as stanch Republicans as their persecutors, and were slaughtered for a simple *nuance* or through private spite. They were executed as federalists; ultimately, indeed, there were also Hébertists, butchered because they were too violent, but none of them seem to have written farewell letters. In politics, therefore, the letters show what musicians term a crescendo, while in religion they exhibit just the reverse, — the decline or eclipse of faith, yet no actual materialism. Subject to exceptions, moreover, the social status of the victims steadily lowers. We have, it is true, an aristocrat like Victor de Broglie, but among the later victims we find small tradesmen, wineshop-keepers, and men in still humbler positions, which would account for their rude penmanship and orthography.

But the letters may now speak for themselves.

Louis Alexandre Beaulieu, aged thirty-six, was a tradesman, who had been commissioned by Mauny, a retired dragon officer, to procure gold and silver, — an illegal transaction, concealed in his letter under the terms red and white wine, which meant yellow and white coins. Both Beaulieu and Mauny were executed May 10, 1793.

I.

TO CITIZEN BEAULIEU PREVAL, RUE TIBOTONI,
NO. 27.

Adieu, my friend. Thy consolation

should be found in reason and philosophy. [Here he repeats some of the expressions in his second letter.] Remove from your mind this sad event, and remember only our days of intimacy. I might have been taken from you by illness or accident, and in time of war one is too happy in escaping. I might have had the misfortune of succumbing. Look at the event in this light. Adieu. I embrace thee thousands of times. Console all my friends. Speak to them of my friendship.

Your brother and friend,

L. A. BEAULIEU.

Inclosed are a letter and a watch key, which thou wilt deliver to the same destination.

II.

TO CITOYENNE BECAGNY, RUE LIBERTÉ, 27,
TO WHOM I BEG YOU TO HAND THE WATCH
KEY.

My dear and kind friend, I embrace you for the last time. Accept all my gratitude for the trouble and vexations which I have caused you, and forgive them. I fear lest your interests should suffer from the 2000 f. which you lately sent me, and for which you have no receipt. I wish this to serve for one. I owe you also several sums on current account which may amount to 400 f. or 500 f. I acknowledge the debt. Kindly express my thanks to MM. Collot, Julianne, and Alexandre. I have not time to say more, as I did not begin to write till eight in the morning. I embrace you thousands of times, and am always to the last moment your ever sincere friend,

L. A. BEAULIEU.

III.

Be consoled, my very good lady and dear friend, — be consoled, I entreat you. I have a calmness and firmness of mind which are a great help to me at this moment. The greatest chagrin which I feel is the causing you chagrin. It is this which makes me beg you, as the last favor, to console yourself. Take

care of yourself. You owe this to those of whom you are the mainstay. Share my adieux with the good and dear Adelaïde. I might have been taken from you by illness or accident. Farewell. I embrace you from the bottom of my heart. I expected to have plenty of time to write to you. Adieu once more.

Your friend,

L. A. BEAULIEU.

Once more adieu. I love you ever with all my heart.

Françoise Desilles, aged twenty-four, wife of Desclos de la Fauchais, a naval officer who had emigrated, was one of twelve Bretons executed on June 18, 1793, for the conspiracy headed by the Marquis de la Rouerie. An insurrection in favor of monarchy had been concerted, but was revealed by a pretended sympathizer.

IV.

18th June, 1793.

My lot is cast, dearest. Do not be grieved, but view the event with as much tranquillity as I do. It is not without regret that I quit an existence which promised me happy days. I have one favor to ask. You know what is the fate of my unfortunate children. Be a mother to them, dearest; let them find in you an affectionate and beloved mother. I am convinced of the zeal with which you will be their mother. Adieu, dear. I will not further prolong the time that I am spending in conversing with you. I have to approach the Supreme Being, at whose feet I cast myself. The resignation given me by the sweet persuasion that He will forgive me gives me joy. Speak of me to my children, but repel all bitterness. My trials are coming to an end, but yours will last. Adieu, dear. Cherish my memory, but do not lament my fate.

DESILLES DE LA FAUCHAIS.

I beg you, dear, to arrange with my sisters the education of my children. They have no resource but you three,

and it is to you three that I confide them to serve them as mother.

Jean Baptiste Georges Fontevieux, a native of Zweibrücken, a retired officer, aged thirty-four, was another of the Breton conspirators, living at St. Brieuc. He employed his last moments in writing to his wife, father, mother, sister, his notary, a friend, and the second letter that follows, addressed to three fellow prisoners at the Abbaye. He also wrote to the Convention for a respite, that he might adduce evidence to exculpate him; for the alleged conspiracy, he said, was imaginary. All these letters are written in a plain, firm hand. Could he have known that they would not be forwarded, death would have had an additional bitterness.

V.

TO CITOYENNE CAMBRY, RUE DE LA RÉVOLUTION, NO. 28, NEAR THE CI-DEVANT PLACE LOUIS XV., PARIS.

I approach, my friend, the terrible moment when I am to appear before the Supreme Being. I behold its coming without alarm. I may say with Essex,

"C'est le crime qui fait la honte,
Ce n'est pas l'échafaud."¹

Thou knowest the purity of the sentiments which have always animated me. Without lacking modesty, I may say I have done all the good in my power. I have done ill to none. I regret my friends. I was attached to earth only by their affection, and I do not feel misfortune except on their account. I thank thee for the testimonies of friendship and consolation which thou hast furnished me, and the touching attentions which thou hast lavished on me during my captivity. I would fain testify my warm and affectionate gratitude. We shall be reunited sooner or later. The scythe of Time visits all heads, it levels all. I pity my judges. I forgive them with all my

¹ From a drama by Thomas Corneille. The proper reading is, "Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud."

heart. I beg thee to console thyself. I conjure thee in the name of the warmest affection to preserve thy life. If ever thou chancest to think of me, remember that, as I die innocent, I am bound to be happy. I have not shed a tear for myself, but I have wept over the painful situation of my friends. It is they who are to be pitied, not I. Adieu, kind and affectionate friend; I embrace thee with all my heart. If thou shouldst see my uncle, cheer him up; help him to bear the misfortunes attaching to human existence. Tell him that I loved him, love him still, and shall love him beyond the tomb.

Fontevieux.

VI.

18th June, 1793.

I have been this morning, dear companions in misfortune, condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. The interest which you have shown me and your desire to learn the judgment from my own lips induce me to inform you of it. Alas, you were far from thinking it would be this. May you fare better. Adieu, my friends. I am, and soon shall be, perfectly tranquil.

Fontevieux.

Nicolas Bernard Grout de la Motte, aged fifty, naval officer, was another of the Breton conspirators.

VII.

TO CITIZEN FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

18th June, 1793.

Citizen, I beg you to allow my ring and a case with portraits of my late wife and of my daughter to be restored to two young children whom I leave here. It is a small favor which I ask you, and it will be a portion of my property which could not be of any use to the nation.¹ These young children are at St. Malo. . . . Will you allow my linen to be given to the citizen gendarme?

Grout de la Motte.

¹ All the property of guillotined persons was confiscated.

Three quarto pages are so closely filled by the following letter as to leave no room for the signature, but the address shows the writer to have been Georges Julien Jean Vincent, aged forty-eight, broker and interpreter at St. Malo, also one of the Breton conspirators.

VIII.

TO CITOYENNE BINEL VINCENT, RUE DE TOULOUSE, ST. MALO.

18th June, 1793.

There are decrees of Divine Providence, my beloved, kind, and affectionate friend, which, however terrible to bear, we ought to accept and submit to without a murmur. Thou knowest better than I, and I have no need to remind thee, all that religion commands thee, and all the consolations which it can give thee. Alas, what a terrible blow I am about to inflict on thy tender and generous heart, and how my poor and beloved children are about to be grieved! But, my dearest, collect all your strength. Pray do not be cast down by misfortune. My innocence and honor should help you to bear your misfortune. God had joined us together. I possessed an affectionate and virtuous wife who was my comfort. Perhaps, alas, I was too proud of the happiness which I possessed, and God's will deprives me of it. Worthy and affectionate wife, if I ever vexed thee I beg thee to forgive me. I shall die worthy of thy love, and if after this unfortunate life we can still preserve some recollection of persons who have been dear to us in this world, I shall carry beyond the tomb the deep affection which I have devoted to thee as well as to my dear children. Oh, affectionate and beloved wife, if ever I have been dear to thee, I conjure thee by all our affection to continue living; our beloved children have so much need of thee. Embrace them very affectionately for me. Tell them all the affection which I have always had for them. Tell them that if my death unhappily

deprives them not only of the most affectionate father, but of the little property which they might claim, I die innocent and leave them honor, the most precious property; and not only that, but they can hold their heads erect in such a fashion as to make their father's death a glory as an innocent victim of the law. Beware, my dearest, lest sorrow for my death should render them ungrateful toward their country. It is not the country that is the cause of the misfortunes which overwhelm us. Men are liable to error, and at a moment when passions blind us innocence is often mistaken for guilt. As good and faithful Christians, we must know how to bear the blows which befall us and adore the divine hand which overwhelms us. Oh, my dear children, console your worthy and affectionate mother, and by your assiduity in obeying her counsels, as well as in fulfilling the duties of your religion, be the consolation of her agony. I embrace thee, my dear good Republican friends. I pray God for you, and thou, dear and affectionate wife, receive my last kisses and adieux. Remember me only to beseech God to pardon my sins and have pity on my soul. I cannot say more. Words fail me at this sad and cruel moment, in which, however, I do not regret life except for the pain which my death is about to inflict on thy heart. But, my dearest, do not give way to grief. Respect the decrees of Divine Providence. We were not fated to remain forever on this poor earth, and we certainly knew when we married that death would part us. God has fixed the moment and manner. Let us therefore submit without a murmur to His will. Adieu, dear and worthy spouse. Adieu, loving and beloved children. Receive my affectionate kisses, and heaven grant that you may be more fortunate than your unfortunate father, who dies innocent and without self-reproach.

There is no signature to the follow-

ing letter, but the writer was probably Michel Julien Picot-Lemoelan, still another of the Breton conspirators.

IX.

TO CITIZEN VENDEL, MAISON DE LA TRINITÉ,
FOUGÈRES.

18 June [1793].

I shall be near the Eternal, my friend, when you receive this letter. I hope the forgiveness of my enemies will procure that of my faults, my crimes, toward Him; for the frequent forgetfulness of His benefits is doubtless one which could not be too dearly expiated, and the sacrifice of some years is not a great thing for him who knows how to estimate life at its true value. The sentence of death could not trouble me, for all the tribulations that I have experienced since my arrest have sufficiently disgusted me with life. . . . Adieu, my poor friend. Do not forget me. I die with confidence, and almost with joy. At what a grand banquet I shall be present this evening! My beloved, I shall await you. Your virtues call you thither. I had no cause for self-reproach toward men. I have never had any sentiments but those of humanity. I sincerely desire the happiness of those who conduct me to the tomb, but toward God, my friend, I was not so guiltless. I loved Him, but I served Him ill. I trust He will forgive me. Let not my friends weep over my happiness. We shall soon meet again. Convey my respects to them. Adieu, my unfortunate friend. I have taken every possible precaution to forward you the remainder of the assignats which you lent me.

Antoine Joseph Gorsas, aged forty, as deputy and journalist, took a prominent part in the Revolution. He was among the forty-one Girondin deputies, prosecuted in 1793, and attempted a Girondin rising at Caen and Bordeaux. Imprudently returning to Paris, he was discovered, arrested, and, being an outlaw, executed on simple proof of identity.

There is nothing to show that Fouquier carried out these last wishes.

x.

TO CITIZEN FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.

7 October [1793].

Before dying, I desire that my creditors whose bills are unsettled should not be losers. I declare that I owe [three debts mentioned]. I recommend this note to the citizen public accuser. I beg him in the name of justice to pay these sums.¹ My hope that he will be good enough to do it will be a feeling of gratitude which I shall take away with me. My unfortunate family is prosecuted. If I had committed crimes, let me alone bear the responsibility. My family is not guilty. Will not my death satisfy public justice? I end by affirming that never have I betrayed my country, and that my last wishes are for its happiness and for its enjoyment of rest and happiness after so many long agitations.

A. J. GORSAS.

P. S. I may have other debts of which I am ignorant. I acknowledge them also.

Olympe de Gouges, born at Montauban in 1748, is believed to have been the daughter of the Marquis Franc de Pompignan, a versifier. Her mother, Olympe or Olinde Mousset, was the wife of Pierre Gouze, a butcher. After a marriage with a man named Aubry, which soon ended in a separation, Olympe went up to Paris, and, though never able to spell or to write a decent hand, published several plays. She threw herself with ardor into the Revolution, was a strenuous advocate of woman's rights, and offered to defend Louis XVI. in order to prove, not his innocence, but his imbecility. Her tirades at last led to her arrest, and after seven months' imprisonment she was tried, and guillotined on the 3d of November, 1793. Her son,

¹ Of course out of the money left by the writer.

to whom she addressed this ill-written and ill-spelled letter, on being dismissed from the army, wrote to the Convention to repudiate all sympathy with his mother's opinions. The only excuse for his act is that he cannot have known of her having written this letter to him, nor of a letter to the Convention entreating news of him.

xi.

TO CITIZEN DE GOUGE, GENERAL OFFICER IN THE ARMY OF THE RHINE.

I die, my dear son, a victim of my idolatry of justice and of the people. Its enemies, under the specious mask of republicanism, have conducted me without remorse to the scaffold. After seven months of captivity I was transferred to a *maison de santé*,¹ where I was as free as in my own house. I might have escaped. My enemies and executioners are aware of this, but, convinced that all the ill will concerted to ruin me could not succeed in reproaching me with a single act contrary to the Revolution, I myself asked for trial. Could I believe that unmuzzled tigers would themselves be judges, against the law, against that popular assembly which will soon reproach them with my death? The indictment was delivered to me three days before my trial. The law entitled me to counsel. All the persons of my acquaintance have been intercepted. I was as it were in solitary confinement, not being even able to speak to the concierge. The law also entitled me to select my jurors. The list of them was announced to me at midnight, and next morning at seven o'clock I was taken to the tribunal, ill and weak, and without having the art of speaking in public. Resembling Jean Jacques [Rousseau] in his virtues, I felt all my insufficiency. I asked for the counsel whom I had chosen. I was told he was not present or had refused to undertake my cause. Failing him, I asked

¹ A private hospital.

for another. I was told I was quite able to defend myself. Without doubt I have enough force to defend my innocence, which is self-evident to all spectators. It was impossible to dispute all the services and benefits which I have rendered to the people. Twenty times I made my executioners turn pale, not knowing how to answer me. At every sentence which showed my innocence and their bad faith . . . They pronounced my doom for fear of exposure of the iniquity of which the world has not had sufficient examples. Adieu, my son, I shall be no more when thou receivest this letter. . . . I die, my son, my dear son, I die innocent. All the laws have been violated against the most virtuous woman of her age. [She then tells him where to find the pawn ticket for her jewels.]

OLYMPE DEGOUGE.

Marie Madeleine Coutelet, aged thirty-two, was forewoman at the flax-spinning factory established in the Jacobin Monastery in July, 1790, to give employment to women and girls. Her sister, who occupied the room above her, having been denounced as corresponding with *émigrés*, the commissaries sent with a search warrant went by mistake to Madeleine's room. She informed them of their blunder, but invited them to search her apartment. They found a letter addressed to her aunt at Rheims, but never posted, expressing sympathy for the Queen. Her explanation was that though really a "patriot" she wrote the letter in joke, to mystify a friend to whom alone she showed it. She was condemned 14 brumaire. Her sister, Marie Louise Neuvéglise, shared the same fate 4 floréal.

XII.

I discharge my last duty. You know that the law has judged me. They have found crime in innocence, and it is thus that they sentence me to die. I hope that you will be consoled. It is the last

favor which I ask. I die with the purity of soul of those who die with joy. Adieu. Receive my last embrace. It is that of the most affectionate daughter and most attached sister. I regard this day as the finest that I have been granted by the Supreme Being. Live and think of me. Rejoice at the bliss which awaits me. I embrace my friends (*amies*), and am grateful to those who gave testimony for me. Adieu for the last time. May your children be happy. It is my last wish.
COUTELET.

Gabriel Nicolas François Boisguyon, aged thirty-five, adjutant-general, admitted having gone to the Girondin gathering at Caen, but denied having offered to join the Girondin forces. He was tried and executed along with Girey-Dupré, who on his way to the scaffold sung his own verses, afterward styled the Chant des Girondins, the refrain of which was,

"Mourons pour la patrie,
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'en-
vie."

XIII.

TO CITIZEN FRÉMONT, DRUGGIST, CHÂTEAU-DUN.

CONCIERGERIE, 2 frimaire, year 2.

Citizen, I was yesterday at four in the afternoon condemned to death, and in two hours I shall be no more. I beg you to inform my mother, taking all the precautions necessary for rendering the news less overwhelming. Send some one to her gently to apprise her, so that she may not receive the information by letter, and may not have under her eyes a monument [*sic*] reminding her of my last moments. Assure her of all my affection, and of my hope that she may find in her virtues the consolation which she will need. [Some business directions follow.]

BOISGUYON.

Gabriel Wormestelle, aged forty-three, the writer of this ill-spelled but firmly written letter, was a member of the Gi-

ronde popular commission, which tried to resist the measures enforced on the Convention by the Paris mob. Having been consequently outlawed, he was executed without trial, on simple proof of identity.

XIV.

TO CITOYENNE WORMESTELLE, RUE DU TEMPLE, NO. 1, BORDEAUX.

12 *frimaire* (2 November), 1793.

These are the last lines which my hand will trace. In a few hours I shall be no more. I am condemned to death. Well, wife whom I have always loved, I die full of affection for thee. I do not bid thee forget me. I know thy *belle âme*, thy affectionate heart. No, thou wilt never forget me. But live for our poor children. Remind them of me. Let me serve as their example. Let them be better than I. Rear them in the practice of virtue. My property is confiscated. It is so small that it will be no great loss for them. Bring them up to like work. Transfer to them all the affection which thou hadst for me. Adieu, — a thousand times adieu. Dry thy tears, and think only of our children.

WORMESTELLE.

Antoine Pierre Léon Dufrene, aged thirty-two, doctor, had recently arrived from St. Domingo. He wrote to his friends there that in exchanging that island, with its negro risings, for Paris, he had gone from Scylla to Charybdis, and in one letter he said, "It is impossible to say or write anything without risk of the guillotine." Again he said, "There would be many things to tell you of the present state of France, but I shall not venture on anything, and you will guess the reason. However nice the guillotine when you accommodate yourself to it, and whatever the courage thus far shown by the heroes of this Revolutionary invention, I have no mind to try it." But the unfortunate man had committed himself by these intercepted letters. The letter to Le Four-

dray is the only farewell utterance resembling a malediction which I have met with.

XV.

Receive, oh adorable spouse, the last wishes of thy poor husband. He was not so good as thou art. . . . Write to me once more, that I may carry to the tomb a line from thy chaste hand. I end. My tears water my letter. Calm thine. Send me 15 f. I have handed 60 f. to Jaline, which he will doubtless deliver to thee. Thank him for me, as well as all my friends. . . . I shall be at the Conciergerie till ten or eleven to-morrow morning. Adieu, adieu, adieu, and forever adieu for eternity.

Thy husband,

DUFRENE.

13 *frimaire*.

[Inclosure.]

TO CITIZEN LE FOURDRAY, COMMISSARY OF MARINE, CHERBOURG.

Receive, wretch, my eternal adieu. I do not know whether thou didst it purposely. Although I know that thou art a scoundrel, I cannot bring myself to think thee so malicious. All that I can say to thee is that the letters which I had confided to thee have conducted me to the scaffold. If it was through malice, thy turn will soon come. Adieu.

DUFRENE.

13 *frimaire*, 1793.

Guillaume Léonard, omitted in M. Wallon's *Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire*, was a wineshop-keeper at Paris, condemned for uttering forged assignats.

XVI.

TO CITOYENNE LÉONARD, WINESELLER, PARIS.

My dearest, I bid thee farewell with tears in my eyes. I am condemned to die to-morrow, and I die innocently, without having ever committed any crime. I forgive thee all that there has been of contention with thy parents, and I hope with confidence that thou wilt do the same. Write immediately to my

parents, and inform them that I die for our country in the company of wretches, yet without having been criminal. I have not in all my life committed any crime. I embrace thee with tears in my eyes, and shall be thy husband to my last hour. Thou knowest that I owe 5 f. to Citizen Maudit, who lent it me on the day of my arrest. Do not be ashamed to announce my death to my parents. I have known how to live, and I shall know how to die. Adieu, dearest, and for the last time I write to thee, and am

Thy husband,

LÉONARD.

PARIS, 19 *frimaire*, year 2 of the French Republic, and Vive la République!

Charles Antoine Pinard, tailor, was executed as a fraudulent army contractor.

XVII.

TO CITOYENNE PRÉVOST, RUE DE L'ORATOIRE, 141.

19 *frimaire*, year 2.

My dearest, when thou receivest this letter thy *bon ami* will be no more. I should have preferred death in fighting for the defense of the country, but this has not been allowed me. I undergo my fate, and I carry to the tomb the tranquillity of a conscience without reproach. Be ever faithful, my dearest, to what thou hast promised me. Spare thyself for thy own sake, and for the infant whom thou bearest in thy bosom. Girl or boy, bring it up in the principles of the Republic. Be always prudent and virtuous, the same as thou hast ever been. Farewell: thy image is before my heart; let mine be before thine. Never forget thy friend. Spare thyself, and tell thy son or daughter that its father died like a true Republican. Embrace my parents. I love them ever.

PINARD.

Antoine Demachy, grocer, and commissary of one of the Paris sections, was condemned 26 *frimaire*, year 2, for

complicity with fraudulent army contractors.

XVIII.

TO CITIZEN DEMACHY, GROCER, RUE ST. JACQUES, PARIS.

Brother, I write you this at the moment when I am about to end my days. I hope that my example may serve you as a guide in this Revolution. [Here he mentions two debts.] I embrace you, and wish you all possible happiness.

DEMACHY.

The following letter was written by the notorious *roué*, the Duc de Lauzun, whose posthumous memoirs, although disavowed by his family, were genuine. He assisted in the war of American independence, but though an old courtier accepted the Republic, and served in the army in Vendée. He disliked, however, the Jacobin officers placed under him, and quarreled with Rossignol. He was deprived of his command July 11, 1793, and put on trial 9 *ventôse*, with ten witnesses against and four for him. The case not being concluded on the 9th, the court sat again on the 10th, though *décadi* was usually a *dies non*. On leaving for the scaffold he said to his fellow prisoners, "I am starting on the long journey." He pressed a glass of wine on the executioner, saying, "You must need nerve in your business."

XIX.

TO CITIZEN GONTAUT.

I am condemned. I shall die to-morrow in the sentiments of religion, of which my dear papa has set me the example, and which are worthy of him. My long agony derived much consolation from the certainty that my dear papa will not give way to grief of any kind. . . . I have two Englishwomen who have been with me twenty years, and who have been detained as prisoners since the decree on foreigners.¹ I was

¹ On the seizure of Toulon, all the English in France were arrested as hostages.

their only resource. I commend them to the succour and extreme kindness of my dear papa, whom I love. I respect and embrace him for the last time with all my heart.

BIRON.

Jean Baptiste Louis Courtonnel, aged thirty-six, innkeeper, was convicted of supplying inferior hay as an army contractor. He explained that a few bundles might inadvertently have been of poor quality.

XX.

TO CITOYENNE COURTONNEL, AUBERGISTE,
BEAUMONT LE ROGER, EURE.

CONCIERGERIE, 7 *pluviôse*.

Receive, my dearest, my last adieux. I am about to die, full of affection for thee and our dear children. My enemies have succeeded in getting me convicted. Thou knowest my innocence. Adieu forever. I am full of regret at quitting thee, but I shall bear my fate with calmness up to the last moment. Embrace my children for me, and remind them of their father. Let them cherish his memory, without being unreasonably affected by his death. . . .

I recommend thee to do exactly all that I mentioned in my previous letter for thy good, and in order to extricate thyself from the enmity of those who have caused my death.

J. B. COURTONNEL.

Jean Baptiste Emanuel Rouettiers, aged forty-five, had been a groom in waiting to Louis XVI.

XXI.

I approach the fatal end, my dear wife and children. I embrace you affectionately with all my heart, which still beats and will beat to the last breath for you. Ever love one another, all three. Be happy for one another, and do not forget thy husband and father,

ROUETTIER.

12 *pluviôse*, 11.30.

Jeanne Rouettiers de la Chauvinerie, wife, of the Marquis de Charras, aged forty-one, was condemned for corresponding with émigré relatives.

XXII.

TO CITIZEN CHARRAS AND HIS THREE CHILDREN, ASNIÈRES.

Adieu, my dear husband; my poor children, adieu. Receive the last embraces of your affectionate wife and mother. All that I will add is that my heart in everything is yours. I approach the fatal moment. Never forget me. I ask my poor children that my last words be ever preserved by them. Adieu. I send you my last breath. I recommend you all to her who loves you, your aunt and sister. Adieu.

FEMME CHARRAS.

12 *pluviôse*.

Guillaume Martin, a doctor, aged sixty-five, was one of seventeen inhabitants of Coulommiers condemned 15 *pluviôse* for "a conspiracy to make Seine-et-Marne a second Vendée." The description of death as a long journey, used also by the Duc de Biron, was probably a reminiscence of Rabelais' reputed deathbed remark, "Grease my boots for a long journey."

XXIII.

TO CITOYENNE DUFRENE, COULOMMIERS.

Adieu, my dearest. I am very sorry for the pain which I have caused thee. It must be hoped that this will last only for a time. I wish you every kind of happiness, as also my friend Dufrene, who will prove to you that he loved me by loving and respecting you, and conforming to your will. I am soon going to start on a long journey. My last breath but one will be for Dufrene and for you, and my last will be for my God, who, I hope, in his mercy will receive me, and in whom I put my trust. Adieu, all my friends and neighbors.

MARTIN.

Pray daily for me and for your father, if God allows me the grace of re-joining him in eternity.

Alexandre Pierre Cauchois, aged twenty-eight, architect, was condemned 22 ventôse for saying that one tyrant, meaning a king, was better than five hundred, meaning the Convention. He was, however, a Republican. On ascending the scaffold he exclaimed, "Sons of the fatherland, you will avenge my death!" But the spectators waved their hats and cried, "Vive la République!"

XXIV.

TO CITOYENNE CAUCHOIS.

All is over. For having honestly loved liberty and having been unable to keep silence in the presence of the wicked. I am sacrificed. A putrid fever would have done the same. If any consciousness is retained after death, my feeling will be for you and for my country. In spite of their injustice toward me, I persist in thinking that men are stupid rather than wicked. I should have liked to lose my life in the cause of liberty, but I fear my death will merely cement the public slavery. I leave you more unfortunate than myself, and my only regret is to add to your misfortunes. Adieu.

CAUCHOIS.

Pierre Jean Sourdille - Laval, aged thirty, barrister, was a prominent Girondin at Laval. The italics are mine.

XXV.

TO CITOYENNE SOURDILLE LAVATELLE,
LAVAL, MAYENNE.

22 ventôse.

Adieu, kind and affectionate wife, and adieu forever. It is two o'clock, and I hope at three to be on my way to the place de la Révolution.¹ You see, my dearest, that by four o'clock I shall

¹ Where the guillotine then stood; now the place de la Concorde.

be happier, or at least not so unhappy as thou. Thou art the only person who made me cling to life. I defended myself with courage and firmness. I shall show this up to the last moment, and I shall have, I hope, the death of an honest man. . . . *I have swallowed thy ring.* It was bound never to quit me. Adieu, my dearest. I send thee a thousand kisses.

SOURDILLE.

Martin Blanchet, aged forty-three, kept a wineshop. When a captain in the National Guard, — in August, 1792, — it is alleged that he refused to join in the attack upon the Tuileries. His letter is ill written and ill spelled. It will be noticed that he addresses his wife as "widow."

XXVI.

A LA CITOYENNE VEUVE BLANCHET, MARCHANDE DE VINS, FAUBOURG POISSONNIÈRE,
18, PARIS.

Adieu, my wife, my children, forever and ever beloved. I beg thee, wife, tell my children often that I loved them. Adieu, wife and children. I am about to draw the curtain of life. All you, my friends, comfort my wife and children. This is what I ask of you. Adieu, —, adieu, — [he names two friends], and all who sympathize with my misfortunes. Embrace my little children. I end my days to-day.

BLANCHET.

Judged criminally, 23 ventôse, 1794. I embrace my wife and children.

[On the outside page.] Adieu, Tripotin, my friend. Wife, adieu, and children, — adieu for life. Preserve the papers of my trial for my children. Adieu forever.

BLANCHET.

François Nicolas Du Biez, *alias* Dignancourt, a clerk to the Paris municipality, was condemned for uttering forged assignats.

XXVII.

My dear love and faithful wife, I take advantage of this moment when my courage does not abandon me, to repeat to thee my last farewell. Receive it with equal courage and affection. Embrace frequently thy dear child, who is also mine. Bring him up in true republican principles. It is the wish of the people, it is the wish of the sovereign [that is, people]. Remind him frequently that he had a father who dearly loved him, and tell him how much I loved him. Thou knowest it, dearest. Tell him that his unfortunate father had no cause for self-reproach, and that he dies with the tranquillity inspired by innocence. The scaffold does not dishonor, but only the crime. Tell my friend the captain that I die with all the esteem for him which he has inspired in me. Embrace thy mother for me, and tell her not to forget me. It is nine o'clock. I have perhaps still two hours to live. I shall employ them in thinking of thee. Adieu, dearest; adieu, my child; adieu to thy mother, whom I much esteem. Take courage, and do not give way to grief. I am thy dear and faithful spouse, the unfortunate

DU BIEZ.

4 germinal, nine o'clock in the morning, year 2 of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

Claire Madeleine Lambertye de Villemain, aged forty-one, wife of a former secretary to the king, corresponded with her émigré brothers, and concealed the plate of the Polignac family, her kinsmen, to save it from confiscation. She denied having sent money to her brothers, and having known that some plate belonging to the Duc d'Artois (the future Charles X.) was with that of the Polignacs. Condemned, 7 germinal.

XXVIII.

TO CITOYENNE LAMBERTYE.

Weep not for your daughter, dear

mamma. She dies worthy of you. She has loved you to her last breath. Live and take care of yourself and pray for me. Adieu. My last breaths are for you.

LAMBERTYE DE VILLEMAIN.

Jean Valery Harel, aged thirty, of Alençon, a cotton manufacturer, was accused of sending money to an émigré.

XXIX.

CONCIERGERIE, 9 *germinal*.

TO MY WIFE:

Behold, my dearest, my last moments. I have been condemned to death by the Revolutionary tribunal. I am innocent of what I am accused of, but no matter, it is settled, and at least I die well, rest assured. Be consoled. This is the only happiness I can hope for during the brief moments remaining to me. My sister-in-law Houdouard, to whom this letter is addressed, will hand you my portrait, taken here. It is not very good, because I had to start for trial just when the painter was taking it. This testimony of my remembrance will be a sure guarantee to you of that affection which I have ever cherished for thee, and which will not end, but which I shall gladly carry away with me.

HAREL LE JEUNE.

There are also a few lines to his sister, and to his sister-in-law and her husband, begging them to break the news to his wife and to be kind to her.

Jean Claude Géant, aged forty-one, was a member of the administration of the Moselle, which, apprehensive of diplomatic difficulties with the prince of Nassau-Saarbrück, suspended the confiscation of an abbey belonging to him. For this act of disobedience he and ten colleagues were executed.

XXX.

Human nature is nothing. Man ap-

pears for an instant, and his soul flies away to the bosom of his Creator. I go there to prepare thy place. Live for our dear children. I join my ancestors and thine.

Thy unfortunate husband,

GEANT.

17 *floral*.

Delphin Legardeur, aged fifty-two, cloth manufacturer at Sedan, was one of twenty-five municipal councilors and notables executed for resistance to the Jacobins.

XXXI.

I offer thee, my dear son, my last adieux. I commend thy mother to thee. Although the youngest, I hope that thou wilt set a good example to thy brothers, and that you will all continue to do your best to defend the Republic.

LEGARDEUR.

15 *prairial*, year 2.

Charles Louis Victor de Broglie, aged thirty-seven, son of Marshal de Broglie, had been an army officer. He was a member and one of the presidents of the National Assembly. Hesitating to recognize the fall of the monarchy, he was deprived of his military command, but eventually accepted the Republic, and returning to Paris joined the National Guard, till reinstated in the army. His being the son of an émigré was really his sole offense. This touching letter, written on a scrap of coarse paper, was addressed to his wife, then a prisoner at Vesoul. I had the satisfaction of acquainting the Duc de Broglie, the statesman and Academician, with the existence and whereabouts of this, his grandfather's last letter. One of the children spoken of married Madame de Staël's daughter.

XXXII.

Liberty. Equality.

CONCIERGERIE, 7 *messidor*.

I have been since yesterday at the

Conciergerie, my dear Sophie. I am about to mount to the Revolutionary tribunal with the purity of conscience and calmness which inspire the courageous man. Whatever the result, it will be prompt. Bear it with firmness. Take care of thyself for our children, whom I load, like thee, with kisses, tears, and regrets. Never forget thy poor husband,

VICTOR BROGLIE.

Jean Jacques Joseph Mousnier, aged thirty-eight, a lawyer, was one of thirty-eight prisoners condemned for the pretended plot at the Luxembourg. His anxiety for his guillotine toilet is characteristic.

XXXIII.

TO CITIZEN ROYER, PAINTER, RUE HELVETIUS, 57.

CONCIERGERIE, 20 *messidor*.

Republic, one and indivisible.

I am anxious, comrade, to thank thee for the kindness which thou hast lavished on me during my fatal detention, for I have only twenty-four hours left. To all appearances, I shall be guillotined to-morrow, though the most innocent man in the world. Send me a shirt, pocket handkerchief, and a pair of stockings. The rest of my wardrobe will be an installment of what will be due to thee when the nation, my heir, relieves thee of the charge of my effects. Claim thine own at the Luxembourg. Adieu. My last compliments to thy wife and neighbors. Adieu forever.

MOUSNIER.

Send me also the shabby coat which I lately sent thee with my overcoat.

There will be fifty sous for the commissionnaire who brings me the receipt.

The guillotining went on for three weeks more, and the suppression of letters continued to the end, but I have not met with any later farewell utterance.

J. G. Alger.

AUTUMN IN FRANCONIA.

II.

THAT afternoon I took the Landaff Valley round, down the village street nearly to the junction of Gale River and Ham Branch, then up the Ham Branch (or Landaff) Valley to a cross-road on the left, and so back to the road from the Profile Notch, and by that home again. The jaunt, which is one of our Franconia favorites, is peculiar for being substantially level; with no more uphill and downhill than would be included in a walk of the same distance — perhaps six miles — almost anywhere in southern New England.

The first thing a man is likely to notice as he passes the last of the village houses, and finds himself skirting the bank of Ham Branch (which looks to be nearly or quite as full as the river into which it empties itself), is the color of the water. Gale River is fresh from the hills, and ripples over its stony bed as clear as crystal. The branch, on the contrary, has been flowing for some time through a flat meadowy valley, where it has taken on a rich earthy hue, to which it might be natural to apply a less honorable sounding word, perhaps, if it were a question of some neutral stream, in whose character and reputation I felt no personal, friendly interest.

Just as I came to it, that afternoon, I saw to my surprise a white admiral butterfly sunning itself upon an alder leaf. I hope the reader knows the species, — *Limenitis Arthemis*, sometimes called the banded purple, — one of the prettiest and showiest of New England insects, four black or blackish wings crossed by a broad white band. It was much out of season now, I felt sure, both from what my entomological friends had told me, and from my own recollections of previous years, and I was seized

with a foolish desire to capture it as a sort of trophy. It lay just beyond my reach, and I disturbed it, in hopes it would settle nearer the ground. Twice it disappointed me. Then I threw a stick toward it, aiming not wisely but too well, and this time startled it so badly that it rose straight into the air, sailed across the stream, and came to rest far up in a tall elm. "You were never cut out for a collector of insects," I said to myself, recalling my experience of the forenoon; but I was glad to have seen the creature, — the first one for several years, — and went on my way as happy as a child in thinking of it. In the second half of a man's century he may be thankful for almost anything that, for the time being, lifts twoscore of years off his back. The best part of most of us, I think, is the boy that was born with us. So far I am a Wordsworthian: —

"And I could wish *my* days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

A little way up the valley we come to an ancient mill and a bridge; a new bridge it is now, but I remember an old one, and a fright that I once had upon it. With a fellow itinerant — a learned man, whose life was valuable — I stopped here to rest of a summer noon, and my companion, with an eye to shady comfort, clambered over the edge of the bridge and out upon a joist which projected over the stream. There he sat down with his back against a pillar and his legs stretched before him on the joist. He has a theory, concerning which I have heard him discourse more than once, — something in his own attitude suggesting the theme, — that when a man, after walking, "puts his feet up," he is acting not merely upon a natural impulse, but in accordance with a sound physiological principle; and in accordance with that principle he was acting

now, as well as the circumstances of the case would permit. We chatted awhile; then he fell silent; and after a time I turned my head, and saw him clean gone in a doze. The seat was barely wide enough to hold him. What if he should move in his sleep, or start up suddenly on being awakened? I looked at the rocks below, and shivered. I dared not disturb him, and could only sit in a kind of stupid terror and wait for him to open his eyes. Happily his nap did not last long, and came to a quiet termination; so that the cause of science suffered no loss that day; but I can never go by the place without thinking of what might have happened.

Here, likewise, on an autumnal forenoon, two or three years ago, I had another memorable experience; nothing less (nothing more, the reader may say) than the song of a hermit thrush. It was in the season after bluebirds and hermits had been killed in such dreadful numbers (almost exterminated, we thought then) by cold and snow at the South. I had scarcely seen a hermit all the year, and was approaching the bridge, of a pleasant late September morning, when I heard a thrush's voice. I stopped instantly. The note was repeated; and there the bird stood in a low roadside tree; the next minute he began singing in a kind of reminiscential half-voice, — the soul of a year's music distilled in a few drops of sound, — such as birds of many kinds so frequently drop into in the fall. That, too, I am sure to remember as often as I pass this way.

In truth, all my Franconia rambles (I am tempted to write the name in three syllables, as I sometimes speak it, following the example of Fishin' Jimmy and other local worthies), — all my "Francony" rambles, I say, are by this time full of these miserly delights. It is really a gain, perhaps, that I make the round of them but once a year. Some things are wisely kept choice.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare."

To get all the goodness out of a piece of country, return to it again and again, till every corner of it is alive with memories; but do not see it too often, nor make your stay in it too long. The hermit thrush's voice is all the sweeter because he *is* a hermit.

This afternoon I do not cross the bridge, but keep to the valley road, which soon runs for some distance along the edge of a hackmatack swamp; full of graceful, pencil-tipped, feathery trees, with here and there a dead one, on purpose for woodpeckers and hawks. A hairy woodpecker is on one of them at this moment, now hammering the trunk with his powerful beak (hammer and chisel in one), now lifting up his voice in a way to be heard for half a mile. To judge from his ordinary tone and manner, *Dryobates villosus* has no need to cultivate decision of character. Every word is peremptory, and every action speaks of energy and a mind made up.

In this larch swamp, though I have never really explored it, I have seen, first and last, a good many things. Here grows much of the pear-leaved willow (*Salix balsamifera*). I notice a few bushes even now as I pass, the reddish twigs each with a tuft of yellowing, red-stemmed leaves at the tip. Here, one June, a Tennessee warbler sang to me; and there are only two other places in the world in which I have been thus favored. Here, — a little farther up the valley, — on a rainy September forenoon, I once sat for an hour in the midst of as pretty a flock of birds as a man could wish to see: south-going travelers of many sorts, whom the fortunes of the road had thrown together. Here they were, lying by for a day's rest in this favorable spot; flitting to and fro, chirping, singing, feeding, playfully quarreling, as if life, even in rainy weather and in migration time, were all a pleasure trip. It was a sight to cure low spirits. I sat on the hay just within the open side of a barn which stands here

in the woods, quite by itself, and watched them till I almost felt myself of their company. I have forgotten their names, though I listed them carefully enough, beyond a doubt, but it will be long before I forget my delight in the birds themselves. Ours may be an evil world, as the pessimists and the preachers find so much comfort in maintaining, but there is one thing to be said in its favor: its happy days are the longest remembered. The pain I suffered years ago I cannot any longer make real to myself, even if I would, but the joys of that time are still almost as good as new, when occasion calls them up. Some of them, indeed, seem to have sweetened with age. This is especially the case, I think, with simple and natural pleasures; which may be considered as a good reason why every man should be, if he can, a lover of nature, — a sympathizer, that is to say, with the life of the world about him. The less artificial our joys, the more likelihood of their staying by us.

Not to blink at the truth, nevertheless, I must add a circumstance which, till this moment, I had clean forgotten. I was still watching the birds, with perhaps a dozen species in sight close at hand, when suddenly I observed a something come over them, and on the instant a large hawk skimmed the tops of the trees. In one second every bird was gone, — vanished, as if at the touch of a necromancer's wand. I did not see them fly; there was no rush of wings; but the place was empty; and though I waited for them, they did not reappear. Two or three, indeed, I may have seen afterward, but the flock was gone. *My* holiday, at all events, or that part of it, was done, — shadowed by a hawk's wing. Undoubtedly a few minutes of safety put the birds all in comfortable spirits again, however; and anyhow, it bears out my theory of remembered happiness, that this less cheerful part of the story had so completely passed out

of mind. Memory, like a sundial, had marked only the bright hour.

Beyond this lonely barn the soil of the valley becomes drier and sandier. Here are two or three houses, with broad hayfields about them, in which live many vesper sparrows. No doubt they have lived here longer than any of their present human neighbors. Even now they flit along the wayside in advance of the foot-passenger, running a space, after their manner, and anon taking wing to alight upon a fence rail. Their year is done, but they linger still a few days, out of love for the ancestral fields, or, it may be, in dread of the long journey, from which some of them will pretty certainly never come back.

All the way up the road, though no mention has been made of it, my eyes have been upon the low, bright-colored hills beyond the river, — sugar-maple orchards all in yellow and red, a gorgeous display, — or upon the mountains in front, Kinsman and the more distant Moosilauke. The green meadow is a good place in which to look for marsh hawks, — as well as of great use as a foreground, — and the hill woods beyond are the resort of pileated woodpeckers. I have often seen and heard them here, but there is no sign of them to-day.

Though these fine birds are generally described — one book following another, after the usual fashion — as frequenters of the wilderness, and though it is true that they have forsaken the more thickly settled parts of the country, I think I have never once seen them in the depths of the forest. To the best of my recollection none of our Franconia men have ever reported them from Mount Lafayette or from the Lonesome Lake region. On the other hand, we meet them with greater or less regularity in the more open valley woods, often directly upon the roadside; not only in the Landaff Valley, but on the outskirts of the village toward Littleton and on the Bethlehem road. In this latter place I

remember seeing a fellow prancing about the trunk of a small orchard tree within twenty rods of a house; and not so very infrequently, especially in the rum-cherry season, they make their appearance in the immediate vicinity of the hotel; for they, like some of their relatives, notably the sapsucker, are true cherry-birds. In Vermont, too, I have found their freshly cut "peck-holes" on the very skirts of the village. And at the South, so far as I have been able to observe, the story is the same. About Natural Bridge, Virginia, for example, a loosely settled country, with plenty of woodland but no extensive forests, the birds were constantly in evidence. In short, untamable as they look, and little as they may like a town, they seem to find themselves best off, as birds in general do, on the borders of civilization. They have something of Thoreau's mind, we may say: lovers of the wild, they are yet not quite at home in the wilderness, and prefer the woodman's path to the logger's.

Not far ahead, on the other side of the way, — to return to the Landaff Valley, — is a *red* maple grove, more brilliant even than the sugar orchards. It ripens its leaves earlier than they, as we have always noticed, and is already past the acme of its annual splendor; so that some of the trees have a peculiarly delicate and lovely purplish tint, a real bloom, never seen, I think, except on the red maple, and there only after the leaves have begun to curl and fade. Opposite it (after whistling in vain for a dog with whom, in years past, I have been accustomed to be friendly at one of the houses — he must be dead, or gone, or grown reserved with age), I take the crossroad before mentioned; and now, face to face with Lafayette, I stop under a favorite pine tree to enjoy the prospect and the stillness: no sound but the chirping of crickets, the peeping of hylas, and the hardly less musical hammering of a distant carpenter.

Along the wayside are many gray birches (of the kind called white birches in Massachusetts, the kind from which Yankee schoolboys snatch a fearful joy by "swinging off" their tops), the only ones I remember about Franconia; for which reason I sometimes call the road Gray Birch Road; and just beyond them I stop again. Here is a bit for a painter: a lovely vista, such as makes a man wish for a brush and the skill to use it. The road dips into a little hollow, turns gently, and passes out of sight within the shadow of a wood. And above the overarching trees rises the pyramidal mass of Mount Cannon, its middle part set with dark evergreens, which are flanked on either side with broad patches of light yellow, — poplars or birches. The sun is getting down, and its level rays flood the whole mountain forest with light.

Into the shadow I go, following the road, and after a turn or two come out at a small clearing and a house. "Rocky Farm," we might name it; for the land is sprinkled over with huge boulders, as if giants had been at play here. Whoever settled the place first must have chosen the site for its outlook rather than for any hope of its fertility. I sit down on one of the stones and take my fill of the mountain glory: Garfield, Lafayette, Cannon, Kinsman, Moosilauke, — a grand horizonful. Cannon is almost within reach of the hand, as it looks; but the arm might need to be two miles long.

Just here the road makes a sudden bend, passes again into light woods, and presently emerges upon a little knoll overlooking the upper Franconia meadows. This is the noblest prospect of the afternoon, and late as the hour is growing I must lean against the fence rail — for there is a house at this point also — and gaze upon it. The green meadow is spread at my feet, flaming maple woods range themselves beyond it, and behind them, close at hand, loom the sombre mountains. I had forgotten

that this part of the road was so "viewly," to borrow a local word, and am thankful to have reached it at so favorable a moment. Now the shadow of the low hills at my back overspreads the valley, while the upper world beyond is aglow with light and color.

It is five o'clock, and I must be getting homeward. Down at the valley level the evening chill strikes me, after the exceptional warmth of the day, and by the time Tucker Brook is crossed the bare summit of Lafayette is of a deep rosy purple, — the rest of the world sunless. The day is over, and the remaining miles are taken somewhat hurriedly, although I stop below the Profile House farm to look for a fresh bunch of dumb foxglove, — not easy to find in the open at this late date, many as the plants are, — and at one or two other places to pluck a tempting maple twig. Sated with the magnificence of autumnal forests, hill after hill splashed with color, the eye loves to withdraw itself now and then to rest upon the perfection of a blossom or a leaf. Wagonloads of tourists come down the Notch road, the usual nightly procession, some silent, some boisterously singing. Among the most distressing of all the noises that human beings make is this vulgar shouting of "sacred music" along the public highway. This time the hymn is Jerusalem the Golden, after the upper notes of which an unhappy female voice is vainly reaching, like a boy who has lost his wind in shinning up a tree, and with his last gasping effort still finds the lowest branch just beyond the clutch of his fingers.

"I know not, oh, I know not,"

I hear her shriek, and then a lucky turn in the road takes her out of hearing, and I listen again to the still small voice of the brook, which, whether it "knows" or not, has the grace to make no fuss about it.

Let that one human discord be forgotten. It had been a glorious day;

few lovelier were ever made: a day without a cloud (literally), and almost without a breath; a day to walk, and a day to sit still; a long feast of beauty; and withal, it had for me a perfect conclusion, as if Nature herself were setting a benediction upon the hours. As I neared the end of my jaunt, the hotel already in sight, Venus in all her splendor hung low in the west, the full moon was showing its rim above the trees in the east, and at the same moment a vesper sparrow somewhere in the darkening fields broke out with its evening song. Five or six times it sang, and then fell silent. It was enough. The beauty of the day was complete.

The next day, October 1, was no less delightful: mild, still, and cloudless; so that it was pleasant to lounge upon the piazza in the early morning, looking at Lafayette, — good business of itself, — and listening to the warble of a bluebird, the soft chips of myrtle warblers, or the distant gobbling of a turkey down at one of the river farms; while now and then a farmer drove past from his morning errand at the creamery, with one or two tall milk-cans standing behind him in the open, one-seated carriage. If you see a man on foot as far from the village as this, you may set him down, in ornithological language, as a summer resident or a transient visitor. Franconians, to the manner born, are otherwise minded, and will "hitch up" for a quarter of a mile.

As I take the Notch road after breakfast the temperature is summer-like, and the foliage, I think, must have reached its brightest. Above the Profile House farm, on the edge of the golf links, where the whole Franconia Valley lies exposed, I seat myself on the wall, inside the natural hedge that borders the highway, to admire the scene: a long verdant meadow, flanked by low hills covered, mile after mile, with vivid reds and yellows; splendor beyond words; a pageant glorious to behold, but happily of brief dura-

tion. Human senses would weary of it, though the eye loves color as the palate loves spices and sweets, or, by force of looking at it, would lose all delicacy of perception and taste.

Even yet the world, viewed in broad spaces, wears a clean, fresh aspect; but near at hand the herbage and shrubbery are all in the sere and yellow leaf. So I am saying to myself when I start at the sound of a Hudsonian chickadee's nasal voice speaking straight into my ear. The saucy chit has dropped into the low poplar sapling over my head, and surprised at what he discovers underneath lets fall a hasty *Sick-a-day-day*. His dress, like his voice, compares unfavorably with that of his cousin, our familiar blackcap. In fact, I might say of him, with his dirty brown headdress, what I was thinking of the roadside vegetation: he looks dingy, out of condition, frayed, discolored, belated, frost-bitten. But I am delighted to see him, — for the first time at any such level as this, — and thank my stars that I sat down to rest and cool off on this hard but convenient boulder.

A chipmunk thinks I have sat here long enough, and feels no bashfulness about telling me so. Why should he? Frankness is esteemed a point of good manners in all natural society. A man shoots down the hill behind me on a bicycle, coasting like the wind, and another, driving up, salutes him by name, and then turns to cry after him in a ringing voice, "How *be* ye?" The emphatic verb bespeaks a real solicitude on the questioner's part; but he is half a mile too late; he might as well have shouted to the man in the moon. Presently two men in a buggy come up the road, talking in breezy up-country fashion about some one whose name they use freely, — a name well known hereabout, — and with whom they appear to have business relations. "He got up this morning like a — — — thousand of brick," one of them says. A disagreeable

person to work for, I should suppose. And all the while a child behind the hedge is taking notes. Queer things we could print, if it were allowable to report verbatim.

When this free-spoken pair is far enough in the lead I go back to the road again, traveling slowly and keeping to the shady side, with my coat on my arm. As the climb grows steeper the weather grows more and more like August; and bark! a cicada is shrilling in one of the forest trees, — a long-drawn, heat-laden, midsummer cry. I will tell the entomologist about it, I promise myself. The circumstance must be very unusual, and cannot fail to interest her. (But she takes it as a matter of course. It is hard to bring news to a specialist.)

So I go on, up Hardscrabble and Little Hardscrabble, stopping like a short-winded horse at every water-bar, and thankful for every bird-note that calls me to a halt between times. An ornithological preoccupation is a capital resource when the road is getting the better of you. The brook likewise must be minded, and some of the more memorable of the wayside trees. A mountain road has one decided and inalienable advantage, I remark inwardly: the most perversely opinionated highway surveyor in the world cannot straighten it. How fast the leaves are falling, though the air scarcely stirs among them. In some places I walk through a real shower of gold. Theirs is an easy death. And how many times I have been up and down this road! Summer and autumn I have traveled it. And in what pleasant company! Now I am alone; but then, the solitude itself is an excellent companionship. We are having a pretty good time of it, I think, — the trees, the brook, the winding road, the yellow birch leaves, and the human pilgrim, who feels himself one with them all. I hope they would not disown a poor relation.

It is ten o'clock. Slowly as I have come, not a wagonload of tourists has

caught up with me; and at the Bald Mountain path I leave the highway, having a sudden notion to go to Echo Lake by the way of Artist's Bluff, so called, a rocky cliff that rises abruptly from the lower end of the lake. The trail conducts me through a veritable fernery, one long slope being thickly set with perfectly fresh shield-ferns, — *Aspidium spinulosum* and perhaps *A. dilatatum*, though I do not concern myself to be sure of it. From the bluff the lake is at my feet, but what mostly fills my eye is the woods on the lower side of Mount Cannon. There is no language to express the kind of pleasure I take in them: so soft, so bright, so various in their hues, — dark green, light green, russet, yellow, red, — all drowned in sunshine, yet veiled perceptibly with haze even at this slight distance. If there is anything in nature more exquisitely, ravishingly beautiful than an old mountain-side forest looked at from above, I do not know where to find it.

Down at the lakeside there is beauty of another kind: the level blue water, the clean gray shallows about its margin, the reflections of bright mountains — Eagle Cliff and Mount Cannon — in its face, and soaring into the sky, on either side and in front, the mountains themselves. And how softly the ground is matted under the shrubbery and trees: twin-flower, partridge berry, creeping snowberry, gold-thread, oxalis, dwarf cornel, checkerberry, trailing arbutus. The very names ought to be a means of grace to the pen that writes them.

White-throats and a single winter wren scold at me behind my back as I sit on a spruce log, but for some reason there are few birds here to-day. The fact is exceptional. As a rule, I have found the bushes populous, and once, I remember, not many days later than this, there were fox sparrows with the rest. I am hoping some time to find a stray phalarope swimming in the lake. That would be a sight worth seeing. The

lake itself is always here, at any rate, especially now that the summer people are gone; and if the wind is right and the sun out, so that a man can sit still with comfort (to-day my coat is superfluous), the absence of other things does not greatly matter.

This clean waterside must have many four-footed visitors, particularly in the twilight and after dark. Deer and bears are common inhabitants of the mountain woods; but for my eyes there are nothing but squirrels, with once in a long while a piece of wilder game. Twice only, in Franconia, have I come within sight of a fox. Once I was alone, in the wood-road to Sinclair's Mills. I rounded a curve, and there the fellow stood in the middle of the way smelling at something in the rut. After a bit (my glass had covered him instantly) he raised his head and looked down the road in a direction opposite to mine. Then he turned, saw me, started slightly, stood quite still for a fraction of a minute (I wondered why), and vanished in the woods, his white brush waving me farewell. He was gone so instantaneously that it was hard to believe he had really been there.

That was a pretty good look (at a fox), but far less satisfying than the other of my Franconia experiences. With two friends I had come down through the forest from the Notch railroad by a rather blind loggers' trail, heading for a pair of abandoned farms, grassy fields in which it is needful to give heed to one's steps for fear of bear-traps. As we emerged into the first clearing a fox was not more than five or six rods before us, feeding in the grass. Her eyes were on her work, the wind was in our favor, and notwithstanding two of us were almost wholly exposed, we stood there on the edge of the forest for the better part of half an hour, glasses up, passing comments upon her behavior. Evidently she was lunching upon insects, — grasshoppers or crickets, I suppose, — and so taken up was she with this

agreeable employment that she walked directly toward us and passed within ten yards of our position, stopping every few steps for a fresh capture. The sunlight, which shone squarely in her face, seemed to affect her unpleasantly; at all events she blinked a good deal. Her manner of stepping about, her motions in catching her prey, — driving her nose deep into the grass and pushing it home, — and in short her whole behavior, were more catlike than doglike, or so we all thought. Plainly she had no idea of abbreviating her repast, nor did she betray the slightest grain of suspiciousness or wariness, never once casting an eye about in search of possible enemies. A dog in his own dooryard could not have seemed less apprehensive of danger. As often as she approached the surrounding wood she turned and hunted back across the field. We might have played the spy upon her indefinitely; but it was always the same thing over again, and by and by, when she passed for a little out of sight behind a tuft of bushes, we followed, careless of the result, and, as it seemed, got into her wind. She started on the instant, ran gracefully up a little incline, still in the grass land, turned for the first time to look at us, and disappeared in the forest. A pretty creature she surely was, and from all we saw of her she might have been accounted a very useful farm-hand; but perhaps, as farmers sometimes say of unprofitable cattle, she would soon have “eaten her head off” in the poultry yard. She was not fearless, — like a woodchuck that once walked up to me and smelled of my boot, as I stood still in the road near the Crawford House, — but simply off her guard; and our finding her in such a mood was simply a bit of good luck. Some day, possibly, we shall catch a weasel asleep.

In a vacation season, like our annual fortnight in New Hampshire, there is no predicting which jaunt, if any, will turn out superior to all the rest. It may

be a longer and comparatively newer one (although in Franconia we find few new ones now, partly because we no longer seek them — the old is better, we are apt to say when any innovation is suggested); or, thanks to something in the day or something in the mood, it may be one of the shortest and most familiar. And when it is over, there may be a sweetness in the memory, but little to talk about; little “incident,” as editors say, little that goes naturally into a notebook. In other words, the best walk, for us, is the one in which we are happiest, the one in which we *feel* the most, not of necessity the one in which we *see* the most; or, to put it differently still, the one in which we *do* see the most, but with

“that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude.”

Whatever we may call ourselves at home, among the mountains we are lovers of pleasure. Our day’s work is to be happy. We take our text from the good Longfellow, as theologians take theirs from Scripture: —

“Enjoyment, and not sorrow, is our destined end.”

We are not anxious to learn anything; our thoughts run not upon wisdom; if we take note of a plant or a bird, it is rather for the fun of it than for any scholarly purpose. We are boys out of school. I speak of myself and of the man I have called my walking mate. The two collectors of insects, of course, are more serious-minded. “No day without a beetle,” is their motto, and their absorption, even in Franconia, is in adding to the world’s stock of knowledge. Let them be respected accordingly. Our creed is more frankly hedonistic; and their virtue — I am free to confess it — shines the brighter for the contrast.

This year, nevertheless, old Franconia had for us, also, one most welcome novelty, the story of which I have kept, like the good wine, — a pretty small glassful,

I am aware, — for the end of the feast. I had never enjoyed the old things better. Eight or nine years ago, writing — in this magazine — of June in Franconia, I expressed a fear that our delight in the beauty of nature might grow to be less keenly felt with advancing age; that we might ultimately be driven to a more scientific use of the outward world, putting the exercise of curiosity, what we call somewhat loftily the acquisition of knowledge, in the place of rapturous contemplation. So it may yet fall out, to be sure, since age is still advancing, but as far as present indications go, nothing of the sort seems at all imminent. I begin to believe, in fact, that things will turn the other way; that curiosity will rather lose its edge, and the power of beauty strike deeper and deeper home. So may it be! Then we shall not be dead while we live. Sure I am that the glory of mountains, the splendor of autumnal forests, the sweetness of valley prospects, were never more rapturously felt by me than during the season just ended. And still, as I started just now to say, I had special joy this year in a new specimen, an additional bird for my memory and notebook.

The forenoon of September 26, my fourth day, I spent on Garnet Hill. The grand circuit of that hill is one of the best esteemed of our longer expeditions. Formerly we did it always between breakfast and dinner, having to speed the pace a little uncomfortably for the last four or five miles; but times have begun to alter with us, or perhaps we have profited by experience; for the last few years, at any rate, we have made the trip an all-day affair, dining on Sunset Hill, and loitering down through the Landaff Valley — with a side excursion, it may be, to fill up the hours — in the afternoon. This trip, being, as I say, one of those we most set by, I was determined to hold in reserve against the arrival of my fellow foot-traveler; but there is also a plea-

sant shorter course, not round the hill, but, so to speak, over one side of it: out by the way of what I call High Bridge Road (never having heard any name for it), and back by the road — hardly more than a lane for much of its length — which traverses the hill diagonally on its northeastern slope, and joins the regular Sugar Hill highway a little below the Franconia Inn.

I left the Littleton road for the road to the Streeter neighborhood, crossed Gale River by a bridge pitched with much labor at a great height above it (a good indication of the swelling to which mountain streams are subject), passed two or three retired valley farms (where were eight or ten sleek young calves, one of which, rather to my surprise, ate from my hand a sprig of mint as if she liked the savor of it), and then began a long, steep climb. For much of the distance the road — narrow and very little traveled — is lined with dense alder and willow thickets, excellent cover for birds. It was partly with this place in my eye that I had chosen my route, remembering an hour of much interest here some years ago with a large flock of migrants. To-day, as it happened, the bushes were comparatively birdless. White-throats and snowbirds were present, of course, and ruby-crowned kinglets, with a solitary vireo or two, but nothing out of the ordinary. The prospect, however, without being magnificent or — for Franconia — extensive, was full of attractiveness. Gale River hastening through a gorge overhung with forest, directly on my right, Streeter Pond farther away (two deer had been shot beside it that morning, as I learned before night, — news of that degree of importance travels fast), and the gay-colored hills toward Littleton and Bethlehem, — maple grove on maple grove, with all their banners flying, — these made a delightful panorama, shifting with every twist in the road and with every rod of the ascent; so that I had excuse more

than sufficient for continually stopping to breathe and face about. In one place I remarked a goodly bed of coltsfoot leaves, noticeable for their angular shape as well as for their peculiar shade of green. I wished for a blossom. If the dandelion sometimes anticipates the season, why not the coltsfoot? But I found no sign of flower or bud. Probably the plant is of a less impatient habit; but I have seen it so seldom that all my ideas about it are no better than guesswork. Along the wayside was maiden-hair fern, also, which I do not come upon any too often in this mountain country.

Midway of the hill stands a solitary house, where I found my approach spied upon through a crack between the curtain and the sash of what seemed to be a parlor window; a flattering attention which, after the manner of high public functionaries, I took as a tribute not to myself, but to the rôle I was playing. No doubt travelers on foot are rare on that difficult, out-of-the-way road, and the walker rather than the man was what filled my lady's eye; unless, as may easily have been true, she was expecting to see a peddler's pack. At this point the road crooks a sharp elbow, and henceforth passes through cultivated country, — orchards and ploughed land, grass fields and pasturage; still without houses, however, and having a pleasant natural hedgerow of trees and shrubbery. In one of the orchards was a great congregation of sparrows and myrtle warblers, with sapsuckers, flickers, downy woodpeckers, solitary vireos, and I forget what else, though I sat on the wall for some time refreshing myself with their cheerful society. I agreed with them that life was still a good thing.

Then came my novelty. I was but a little way past this aviary of an apple orchard when I approached a pile of brush, — dry branches which had been heaped against the roadside bank some years ago, and up through which bushes and weeds were growing. My eyes

sought it instinctively, and at the same moment a bird moved inside. A sparrow, alone; a sparrow, and a new one! "A Lincoln finch!" I thought; and just then the creature turned, and I saw his forward parts: a streaked breast with a bright, well-defined buff band across it, as if the streaks had been marked in first and then a wash of yellowish had been laid on over them. Yes, a Lincoln finch! He was out of sight almost before I saw him, however, and after a bit of feverish waiting I squeaked. He did not come up to look at me, as I hoped he would do, but the sudden noise startled him, and he moved slightly, enough so that my eye again found him. This time, also, I saw his head and his breast, and then he was lost again. Again I waited. Then I squeaked, waited, and squeaked again, louder and longer than before. No answer, and no sign of movement. You might have sworn there was no bird there; and perhaps you would not have perjured yourself; for presently I stepped up to the brush-heap and trampled it over, and still there was no sign of life. Above the brush was a low stone wall, and beyond that a bare ploughed field. How the fellow had slipped away there was no telling. And that was the end of the story. But I had seen him, and he was a Lincoln finch. It was a shabby interview he had granted me, after keeping me waiting for almost twenty years; but then, I repeated for my comfort, I had seen him.

He was less confusingly like a song sparrow than I had been prepared to find him. His general color (one of a bird's best marks in life, hard as it may be to derive an exact idea of it from printed descriptions), gray with a greenish tinge, — a little suggestive of Henslow's bunting, as it struck me, — this, I thought, supposing it to be constant, ought to catch the eye at a glance. Henceforth I should know what to look for, and might expect better luck; although, if this particular bird's beha-

vior was to be taken as a criterion, the books had been quite within the mark in emphasizing the sly and elusive habit of the species, and the consequent difficulty of prolonged and satisfactory observation of it.

The Lincoln finch, or Lincoln sparrow, the reader should know, is a congener of the song sparrow and the swamp sparrow, a native mostly of the far north, and while common enough as a migrant in many parts of the United States, is, or is generally supposed to be, something of a rarity in the Eastern States.

Meanwhile, having beaten the brush over, and looked up the roadside and down the roadside and over the wall, I went on my way, stopping once for a feast of blackberries, — as many and as good as a man could ask for, long, slender, sweet, and dead ripe; and at the top of the road I cut across a hayfield to the lane before mentioned, that should take me back to the Sugar Hill highway. Now the prospects were in front of me, there was no more steepness of grade, I had seen Tom Lincoln's finch,¹ and the day was brighter than ever. Every sparrow that stirred I must put my glass on; but not one was of the right complexion.

Then, in a sugar grove not far from the Franconia Inn, I found myself all at once in the midst of one of those traveling flocks that make so delightful a break in a bird-lover's day. I was in the midst of it, I say; but the real fact was that the birds were passing through the grove between me and the sky. For the time being the branches were astir with wings. Such minutes are exciting. "Now or never," a man says to himself. Every second is precious. At this precise moment a warbler is above your head, far up in the topmost bough perhaps, half hidden by a leaf. If you miss him, he is gone forever. If you make

him out, well and good; he may be a rarity, a prize long waited for; or, quite as likely, while busy with him you may let a ten times rarer one pass along unnoticed. In this game, as in any other, a man must run his chances; though there is skill as well as luck in it, without doubt, and one player will take a trick or two more than another, with the same hand.

In the present instance, so far as my canvass showed, the "wave" was made up of myrtle warblers, blackpolls, baybreasts, black-throated greens, a chestnut-side, a Maryland yellow-throat, red-eyed vireos, solitary vireos, one or more scarlet tanagers (in undress, of course, and pretty late by my reckoning), ruby-crowned kinglets, chickadees, winter wrens, goldfinches, song sparrows, and flickers. The last three or four species, it is probable enough, were in the grove only by accident, and are hardly to be counted as part of the south-bound caravan. Several of the species were in good force, and doubtless some species eluded me altogether. No man can look all ways at once; and in autumn the eyes must do not only their own work, but that of the ears as well.

All the while the birds hastened on, flitting from tree to tree, feeding a minute and then away, following the stream. I was especially glad of the baybreasts, of which there were two at least, both very distinctly marked, though in nothing like their spring plumage. I saw only one other specimen this fall, but the name is usually in my autumnal Franconia list. The chestnut-side, on the other hand, was the first one I had ever found here at this season, and was correspondingly welcome.

After all, a catalogue of names gives but a meagre idea of such a flock, except to those who have seen similar ones, and amused themselves with them in a similar manner. But I had had the fun, whether I can make any one else appreciate it or not, and between it and my

¹ "I named it Tom's Finch," says Audubon, "in honor of our friend Lincoln, who was a great favorite among us."

joy over the Lincoln finch I went home in high feather.

Five days longer I followed the road alone. Every time a sparrow darted into the bushes too quickly for me to name him, I thought of *Melospiza lincolni*. Once, indeed, on the Bethlehem road, I believed that I really saw a bird of that species; but it was in the act of disappearing, and no amount of pains or patience—or no amount that I had to spare—could procure me a second glimpse.

On the sixth day came my friend, the second foot-passenger, and was told of my good fortune; and together we began forthwith to walk—and look at sparrows. This, also, was vain, until the morning of October 4. I was out first. A robin was cackling from a tall treetop, as I stepped upon the piazza, and a song sparrow sang from a cluster of bushes across the way. Other birds were there, and I went over to have a look at them: two or three white-throats, as many song sparrows, and a white-crown. Then by squeaking I called into sight two swamp sparrows (migrants newly come, they must be, to be found in such a place), and directly afterward up hopped a small grayish sparrow, seen at a glance to be like my bird of nine days before,—like him in looks, but not in behavior. He conducted himself in the most accommodating manner, was full of curiosity, not in the least shy, and afforded me every opportunity to look him over to my heart's content.

In the midst of it all I heard my comrade's footfall on the piazza, and gave him a whistle. He came at once, wading through the wet grass in his slippers. He knew from my attitude—so he firmly declared afterward—that it was a Lincoln finch I was gazing at! And just as he drew near, the sparrow, sitting in full view and facing us, in a way to show off his peculiar marks to the best advantage, uttered a single *cheep*, thoroughly distinctive, or at least quite

unlike any sparrow's note with which I am familiar; as characteristic, I should say, as the song sparrow's *tut*. Then he dropped to the ground. "Yes, I saw him, and heard the note," my companion said; and he hastened into the house for his boots and his opera-glass. In a few minutes he was back again, fully equipped, and we set ourselves to coax the fellow into making another display of himself. Sure enough, he responded almost immediately, and we had another satisfying observation of him, though this time he kept silence. I was especially interested to find, what I had on general considerations suspected, that Lincoln finches were like other members of their family. Take them right (by themselves, and without startling them to begin with), and they could be as complaisant as one could desire, no matter how timid and elusive they might be under different conditions. Our bird was certainly a jewel. For a while he pleased us by perching side by side with a song sparrow. "You see how much smaller I am," he might have been saying; "you may know me partly by that."

And we fancied we should know him thereafter; but a novice's knowledge is only a novice's, as we were to be freshly reminded that very day. Our jaunt was round Garnet Hill, the all-day expedition before referred to. I will not rehearse the story of it; but while we were on the farther side of the hill, somewhere in Lisbon, we found the roadsides swarming with sparrows,—a mixed flock, song sparrows, field sparrows, chippers, and white-crowns. Among them one of us by and by detected a grayish, smallish bird, and we began hunting him, from bush to bush and from one side of the road to the other, carrying on all the while an eager debate as to his identity. Now we were sure of him, and now everything was unsettled. His breast was streaked and had a yellow band across it. His color and size were right, as well as we could say,—so decidedly so

that there was no difficulty whatever in picking him out at a glance after losing him in a flying bunch; but some of his motions were pretty song-sparrow-like, and what my fellow observer was most staggered by, he showed a blotch, a running together of the dark streaks, in the middle of the breast,—a point very characteristic of the song sparrow, but not mentioned in book descriptions of *Melospiza lincolni*. So we chased him and discussed him (that was the time for a gun, the professional will say), till he got away from us for good.

Was he a Lincoln finch? Who knows? We left the question open. But I believe he was. The main reason, not to say the only one, for our uncertainty was the pectoral blotch; and that, I have since learned, is often seen in specimens of *Melospiza lincolni*. Why the manuals

make no reference to it I cannot tell; as I cannot tell why they omit the same point in describing the savanna sparrow. In scientific books, as in "popular" magazine articles, many things must no doubt be passed over for lack of room. In any case, it is not the worst misfortune that could befall us to have some things left for our own finding out.

And after all, the question was not of supreme importance. Though I was delighted to have seen a new bird, and doubly delighted to have seen it in Franconia, the great joy of my visit was not in any such fragment of knowledge, but in that bright and glorious world; mountains and valleys beautiful in themselves, and endeared by the memory of happy days among them. Sometimes I wonder whether the pleasures of memory may not be worth the price of growing old.

Bradford Torrey.

REMINISCENCES OF JULIA WARD HOWE.

III. MARRIAGE AND TOUR IN EUROPE.

THE years of mourning for my father and beloved brother being at an end, and the sister next to me being now of an age to make her *début* in society, I began with her a season of visiting, dancing, and so on. My sister was very handsome, and we were both welcome guests at fashionable entertainments. I was passionately fond of music, and scarcely less so of dancing, and the history of the next two winters, if written, would chronicle a series of balls, concerts, and dinners.

I did not abandon either my studies or my hope of contributing to the literature of my generation. Hours were not then unreasonably late. Dancing-parties usually broke up soon after one o'clock, and left me fresh enough to enjoy the next day's study.

We saw many literary people, and some of the scientists with whom my brother had become acquainted while in Europe. Among the former was John L. O'Sullivan, the accomplished editor of *The Democratic Review*. When the poet Dana visited our city he always called upon us, and we sometimes had the pleasure of seeing with him his intimate friend William Cullen Bryant, who very rarely appeared in general society.

Among our scientific guests, I especially remember an English gentleman who was in those days a distinguished mathematician, and who has since become very eminent. He was of the Hebrew race, and had fallen violently in love with a beautiful Jewish heiress, well known in New York. His wooing was not fortunate, and the extravagance

of his indignation at its result was both pathetic and laughable. He once confided to me his intention of paying his addresses to the lady's young niece. "And Miss —— shall become our aunt Hannah!" he said, with extreme bitterness. I exhorted him to calm himself by devotion to his scientific pursuits; but he replied, "Something better than mathematics has waked up here!" pointing to his heart. He wrote many verses, which he read aloud to our sympathizing circle. I recall from these a distich of some merit. Speaking of his fancied wrongs, and warning his fair antagonist to beware of the revenge which he might take, he wrote: —

"Wine gushes from the trampled grape,
Iron 's branded into steel."

In the end, he returned to the science which had been his first love, and which rewarded his devotion with wide reputation.

These years glided by with fairylike swiftness. They were passed by my sisters and myself under my brother's roof, where the beloved uncle also made his home with us so long as we were together. I have dwelt a good deal on the circumstances and surroundings of my early life in my native city. If the state of things here described had continued, I should probably have remained a frequenter of fashionable society, a musical amateur, and a dilettante in literature.

Quite other experiences were in store for me. I became engaged to Dr. Howe during a visit to Boston, in the winter of 1842-43, and was married to him on the 23d of April of the latter year. A week later we sailed for Europe, in one of the small Cunard steamers of that time, taking with us my youngest sister, Annie Ward, whose state of health gave us some uneasiness. My husband's intimate friend, Horace Mann, and his bride, Mary Peabody, sailed with us. During the first two days of the voyage I was stupefied by seasickness, and even forgot

that my sister was on board the steamer. We went on shore, however, for a walk at Halifax, and from that time forth were quite able-bodied sea-goers.

On the day before that of our landing an unusually good dinner was served, and, according to the custom that then prevailed, champagne was furnished gratis, in order that all who dined together might drink the Queen's health. This favorite toast was proposed, and was responded to by a number of rather flat speeches. The health of the captain of our steamer was also given, and some others which I cannot now recall. This proceeding amused me so much that I busied myself the next day with preparing for a mock celebration in the ladies' cabin. The meeting was well attended. I opened with a song in honor of Mrs. Bean, our kind and efficient stewardess:

God save our Mrs. Bean,
Best woman ever seen,
God save Mrs. Bean!
God bless her gown and cap,
Pour guineas in her lap,
Keep her from all mishap,
God save Mrs. Bean!

The company were invited to join in singing these lines, which were, of course, a take-off on "God save our gracious Queen." I can still see in my mind's eye dear old Madam Sedgwick, — mother of the well-known jurist, Theodore Sedgwick, — lifting her quavering, high voice to aid in the singing.

Mrs. Bean was rather taken aback by the unexpected homage rendered her. We all called out, "Speech! speech!" Whereupon she curtsied and said, "Good ladies makes good stewardesses, — that 's all I can say," — which was very well in its way.

Rev. Jacob Abbott was one of our fellow passengers, and had been much in our cabin, where he busied himself in compounding various "soft drinks" for convalescent lady friends. His health was accordingly proposed, with the following stanza: —

Dr. Abbott in our cabin,
Mixing of a soda powder,
How he ground it,
How did pound it,
While the tempest threatened louder!

I next gave the cow's health; where-upon a lady passenger, with a Scotch accent, protested. "I don't want to drink her health at a'. I think she's the poorest *coo* I ever heard of."

Liverpool did not long detain our party, though we remained there long enough to receive a visit from the head of the Rathburn family, a man prominent in business and in philanthropy. Arriving in London, we found comfortable lodgings in Upper Baker Street, and busied ourselves with the delivery of our many letters of introduction.

The Rev. Sydney Smith was one of the first to honor our introduction with a call. His reputation as a wit was already world-wide, and he was certainly one of the idols of London society. In appearance he was hardly prepossessing. He was short and squat of figure, with a rubicund countenance redeemed by a pair of twinkling eyes. When we first saw him, my husband was suffering from the result of a trifling accident. Mr. Smith said, "Dr. Howe, I must send you my gouty crutches." My husband demurred at this, and begged Mr. Smith not to give himself that trouble. He insisted, however, and the crutches were sent. Dr. Howe had really no need of them, and I laughed with him at their disproportion to his height, which would in any case have made it impossible for him to use them. The loan was presently returned with thanks, but scarcely soon enough; for Sydney Smith, who had lost heavily by American investments, published in one of the London papers a letter reflecting severely upon the failure of some of our Western States to pay their debts. The letter concluded with these words: "And now, an American, present at this time in London, has deprived me of my last means of sup-

port." We questioned a little whether the loan had not been made for the sake of the pleasantry.

In the course of the visit already referred to, Mr. Smith promised that we should receive cards for an entertainment which his daughter, Mrs. Holland, was about to give. The cards were received, and we presented ourselves at the party. Among the persons there introduced to us was Madame Van der Wyer, wife of the Belgian minister, and daughter of Joshua Bates, formerly of Massachusetts, and in after years the founder of the Public Library of Boston, in which one hall bears his name. Mr. Van der Wyer, we were told, was on very friendly terms with the Prince Consort, and his wife was often invited by the Queen.

The historian Grote and his wife also made our acquaintance. I remember her appearance rather particularly, because it was, and was allowed to be, somewhat *grotesque*. She was very tall, and stout in proportion, and was dressed on this occasion in a dark green or blue silk, with a necklace of pearls about her throat. I gathered from what I heard that hers was one of the marked personalities of that time in London society.

At this party, Sydney Smith was constantly the centre of a group of admiring friends. When we first entered the rooms he said to us, "I am so busy to-night that I can do nothing for you." Later in the evening he found time to seek me out. "Mrs. Howe," said he, "this is a rout. I like routs. Do you have routs in America?"

"We have parties like this in America," I replied, "but we do not call them routs."

"What do you call them, then?"

"We call them receptions."

This seemed to amuse him, and he remarked to some one who stood near us, "Mrs. Howe says that in America they call routs re-ceptions."

He asked what I had seen in London, so far. I answered that I had recently

visited the House of Lords. Whereupon he remarked, "Mrs. Howe, your English is excellent. I have only heard you make one mispronunciation. You have just said 'House of Lords.' We say 'House of Lards.'" Some one near by said, "Oh yes, the House is always addressed as 'My Luds and Gentlemen.'" "

When I repeated this to Horace Mann, it so vexed his gentle spirit as to cause him to exclaim, "House of Lords! You ought to have said House of Devils!"

I have made several visits in London since that time, one quite recently, and I have observed that people now speak of receptions, and not of routs. I believe, also, that the pronunciation insisted upon by Sydney Smith has become a thing of the past.

I think that Mrs. Sydney Smith must have called or have left a card at our lodgings, for I distinctly remember a morning call which I made at her house. The great wit was at home, as was also his only surviving son. Mrs. Smith received me very pleasantly. She seemed a grave and silent woman, presenting in this respect a striking contrast to her husband. I knew but little of the political opinions of the latter, and innocently inquired whether he and Mrs. Smith went sometimes to court. The question amused him. He said to his wife, "My dear, Mrs. Howe wishes to know whether you and I go to court." To me he said, "No, madam. That is a luxury which I deny myself."

I last saw Sydney Smith at an evening party, at which, as usual, he was surrounded by friends. An amiable young American was present, apropos of whom I heard Mr. Smith say, "I think I shall go over to America, and settle in Boston. Perkins here says that he'll patronize me."

Thomas Carlyle was also one of our earliest visitors. Some time before leaving home, Dr. Howe had received from him a letter expressing his great interest in the story of Laura Bridgman as

narrated by Charles Dickens. In this letter he mentioned Laura's childlike question, "Do horses sit up late?" In the course of his conversation he referred to the question again, laughing heartily. He invited us to take tea with him on the following Sunday. When the day arrived, my husband was kept at home by a severe headache, but Mr. and Mrs. Mann, my sister, and I drove out to Chelsea, where Mr. Carlyle resided at that time. In receiving us he apologized for his wife, who was also suffering from headache and could not appear. In her absence, I was requested to pour tea. Our host partook of it copiously, in all the strength of the teapot. As I filled and refilled his cup, I thought that his chronic dyspepsia was not to be wondered at. The repast was a simple one. It consisted of a plate of toast and two small dishes of stewed fruit, which he offered us with the words, "Perhaps ye can eat some of this. I never eat these things myself."

The conversation was mostly a monologue. Mr. Carlyle spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and his talk sounded to me like pages of his writings. He had recently been annoyed by some movement tending to the disestablishment of the Scottish Church. Apropos of this he said, "That auld Kirk of Scotland! To think that a man like Johnny Graham should be able to wipe it out with a flirt of his pen!" Charles Sumner was spoken of, and Mr. Carlyle said, "Oh yes; Mr. Sumner was a vera dull man, but he did not offend people, and he got on in society here."

Carlyle's hair was dark, shaggy, and rather unkempt; his complexion was sallow, with a slight glow of red on the cheek; his eye was full of fire. As we drove back to town, Mr. Mann expressed great disappointment. He did not feel, he said, that we had seen the real Carlyle at all. I insisted that we had.

Soon after our arrival in London a gentleman called upon us whom the ser-

vant announced as Mr. Mills. It happened that I did not examine the card which was brought in at the same time. Dr. Howe was not within, and in his absence I entertained the unknown guest to the best of my ability. He spoke of Longfellow's volume of poems on slavery, then a recent publication, saying that he admired them. Our talk turning upon poetry in general, I remarked that Wordsworth appeared to be the only poet of eminence left in England. Before taking leave of me, the visitor named a certain day on which he requested that we would come to breakfast at his house. Forgetful of the card, I asked, "Where?" He said, "You will find my address on my card. I am Mr. Milnes." On looking at the card I found that this was Richard Monckton Milnes, afterward known as Lord Houghton. I was somewhat chagrined at remembering the remark I had made in connection with Wordsworth. He probably supposed that I was ignorant of his literary rank, but I was not, as his poems, though never very popular, were already well known in America.

The breakfast to which Mr. Milnes had invited us proved most pleasant. Our host had recently traveled in the East, and had brought home a prayer carpet, which we admired. His sister, Lady Galway, presided at table with much grace.

We also breakfasted one day at the house of Sir Robert Harry Inglis, long a leading conservative member of the House of Commons. Punch once said of him:—

"The Inglis thinks the world grows worse,
And always wears a rose."

And this flower, which always adorned his buttonhole, seemed to match well with his benevolent and somewhat rubicund countenance. At the breakfast of which I speak, he cut the loaf with his own hands, saying to each guest, "Will you have a slice or a hunch?" and cutting a slice from one end or a hunch

from the other, according to the preference expressed.

These breakfasts were not luncheons in disguise. They were given at ten, or even at half past nine o'clock. The meal usually consisted of fish, cutlets, eggs, cold bread and toast, with tea and coffee. I remember that at Samuel Rogers's plover's eggs were served. We also dined one evening with Mr. Rogers, and met among the guests Mr. Dickens and Lady B., one of the beautiful Sheridan sisters. A gentleman sat next me at table, whose name I did not catch. I had heard much of the works of art to be seen in Mr. Rogers's house, and so took occasion to ask him whether he knew anything about pictures. He smiled, and answered, "Well, yes." I then begged him to explain to me some of those which hung upon the walls, which he did with much good nature. Presently some one at the table addressed him as "Mr. Landseer," and I became aware that I was sitting next to the celebrated painter of animals. His fine face had already attracted me. I apologized for the question which I had asked, and which had somewhat amused him.

Mr. Rogers, indeed, possessed some paintings of great value, one a genuine Raphael, if I mistake not. He had also many objects of *virtu*. On one occasion he showed us some autograph letters of Lord Byron, with whom he had been well acquainted. He read a passage from one of these, in which Lord Byron, after speaking of the ancient custom of the Doge taking the Adriatic to wife, wrote, "I wish the Adriatic would take my wife."

In after years I was sometimes questioned as to what had most impressed me during my first visit in London. I replied unhesitatingly, "The clever people collected there." The moment, indeed, was fortunate. We had come well provided with letters of introduction. Besides this, my husband was at

the time a first-class lion, and this merit avails more in England than any other, and more there than elsewhere. Mr. Sumner had given us a letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne, which the latter honored by a call, and further by sending us cards for a musical evening at Lansdowne House. Lord Lansdowne was a gracious host; his lady was more formal in manner. Their music-room was oblong in shape, and the guests were seated along the wall on either side. Before the performance began I noticed a movement among those present, the cause of which became evident when the Duchess of Gloucester appeared, leaning on the arm of the master of the house. She was attired, or, as newspapers put it, "gowned," in black, wearing white plumes in her headdress, and with bare neck and arms, according to the imperative fashion of the time. She was well advanced in years, and had probably never been remarked for good looks, but was said to be beloved by the Queen and by many friends.

The programme of the entertainment was one which, to-day would seem rather commonplace, though the performers were not so. At the conclusion of it we adjourned to the supper-room, which afforded us a better opportunity of observing the distinguished company. My husband was soon engaged in conversation with the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was then very handsome. Her eyes were dark, and full of expression. Her dress was unusually décolleté, but by Americans most of the ladies present would have been considered extreme in this respect. Court mourning had recently been ordered for the Duke of Sussex, uncle to the Queen, and many black dresses were worn. My memory, nevertheless, tells me that the great Duchess of Sutherland wore a dress of pink moire. Her brother, Lord Morpeth, was also among the guests.

Somewhat later in the season we were invited to dine at Lansdowne House.

Of those whom we met, I remember only Lord Morpeth. I had some conversation with the daughter of the house, Lady Louisa Fitzmaurice, who was pleasing, but not pretty. I was asked at this dinner whether I should object to sitting next to a colored person in a box at the opera. Were I asked this question to-day, I should reply that this would depend upon the character and cleanliness of the colored person, much as one would say in the case of a white man or woman.

Among the well-remembered glories of that summer the new delight of the drama holds an important place. I had been denied this pleasure in my girlhood, and my enjoyment of it at this time was fresh and intense. Among the attentions lavished upon us during that London season were frequent offers of a box at Covent Garden or "Her Majesty's." These were never declined. I recall first a performance by Macready as Claude Melnotte in Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*. I saw Grisi in the great rôle of Semiramide, and with her Brambilla, a famous contralto, and Fornasari, a basso whom I had longed to hear in the operas given in New York. I also saw Mademoiselle Persiani in *Linda di Chammounix* and Lucia di Lammermoor. All of these artists gave me unmitigated delight, but the crowning ecstasy I found in the ballet. Fanny Elssler and Cerito were both upon the stage. The former had lost a little of her prestige, but Cerito, an Italian, was then in her first bloom, and wonderfully graceful. Of her performance my sister said to me, "It seems to make us better to see anything so beautiful." This remark recalls the oft-quoted dialogue between Margaret Fuller and Emerson apropos of Fanny Elssler's dancing:—

"Margaret, this is poetry."

"Waldo, this is religion."

I remember, years after this time, a talk with Theodore Parker, in which I suggested that the best stage dancing

gives us the classic in a fluent form, with the illumination of life and personality. I cannot recall, in the dances which I saw during that season, anything which appeared to me sensual or even sensuous. It was rather the very ecstasy and embodiment of grace.

A ball at Almack's certainly deserves mention in these pages, the place itself belonging to the history of the London world of fashion. The one of which I now speak was given in aid of the Polish refugees who were then in London. The price of admission to this sacred precinct would have been extravagant for us, but cards for it were sent us by some hospitable friend. The same attention was shown to Mr. and Mrs. Mann, who, with us, presented themselves at the rooms on the appointed evening.

We found them spacious enough, but with no splendor or beauty of decoration. A space at the upper end of the ball-room was marked off by rail or ribbon, — I cannot remember which. While we were wondering what this should mean, a brilliant procession made its appearance, led by the Duchess of Sutherland in historic costume. She was followed by a number of persons of high rank, among whom I recognized her lovely daughters, Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower and Lady Evelyn. These young ladies and several others were attired in Polish costume, to wit, polonaises of light blue silk, and short white skirts which showed the prettiest little red boots imaginable. This high and mighty company took possession of the space mentioned above, where they proceeded to dance a quadrille in rather solemn state. The company outside this limit stood and looked on. Among the groups taking part in this state quadrille was one characterized by the dress worn at court presentations: the ladies in pink and blue brocades, with plumes and lap-pets; the gentlemen in breeches and silk stockings, with swords, — and all with powdered hair.

I first met the Duchess of Sutherland at a dinner given in our honor by Lord Morpeth's parents, the Earl and Countess of Carlisle. The Great Duchess, as the Duchess of Sutherland was often called, was still very handsome, though already the mother of grown-up children. At one time she was Mistress of the Robes, but I am not sure whether she held this office at the time of which I speak. Her relations with the palace were said to be very intimate and friendly. In the picture of the Queen's Coronation, so well known to us by engravings, she is one of the most striking figures.

I remember a pleasantry about this family which was current in London society in the season of which I write. Sydney Smith pretended to have dreamed that Lord Morpeth had brought back a black wife from America, and that his mother, on seeing her, had said, "She is not so very black." Lady Carlisle was proverbial for her kindness and good temper, and it was upon this point that the humor of the story turned.

The scenes just described still remain quite vivid in my memory, but it would be difficult for me to recount the visits made in those days by my husband and Horace Mann to public institutions of all kinds. I did indeed accompany the two philanthropists in some of their excursions, which included schools, work-houses, prisons, and asylums for the insane. I recall a day when we went, in company with Charles Dickens and his wife, to visit the old prison of Bridewell. We found the treadmill in operation. Every now and then a man would give out, and would be allowed to leave the ungrateful work. The midday meal of bread and soup was served to the prisoners. To one or two, as a punishment for some misdemeanor, bread alone was given. Charles Dickens looked on, and presently said to Dr. Howe, "My God! if a woman thinks her son may come to this, I don't blame her if she strangles him in infancy."

At Newgate prison we were shown the fetters of Jack Sheppard and those of Dick Turpin. While we were on the premises the van arrived with fresh prisoners, and one of the officials appeared to jest with a young woman who had just been brought in, and who, it seemed, was already well known to the officers of justice. Dr. Howe did not fail to notice this with disapprobation.

At one of the charity schools which we visited, Mr. Mann asked whether corporal punishment was used. "Commonly, only this," said the master, calling up a little girl, and snapping a bit of india rubber upon her neck in a manner which caused her to cry out. I need not say that the two gentlemen were indignant at this unprovoked infliction.

In strong contrast to old-time Bridewell appeared the model prison of Pentonville, which we visited one day in company with Lord Morpeth and the Duke of Richmond. The system there was one of solitary confinement, much approved, if I remember rightly, by "my lord duke," who interested himself in showing us how perfectly it was carried out. Neither at meals nor at prayers could any prisoner see or be seen by a fellow prisoner. The open yard was divided by brick walls into compartments, in each of which a single felon, hooded, took his melancholy exercise. The prison was extremely neat. Dr. Howe at the time approved of the solitary discipline. I am not sure whether he ever came to think differently about it.

At a dinner at Charles Dickens's we met his intimate friend John Forster, a lawyer of some note, later known as the author of a biography of Dickens. When we arrived, Mr. Forster was amusing himself with a small spaniel which had been sent to Mr. Dickens by an admiring friend, who desired that the dog might bear the name of Boz. Somewhat impatient of such tributes, Mr. Dickens had named it Snittel Timbury. Of the dinner, I remember only that it was of the

best so far as concerns food, and that later in the evening we listened to some comic songs.

Mr. Forster invited us to dine at his chambers in the Inns of Court. Mr. and Mrs. Dickens were of the party, and also the painter Maclise, whose work was then highly spoken of. After dinner, while we were taking coffee in the sitting-room, I had occasion to speak to my husband, and addressed him as "darling." Thereupon Dickens slid down to the floor, and, lying on his back, held up one of his small feet, quivering with pretended emotion. "Did she call him 'darling'?" he cried.

I was sorry indeed when the time came for us to leave London, and the more as one of the pleasures there promised us had been that of a breakfast with Charles Buller. Mr. Buller was the only person who at that time spoke to me of Thomas Carlyle, already so great a celebrity in America. He expressed great regard for Carlyle, who, he said, had formerly been his tutor. I was sorry to find in papers of Carlyle's recently published a rather ungracious mention of this brilliant young man, whose early death was much regretted in English society.

From England we passed on to Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. Of my visit to Scotland, never repeated, I recall with interest Holyrood Palace, where the blood stain of Rizzio's murder was still pointed out on the floor, the grave of Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, and Stirling Castle, where, if I mistake not, the regalia of Robert Bruce was shown us. We passed a Sunday at Melrose, and attended an open-air service in the ruins of the ancient abbey. We saw little of Edinburgh besides its buildings, the society people of the place being mostly in *villeggiatura*.

Of greater interest was our tour in Ireland. Lord Morpeth had given us some introductions to friends in Dublin. At the same time, he had written Mr.

Sumner that he hoped that Dr. Howe would not in any way become conspicuous as a friend to the Repeal measures which were then much in the public mind. This Repeal portended nothing less than the disruption of the existing political union between Ireland and England. The Dublin Corn Exchange was the place in which Repeal meetings were usually held. We attended one of these. O'Connell was the principal speaker of the occasion. I remember his appearance well, but can recall nothing of his address. He was tall, blond, and florid, with remarkable vivacity of speech and of expression. His popularity was certainly very great. While he was speaking, a gentleman entered and approached him. "How d'ye do, Tom Steele?" said O'Connell, shaking hands with the newcomer. The audience applauded loudly, Steele being an intimate friend and ally of O'Connell, and, like him, an earnest partisan of Repeal.

Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston, had given us a letter to Miss Edgeworth, who resided at some distance from the city of Dublin. From her we soon received an invitation to luncheon, of which we gladly availed ourselves. Our hostess met us with a warm welcome. She had had some correspondence with Dr. Howe, and seemed much pleased to make his acquaintance. I remember her as a little old lady, with an old-fashioned cap and curls. She was very vivacious, and had much to say to Dr. Howe about Laura Bridgman. He in turn asked what she thought of the Repeal movement. She said in reply, "I don't understand what O'Connell really means." We met on this occasion a half-brother and a half-sister of Miss Edgeworth, much younger than herself. I thought that they must be twins, so closely did they resemble each other in appearance. At parting, Miss Edgeworth gave each of us an etching of Irish peasants, the work of a friend of hers. On the one which she gave to my husband she wrote,

"From a lover of truth to a lover of truth."

After leaving Dublin, we traveled north as far as the Giant's Causeway. The state of the country was very forlorn. The peasantry lived in wretched hovels of one or two rooms, the floor of mud, the pig taking his ease within doors, and the chickens roosting above the fireplace. Beggars were seen everywhere, and of the most persistent sort. In places where we stopped for the night accommodations were usually far from satisfactory. The safest dishes to order were stirabout and potatoes.

My husband had received an urgent invitation from an Irish nobleman, Lord Walcourt, to visit him at his estate, which was in the south of Ireland. We found Lord Walcourt living very simply, with two young daughters and a baby son. Dr. Howe and our host had much talk together concerning socialistic and other reforms. My sister and I found his housekeeping rather meagre. He was evidently a whole-souled man, but we learned later on that he was considered very eccentric.

A visit to the poet Wordsworth was one of the brilliant visions that floated before my eyes at this time. Mr. Ticknor had kindly furnished us with an introduction to the great man, who was then at the height of his popularity. To criticise Wordsworth or to praise Byron was equally unpardonable in the London of that time, when London was, what it has ceased to be, the heart and centre of the literary world. Of our journey to the lake country I can now recall little, save that its last stage, a drive of ten or more miles from the railway station to the poet's village, was rendered comfortless by constant showers, and by an ill-broken horse which more than once threatened mischief. Arrived at the inn, my husband called at the Wordsworth residence, and left there his card and the letter of introduction. In return a note was soon sent, inviting us to take tea

that evening with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth.

Our visit was a disappointing one. The widowed daughter of our host had lost heavily by the failure of certain American securities. These losses formed the sole topic of conversation not only between Wordsworth and Dr. Howe, but also between the ladies of the family, my sister, and myself. The tea to which we had been bidden was simply a cup of tea, served without a table. We bore the harassing conversation as long as we could. The only remark of Wordsworth's which I brought away was this: "The misfortune of Ireland is that it was only a partially conquered country." When we took leave, the poet expressed his willingness to serve us during our stay in his neighborhood. We left it, however, on the following morning, without seeing him or his again.

A little akin to this experience was that of a visit to the Bank of England, made at the invitation of one of its officers whom I had known and entertained in America. Another of the functionaries of the bank volunteered his services as a cicerone. We paid for this by listening to many uncivil pleasantries regarding the financial condition of our own country. I still remember the insolent sneer with which this gentleman said, "By the bye, have you sold the Bank of the United States yet?" He was presumably ignorant of the real history of the bank, which had long ceased to be a government institution, President Jackson having annulled its charter and removed the government deposits.

I mention these incidents because they were the only exceptions to the uniform kindness with which we were generally received, and to the homage paid to my husband as one of the most illustrious of modern philanthropists.

Berlin would have been the next important stop in our journey but for an impediment which we had hardly anticipated. In the days of the French

revolution of 1830, the Poles had made one of their oft-repeated struggles to regain national independence. General Lafayette was much interested in this movement, and at his request Dr. Howe undertook to convey to some of the Polish chiefs funds sent for their aid by parties in the United States. He succeeded in accomplishing this errand, but was arrested on the very night of his arrival in Berlin. He now applied for permission to revisit the kingdom of Prussia, but this was refused him. We managed, nevertheless, to see something of the Rhine, and journeyed through Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol to Vienna, where we remained for some weeks. We here made the acquaintance of Madame von Walther and her daughter Theresa, afterward known as Madame Pulszky, the wife of one of Louis Kossuth's most valued friends.

Arriving in Milan, we presented a letter of introduction from Miss Catharine Sedgwick to Count Gonfalonieri, after Silvio Pellico the most distinguished of the Italian patriots who underwent imprisonment in the Austrian fortress of Spielberg. His life had been spared only through the passionate pleading of his wife, who traveled day and night to throw herself at the feet of the Empress, imploring the commutation of the death sentence pronounced against her husband. This heroic woman did not long survive the granting of her prayer. She died while her husband was still in prison; but the men who had been his companions in misfortune so revered her memory as always to lift their hats when they passed near her grave. Years had elapsed since the events of which I speak, and the count had married a second wife, a lively and attractive person, from whom, as from the count, we received many kind attentions.

Dr. Howe was at this time called to Paris by some special business, and I remained a month in Milan with my sister. We greatly enjoyed the beauty

of the cathedral and the hospitality of our new friends. Among these were the Marchese Arconati and his wife, a lady of much distinction, and in after years a friend of Margaret Fuller.

Some delightful entertainments were given us by these and other friends, and I remember with pleasure an expedition to Monza, where the iron crown of the Lombard kingdom is shown. Napoleon is said to have placed it on his head while he was still First Consul. Apropos of this, we saw in one of the Milanese mansions a seat on which Napoleon had once sat, and which, in commemoration of this, bore the inscription, "Egli ci ha dato l' unione." (He gave us unity.) Alas! this precious boon was only secured to Italy many years later, and after much shedding of blood.

Several of the former captives of Spielberg were living in Milan at this time. Of these I may mention Castiglia and the advocate Borsieri. Two others, Foresti and Albinola, I had often seen in New York, where they lived for many years, beloved and respected. In all of them, a perfectly childish delight in living seemed to make amends for the long and dreary years spent in prison. Every pulse beat of freedom was a joy to them. Yet the iron had entered deeply into their souls. Natural leaders and men of promise, they had been taken out of the world of active life in the very flower of their youth and strength. The fortress in which they were confined was gloomy and desolate. For many months no books were allowed them, and in the end only books of religion, so called. They had begged for employment, and were given wool to knit stockings, and dirty linen rags to scrape for lint, with the sarcastic remark that to people of their benevolent disposition such work as this last should be most congenial. The time, they said, appeared endless in passing, but little when past, no events having diversified its dull blankness.

When I listened to the conversation

of these men, and saw Italy so bound hand and foot by Austrian and other tyrants, I felt only the hopeless chaos of the political outlook. Where should freedom come from? The logical bond of imprisonment seemed complete. It was sealed with four impregnable fortresses, and the great spiritual tyranny sat enthroned in the centre, and had its response in every other despotic centre of the globe. I almost ask to-day, "By what miracle was the great structure overthrown?" But the remembrance of this miracle forbids me to despair of any great deliverance, however desired and delayed. He who maketh the wrath of man to serve him can make liberty blossom out of the very rod that the tyrant wields.

The emotions with which people in general approach the historic sites of the world have been so often described as to make it needless for me to dwell upon my own. But I will mention the thrill of wonder which overcame me as we drove over the Campagna and caught the first glimpse of St. Peter's dome. Was it possible? Had I lived to come within sight of the great city, Mistress of the World? Like much else in my journeying, this appeared to me like something seen in a dream, scarcely to be apprehended by the bodily senses.

The Rome that I then saw was mediæval in its aspect. A great gloom and silence hung over it. Coming to establish ourselves for the winter, we felt the pressure of many discomforts, especially that of the imperfect heating of houses. Our first quarters were in Torlonia's palace on the Piazza di Spagna. My husband found these gloomy and sunless, and was soon attracted by a small but comfortable apartment in Via San Nicolà da Tolentino, where we remained during a part of the winter.

Dr. Howe went out early one morning, and did not return until late in the evening. Had I known at the time the reason of his absence, I should have felt

great anxiety. He had gone to the post office, but in doing so had passed some spot at which a sentry was stationed. He happened to be absorbed in his own thoughts, and did not notice the warning given. The sentry seized him, and Dr. Howe began to beat him over the head. A crowd soon gathered, and my husband was arrested and taken to the guard-house. The situation was a grave one, but the doctor immediately sent for the American consul, George Washington Greene. With the aid of this friendly official the necessary formalities were gone through with, and the prisoner was liberated.

The consul just mentioned was a cousin of my father, and a grandson of the famous General Nathanael Greene of the Revolution. He was much at home in Roman society, and through him we had access to the principal houses in which were given the great entertainments of the season.

The first of these that I attended appeared to me a melancholy failure, judging by our American ideas of a pleasant evening party. The great ladies sat very quietly in the salon of reception, and the gentlemen spoke to them in an undertone. There was none of the joyous effusion with which even a "few friends" meet on similar occasions in Boston or New York. Exceeding stiffness was obviously the "good form" of the occasion.

A ball given by the banker prince, Torlonia, presented a more animated scene. The beautiful princess of the house, then in the bloom of her youth, was conspicuous among the dancers. Her fair head was encircled by a fine tiara of diamonds. I thought her quite as beautiful on another occasion, when she wore a simple gown of *écru* silk, with a necklace of carved coral beads. This was at a reception given at the charity school of San Michele, where a play was performed by the pupils of the institution. The theme of the drama was the

worship of the golden calf by the Israelites, and the overthrow of the idol by Moses.

The industrial school of San Michele, like every other institution in the Rome of that time, was entirely under ecclesiastical control. If I remember rightly, Monsignore Morecchini had to do with its management.

This interesting man stood, at the time, at the head of the administration of public charities. He called one day at our lodgings, and I had the pleasure of listening to a long conversation between him and my husband, regarding chiefly the theme in which both gentlemen were most deeply interested, the education of the working classes. I was present, some time later, at a meeting of the Academy of St. Luke, at which the same monsignore made an address of some length, and with his own hands distributed the medals awarded to successful artists. One of these was given to an Italian lady, who appeared in the black costume and lace veil which are still *de rigueur* at all functions of the papal court. I remember that the monsignore delivered his address with a sort of rhythmic intoning, not unlike the singsong of the Quaker preaching of fifty years ago.

To another monsignore, Baggs by name, and Bishop of Pella, we owed our presentation to Pope Gregory XVI., the immediate predecessor of Pope Pius IX. Our cousin and consul, George W. Greene, went with us to the reception accorded us. Papal etiquette was not rigorous in those days. It only required that we should make three genuflections as we approached the spot where the Pope stood, and three more in retiring, as from a royal presence, without turning our backs. Monsignore Baggs, after presenting my husband, said to him, "Dr. Howe, you should tell his Holiness about the little blind girl [Laura Bridgman] whom you educated." The Pope remarked that he had been assured that the blind were able to distinguish colors by the touch.

Dr. Howe said that he did not believe this. His opinion was that if a blind person could distinguish a stuff of any particular color, it must be through some effect of the dye upon the texture of the cloth. The audience concluded, the Pope obligingly turned his back upon us, as if to examine something lying on the table which stood behind him, and thus spared us the inconvenience of curtsying and retiring backward.

The experience of our winter in Rome could not be repeated at this stage of the world. The Rome of fifty-five years ago was altogether mediæval in its aspect. The great inclosure within its walls was but sparsely inhabited. Convent gardens, and even villas of the nobility, occupied much space.

The city attracted mostly art students and lovers of art. The studios of painters and sculptors were much visited, and wealthy amateurs gave orders for many costly works of art. Such glimpses as were afforded of Roman society had no great attraction other than that of novelty for persons accustomed to reasonable society elsewhere. The strangeness of titles, the glitter of jewels, amused for a time the traveler, who was nevertheless glad to return to a world in which ceremony was less dominant and absolute.

Among the frequent visitors at our rooms were the sculptor Crawford, and Luther Terry and James E. Freeman, well known then and since as painters of merit. Between the first named of these and the elder of my two sisters an attachment sprang up, which culminated in marriage.

The months slipped away very rapidly, and the early spring brought the dear gift of another life to gladden and enlarge our own. My dearest, eldest child was born at Palazzetto Torlonia, on the 12th of March, 1844. At my request, the name of Julia Romana was given to her. As an infant she possessed remarkable beauty, and her radiant little face appeared to me to reflect the lovely forms

and faces which I had so earnestly contemplated before her birth. The galleries were indeed to me at once a dream and a revelation. My mind had been able to anticipate something of the achievements of human thought, but of the patient work of the artist I had not had the smallest conception.

One day we visited the catacombs of St. Calixtus with a party of friends, among whom was the then celebrated Padre Machi, an ecclesiastic who was considered a supreme authority in this department of historic research.

Among the wonderful sights of that winter, I recall an evening visit to the sculpture gallery of the Vatican, when the statues were shown us by torchlight. I had not as yet made acquaintance with those marble shapes, which were rendered so lifelike by the artful illumination that when I saw them afterward in the daylight it seemed to me that they had died.

My husband had desired to visit the Castle of St. Angelo, which was then not only a fortress, but also a prison for political offenders. As he passed through one of the corridors, a young man from an inner room or cell rushed out and addressed him, apparently in great distress of mind. He cried, "For the love of God, sir, try to help me! I was taken from my home a fortnight since, I know not why, and was brought here, where I am detained, utterly ignorant of the grounds of my arrest and imprisonment." This incident disturbed my husband very much. Of course, he could do nothing to aid the unfortunate man.

We were invited, one evening, to attend what the Romans still call an *accademia*, a sort of literary club or association. It was held in what appeared to be a public hall, with a platform on which were seated those about to take part in the exercises of the evening. Among these were two cardinals, one of whom read aloud some Greek verses, the other a Latin discourse, both of which

were applauded. After or before these, I cannot remember which, came a recitation from a once famous improvisatrice, Rosa Taddei. She is mentioned by Sismondi in one of his works as a young person of wonderful genius. She was now a woman of middle age, wearing a sober gown and cap. The poem which she read was on the happiness to be derived from a family of adopted children. I remember its conclusion. He who should give himself to the care of other people's children would be entitled to say: —

“Formai questa famiglia
Sol colla mia virtù.”

“I built myself this family wholly by my own merit.”

The performances concluded with a satirical poem given by a layman, and describing the indignation roused in an elegant ecclesiastic by the visit of a man in poor and shabby clothes. His complaint is answered by a friend, who remarks: —

“La vostra eccellenza
Vorrebbe tutti i poverelli ricchi.”

“Your Excellency would have every poor fellow rich.”

The presence of the celebrated phrenologist George Combe in Rome at this time added much to Dr. Howe's enjoyment of the winter, and to mine. His wife was a daughter of the great actress Mrs. Siddons, and was a person of excellent mind and manners. I remember that Fanny Kemble, who was a cousin of Mrs. Combe, once related the following anecdote to Dr. Howe and me: —

“Cecilia [Mrs. Combe] had grown up in her mother's shadow, for Mrs. Siddons was to the last such a social idol as to absorb the notice of people wherever she went, leaving little attention to be bestowed upon her daughter. This was rather calculated to sour the daughter's disposition, and naturally had that effect.” Mrs. Kemble then spoke of a visit which she had made at her cousin's

house after her marriage to Mr. Combe. In taking leave, she could not refrain from exclaiming, “Oh, Cecilia, how you have improved!” to which Mrs. Combe replied, “Who could help improving when living with perfection?”

Dr. Howe and Mr. Combe sometimes visited the galleries in company, viewing the works therein contained in the light of their favorite theory. I remember having gone with them through the great sculpture hall of the Vatican, listening with edification to their instructive conversation. They stood for some time before the well-known head of Zeus, the contour and features of which appeared to them quite orthodox, according to the standard of phrenology.

When, in the spring of 1844, I left Rome, in company with my husband, my sisters, and my baby, it seemed like returning to the living world after a long separation from it. In spite of all the attractions of the ancient city, I was glad to stand once more face to face with the belongings of my own time.

We journeyed first to Naples, which I saw with delight, thence by steamer to Marseilles, and by river boat and diligence to Paris.

My husband's love of the unusual must, I think, have prompted him to secure passage for our party on board the little steamer which carried us well on our way to Paris. Its small cabin was without sleeping accommodations of any kind. As the boat always remained in some port overnight, Dr. Howe found it possible to hire mattresses for us, which, alas, were taken away at daybreak, when our journey was resumed.

We made some stay in Paris, of which city I have chronicled elsewhere my first impressions. Among these was the pain of hearing a lecture by Philarète Chasles, in which he spoke most disparagingly of American literature, and of our country in general. He said that we had contributed nothing of value to the world of letters. Yet we had

already given it some of the writings of Irving, Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, and Poe. It is true that these authors were little, if at all, known in France at that time, but the speaker, proposing to instruct the public, ought to have informed himself concerning that whereof he assumed to speak with knowledge.

Dr. Howe attended one of the official receptions of M. Guizot, who was Prime Minister at this time. I tried to persuade him to wear his Greek decorations, but he refused to do so.

Our second visit to England, in the autumn of the year 1844, on the way back to our own country, was less brilliant and novel than our first, but scarcely less in interest. We had received several invitations from friends at their country residences, and these opened to us the most delightful aspect of English hospitality. The English are nowhere so much at home as in the country, and they willingly make their visitors at home also.

Our first visit was at Atherstone, then the residence of Charles Holt Bracebridge, one of the best specimens of an English country gentleman of the old school. His wife was a very accomplished gentlewoman, skillful alike with pencil and with needle, and possessed of much literary culture. Mrs. Bracebridge told us a good deal about Florence Nightingale, then twenty-four years old, and already considered a person of remarkable character. Our hosts had been in Athens, and sympathized with my husband in his views regarding the Greeks. They were also familiar with the further East, and had brought cedars from Mount Lebanon, and Arab horses from I know not where.

Atherstone was not far from Coventry. Mr. Bracebridge claimed descent from Lady Godiva, and informed me that a descendant of Peeping Tom of Coventry was still to be found in that place. He himself was lord of the manor, but had

neither son nor daughter to succeed him. He told me some rather weird stories, one of which was that he had once waked in the night to see a female figure seated by his fireside. I believe the ghost was that of an old retainer of the family, or possibly an ancestress. An old prophecy also had been fulfilled with regard to his property. This was that when a certain piece of land should pass from the possession of the family, a small island on the estate would cease to exist. The property was sold, and the island somehow became attached to the mainland, and as an island ceased to exist.

Mrs. Bracebridge had spoken to me of Florence Nightingale as a young person likely to make an exceptional record in the course of her life. Her mother, she said, rather feared this, and would have preferred the usual conventional life for her daughter. The father was a pronounced Liberal, and a Unitarian. While we were still at Atherstone, we received an invitation to pass a few days with the Nightingale family at Emblee, and betook ourselves thither. We found a fine mansion of Elizabethan architecture, and a cordial reception. The family consisted of father and mother and two daughters, both born during their parents' residence in Italy, and respectively christened Parthenope and Florence. Parthenope was the elder; she was not handsome, but was piquant and entertaining. Florence was rather elegant than beautiful; she was tall and graceful of figure, her countenance mobile and expressive, her conversation most interesting. Having heard much of Dr. Howe as a philanthropist, she resolved to consult him upon a matter which she already had at heart. She accordingly requested him one day to meet her on the following morning, before the hour for the family breakfast. He did so, and she opened the way to the desired conference by saying, "Dr. Howe, if I should determine to study nursing, and

to devote my life to that profession, do you think that it would be a dreadful thing?"

"By no means," replied my husband. "I think that it would be a very good thing."

So much and no more of the conversation Dr. Howe repeated to me. We soon heard that Miss Florence was devoting herself to the study of her predilection; and when, years after this time, the war of the Crimea broke out, we were among the few who were not astonished at the undertaking which made her name world famous.

Just before our final embarkation for America, we passed a few days with the same friends at Lea Hurst, a pretty country seat near Malvern. There we met the well-known historian Henry Hallam, doubly celebrated as the father of Tennyson's lamented Arthur. Martin Chuzzlewit had recently appeared, and I remember that Mr. Hallam read aloud with much amusement the famous transcendental episode beginning, "To be introduced to a Pogram by a Hominy." Mr. Hallam asked me whether talk of this sort was ever heard in transcendental circles in the United States, and I was obliged to confess that the caricature was not altogether without foundation.

Soon after reaching London for the second time, we were invited to visit Dr. and Mrs. Fowler at Salisbury. The doctor was much interested in anthropology and kindred topics, and my husband found in him a congenial friend. The house was a modest one, but the housekeeping was generous and tasteful. As Salisbury was a cathedral town, the prominent people of the place naturally belonged to the Anglican Church. At the Fowlers' hospitable board we met the bishop, the dean, the rector, and the curate.

Bishop Denison, at the time of our visit, was still saddened by the loss of a beloved wife. He invited us to a

dinner, at which his sister, Miss Denison, presided. The dean and his wife were present, the Fowlers, and one or two other guests. To my surprise, the bishop gave me his arm and conducted me to the table, where he seated me on his right.

We left Salisbury with regret, Dr. Fowler giving Dr. Howe a parting injunction to visit Rotherhithe workhouse, where he himself had seen an old woman who was blind, deaf, and crippled. My husband made this visit, and wrote to Dr. Fowler an account of it which he read to me before sending it. In the mischief of which I was then full to overflowing, I wrote a humorous travesty of Dr. Howe's letter in rhyme, but when I showed it to him, I was grieved to see how much he seemed pained at my frivolity.

Dear sir, I went south
As far as Portsmouth,
And found a most charming old woman,
Delightfully void
Of all that's enjoyed
By the animal vaguely called human.

She has but one jaw,
Has teeth like a saw,
Her ears and her eyes I delight in:
The one could not hear
Tho' a cannon were near,
The others are holes with no sight in.

Her cinciput lies
Just over her eyes,
Not far from the bone parietal;
The crown of her head,
Be it vulgarly said,
Is shaped like the back of a beetle.

Destructiveness great
Combines with conceit
In the form of this wonderful noddle,
But benevolence, you know,
And a large philopro
Give a great inclination to coddle.

And so on.

During our visit to Atherstone we became acquainted with Mr. Arthur Mills, a young lawyer, nephew to Mrs. Bracebridge. He was one of those persons who conceal a quick sense of humor be-

neath an exterior of imperturbable gravity. He did smile, however, on one occasion when, as we were all seated in the Bracebridge library, my beautiful sister suddenly appeared, arrayed in his gown and wig, which she had persuaded one of the company to borrow surreptitiously. Mr. Mills had long had it in mind to visit the United States, and he now took the opportunity of accompanying us on our homeward voyage. He was at once adopted into the intimacy of the family, and I gave expression to the common good will in a mock heroic poem, the *Millsiad*, with the composition of which I beguiled some of the tedious hours passed at sea. The stanzas were written in pencil on the blank leaves of our new friend's diary. The original copy is still preserved among

his family archives. The poem began with the following invocation: —

My bosom thrills
At the bare thought of the illustrious Mills,
That man of eyes and nose,
Of legs and arms, of fingers and of toes!

Goeth he not, armed with axe,
To lands devoid of tax?
Trees shall he cut down,
And forests own?
Tame cataracts with a frown?
Grin all the fish from Mississippi River?

To the impressions of the West,
O Mills! unfold thy valorous breast;
Let thine eye hover,
O mirthful rover,
O'er haystacks gigantesque, and fields of clover.

Turn all the sense thou hast
From the impassioned Past,
Let thy small heart dilate
In the vast portents of a nation's fate!
Julia Ward Howe.

THE QUEEN'S TWIN.

I.

THE coast of Maine was in former years brought so near to foreign shores by its busy fleet of ships that among the older men and women one still finds a surprising proportion of travelers. Each seaward stretching headland with its high-set houses, each island of a single farm, has sent its spies to view many a land of Eshcol. One may see plain, contented old faces at the windows, whose eyes have looked at far-away ports, and known the splendors of the Eastern world. They shame the easy voyager of the North Atlantic and the Mediterranean: they have rounded the Cape of Good Hope and braved the angry seas of Cape Horn in small wooden ships; they have brought up their hardy boys and girls on narrow decks; they were among the last of the Northmen's children to go adventuring to unknown

shores. More than this one cannot give to a young state for its enlightenment. The sea captains and the captains' wives of Maine knew something of the wide world, and never mistook their native parishes for the whole instead of a part thereof; they knew not only Thomaston and Castine and Portland, but London and Bristol and Bordeaux, and the strange-mannered harbors of the China Sea.

One September day, when I was nearly at the end of a summer spent in a village called Dunnet Landing, on the Maine coast, my friend Mrs. Todd, in whose house I lived, came home from a long, solitary stroll in the wild pastures, with an eager look, as if she were just starting on a hopeful quest instead of returning. She brought a little basket with blackberries enough for supper, and held it toward me so that I could

see that there were also some late and surprising raspberries sprinkled on top, but she made no comment upon her way-faring. I could tell plainly that she had something very important to say.

"You have n't brought home a leaf of anything?" I ventured to this practiced herb-gatherer. "You were saying yesterday that the witch-hazel might be in bloom."

"I dare say, dear," she answered in a lofty manner. "I ain't goin' to say it was n't; I ain't much concerned either way 'bout the facts o' witch-hazel. Truth is, I've been off visitin'; there's an old Indian footpath leadin' over towards the Back Shore, through the great heron swamp, that anybody can't travel over all summer. You have to seize your time some day just now, while the low ground's summer-dried as it is to-day, and before the fall rains set in. I never thought of it till I was out o' sight o' home, and I says to myself, 'To-day's the day certain!' and stepped along smart as I could. Yes; I've been visitin'. I did get into one spot that was wet underfoot before I noticed; you wait till I get me a pair o' dry woolen stockin's, in case of cold, and I'll come an' tell ye."

Mrs. Todd disappeared, — I could see that something had deeply interested her. She might have fallen in with either the sea serpent or the lost tribes of Israel, such was her air of mystery and satisfaction. She had been away since just before mid-morning, and as I sat waiting by my window I saw the last red glow of autumn sunshine flare along the gray rocks of the shore and leave them cold again, and touch the far sails of some coastwise schooners so that they stood like golden houses on the sea.

I was left to wonder longer than I liked. Mrs. Todd was making an evening fire and putting things in train for supper; presently she returned, still looking warm and cheerful after her long walk.

"There's a beautiful view from a hill over where I've been," she told me; "yes, there's a beautiful prospect of land and sea. You would n't discern the hill from any distance, but 'tis the pretty situation of it that counts. I sat there a long spell, and I did wish for you. No, I did n't know a word about goin' when I set out this mornin'." (As if I had openly reproached her!) "I only felt one o' them travelin' fits comin' on, an' I ketched up my little basket; I did n't know but I might turn and come back, time for dinner. I thought it wise to set out your luncheon for you in case I did n't. Hope you had all you wanted; yes, I hope you had enough?"

"Oh yes, indeed!" said I. My landlady was always peculiarly bountiful in her supplies when she left me to fare for myself, as if she made a sort of peace-offering or affectionate apology.

"You know that hill with the old house right on top, over beyond the heron swamp? You'll excuse me for explainin'," Mrs. Todd began, "but you ain't so apt to strike inland as you be to go right alongshore. You know that hill; there's a path leadin' right over to it that you have to look sharp to find nowadays. It belonged to the up-country Indians when they had to make a carry to the Landing here, to get to the out' islands. I've heard the old folks say that there used to be a place across a ledge where they'd worn a deep track with their moccasin feet, but I never could find it. 'Tis so overgrown in some places that you keep losin' the path in the bushes, and findin' it as you can, but it runs pretty straight considerin' the lay o' the land, and I keep my eye on the sun and the moss that grows one side o' the tree trunks. Some brook's been choked up, and the swamp's bigger than it used to be. Yes; I did get in deep enough, one place!"

I showed the solicitude that I felt. Mrs. Todd was no longer young, and, in spite of her strong great frame and spir-

ited behavior, I knew that certain ills were apt to seize upon her, and would some day end by leaving her lame and ailing.

"Don't you go to worryin' about me," she insisted. "Settin' still 's the only way the Evil One 'll ever get the upper hand o' me. Keep me movin' enough, an' I 'm twenty year old summer an' winter both. I don't know why 't is, but I 've never happened to mention the one I 've been to see. I don't know why I never happened to speak the name of Abby Martin, for I often give her a thought; but 't is a dreadful out-o'-the-way place where she lives, and I have n't seen her myself for three or four years. She 's a real good, interesting woman, and we 're well acquainted; she 's nigher mother's age than mine, but she 's very young-feeling. She made me a nice cup o' tea, and I don't know but I should have stopped all night if I could have got word to you not to worry."

Then there was a serious silence before Mrs. Todd spoke again to make a formal announcement.

"She is the Queen's Twin," and Mrs. Todd looked steadily to see how I might bear the great surprise.

"The Queen's Twin?" I repeated.

"Yes; she 's come to feel a real interest in the Queen, and anybody can see how natural 't is. They were born the very same day, and you would be astonished to see what a number o' other things have corresponded. She was speaking o' some o' the facts to me to-day, an' you 'd think she 'd never done nothing but read history. I see how earnest she was about it as I never did before. I 've often and often heard her allude to the facts; but now she 's got to be old, and the hurry 's all over with her work, she 's come to live a good deal in her thoughts, as folks often do, and I tell you 't is a sight o' company for her. If you want to hear about Queen Victoria, why, Mis' Abby Martin 'll tell you everything. And the prospect from that

hill I spoke of is as beautiful as anything in this world; 't is worth while your goin' over to see her, just for that."

"When can you go again?" I demanded eagerly.

"I should say to-morrow," answered Mrs. Todd, — "yes, I should say to-morrow; but I expect 't would be better to take one day to rest, in between. I considered that question as I was comin' home, but I hurried so that there wa'n't much time to think. It 's a dreadful long way to go with a horse. You have to go 'most as far as the old Bowden place, an' turn off to the left, a master long, rough road; an' then you have to turn right round as soon as you get there, if you mean to get home before nine o'clock at night. But to strike across country from here, there 's plenty o' time in the shortest day, and you can have a good hour or two's visit besides. 'Tain't but a very few miles, and it 's pretty all the way along. There used to be a few good families over there, but they 've died and scattered, so now she 's far from neighbors. There, she really cried, she was so glad to see anybody comin'. You 'll be amused to hear her talk about the Queen, but I thought twice or three times, as I set there, 't was about all the company she 'd got."

"Could we go day after to-morrow?" I asked.

"'T would suit me exactly," said Mrs. Todd.

II.

One can never be so certain of good New England weather as in the days when a long easterly storm has blown away the warm late-summer mists, and cooled the air so that however bright the sunshine is by day, the nights come nearer and nearer to frostiness. There was a cold freshness in the morning air when Mrs. Todd and I locked the house door behind us; we took the key of the fields into our own hands that day, and put

out across country as one puts out to sea. When we reached the top of the ridge behind the town, it seemed as if we had anxiously passed the harbor bar, and were comfortably in open sea at last.

"There, now!" proclaimed Mrs. Todd, taking a long breath. "Now I do feel safe. It's just the weather that's liable to bring somebody to spend the day. I've had a feeling of Mis' Elder Caplin from North Point bein' close upon me ever since I waked up this mornin', an' I did n't want to be hampered with our present plans. She's a great hand to visit; she'll be spendin' the day somewhere from now till Thanksgivin'; but there's plenty o' places at the Landin' where she goes, an' if I ain't there she'll just select another. I thought mother might be in, too, 't is so pleasant; but I run up the road to look off this mornin' before you was awake, and there was no sign o' the boat. If they had n't started by that time, they would n't start just as the tide is now; besides, I see a lot o' mackerelmen headin' Green Island way, and they'll detain William. No, we're safe now; an' if mother should be comin' in to-morrow, we'll have all this to tell her. She an' Mis' Abby Martin's very old friends."

We were walking down the long pasture slopes, toward the dark woods and thickets of the low ground. They stretched away northward like an unbroken wilderness; the early mists still dulled much of the color, and made the uplands beyond look like a very far-off country.

"It ain't so far as it looks from here," said my companion reassuringly; "but we've got no time to spare, either," and she hurried on, leading the way with a fine sort of spirit in her step. Presently we struck into the old Indian footpath, which could be plainly seen across the long-unploughed turf of the pastures, and followed it among the thick, low-growing spruces. There the ground was smooth and brown underfoot, and the

thin-stemmed trees held a dark and shadowy roof overhead. We walked a long way without speaking; sometimes we had to push aside the branches, and sometimes we walked in a broad aisle where the trees were larger. It was a solitary wood, birdless and beastless; there was not even a rabbit to be seen, or a crow high in air to break the silence.

"I don't believe the Queen ever saw such a lonesome trail as this," said Mrs. Todd, as if she followed the thoughts that were in my mind. Our visit to Mrs. Abby Martin seemed in some strange way to concern the high affairs of royalty. I had just been thinking of English landscapes, and of the solemn hills of Scotland with their lonely cottages and stone-walled sheepfolds, and the wandering flocks on high cloudy pastures. I had often been struck by the quick interest and familiar allusion to certain members of the royal house which one found in distant neighborhoods of New England. Whether some old instincts of personal loyalty have survived all changes of time and national vicissitudes, or whether it is only that the Queen's own character and disposition have won friends for her so far away, it is impossible to tell. But to hear of a twin sister was the most surprising proof of intimacy of all, and I must confess that there was something remarkably exciting to the imagination in my morning walk. To think of being presented at Court in the usual way was, for the moment, quite commonplace.

III.

Mrs. Todd was swinging her basket to and fro like a schoolgirl as she walked, and at this moment it slipped from her hand and rolled lightly along the ground. I picked it up and gave it to her, whereupon she lifted the cover and looked in with anxiety.

"Tis only a few little things, but I don't want to lose 'em," she explained

humbly. "'T was lucky you took the other basket if I was goin' to roll it round. Mis' Abby Martin complained o' lacking some pretty pink silk to finish one o' her little frames, an' I thought I'd carry her some, and I had a bunch o' gold thread that had been in a box o' mine this twenty year. I never was one to do much fancywork, but we're all liable to be swept away by fashion. And then there's a small packet o' very choice herbs that I gave a good deal of attention to; they'll smarten her up, and give her the best of appetites, come spring. She was tellin' me that spring weather is very wiltin' an' tryin' to her, and she was beginnin' to dread it already. Mother's just the same way. If I could prevail on mother to take some o' these remedies in good season, 't would make a world o' difference; but she gets all downhill before I have a chance to hear of it, and then William comes in to tell me, sighin' and bewailin' how feeble mother is. 'Why can't you remember 'bout them good herbs that I never let her be without?' I say to him,—he does provoke me so; and then off he goes, sulky enough, down to his boat. Next thing I know, she comes in to go to meetin', wantin' to speak to everybody and feelin' like a girl. Mis' Martin's case is very much the same, but she's nobody to watch her. William's kind o' slow-moulded, but there, any William's better than none when you get to be Mis' Martin's age."

"Had n't she any children?" I asked.

"Quite a number," replied Mrs. Todd grandly; "but some are gone, and the rest are married and settled. She never was a great hand to go about visitin'. I don't know but Mis' Martin might be called a little peculiar. Even her own folks has to make company of her: she never slips in and lives right along with the rest as if 't was at home, even in her own children's houses. I heard one o' her sons' wives say once she'd much rather have the Queen to spend the day,

if she could choose between the two; but I never thought Abby was so difficult as that. I used to love to have her come. She may have been sort o' ceremonious, but very pleasant and sprightly if you had sense enough to treat her her own way. I always think she'd know just how to live with great folks, and feel easier 'long of them an' their ways. Her son's wife's a great driver with farm work, boards a great tableful o' men in hayin'-time, an' feels right in her element. I don't say but she's a good woman an' smart, but sort o' rough. Anybody that's gentle-mannered an' precise like Mis' Martin would be a sort o' restraint.

"There's all sorts o' folks in the country, same's there is in the city," concluded Mrs. Todd gravely, and I as gravely agreed. The thick woods were behind us now, and the sun was shining clear overhead; the morning mists were gone, and a faint blue haze softened the distance; as we climbed the hill where we were to see the view it seemed like a summer day. There was an old house on the height, facing southward; a mere forsaken shell of an old house with empty windows that looked like blind eyes. The frost-bitten grass grew close about it like brown fur, and there was a single crooked bough of lilac holding its green leaves close by the door.

"We'll just have a good piece of bread an' butter now," said the commander of the expedition, "and then we'll hang up the basket on some peg inside the house, out o' the way o' the sheep, and have a han'some entertainment as we're comin' back. She'll be all through her little dinner when we get there, Mis' Martin will; but she'll want to make us some tea, an' we must have our visit, an' be startin' back pretty soon after two. I don't want to cross all that low ground again after it's begun to grow chilly. An' it looks to me as if the clouds might begin to gather late in the afternoon."

Before us lay a splendid world of sea and shore. The autumn colors brightened the landscape already; here and there at the edge of a dark tract of pointed firs stood a row of bright swamp maples like scarlet flowers. The blue sea and the great tide inlets were untroubled by the lightest winds.

"Poor land, this is," sighed Mrs. Todd, as we sat down to rest on the worn doorstep. "I've known three good hard-workin' families that come here full o' hope an' pride, and tried to make somethin' o' this farm, but it beat 'em all. There's one small field that's excellent for potatoes if you let half of it rest every year, but the land's always hungry. Now you see them little peaked-topped spruces an' fir balsams comin' up over the hill all green an' hearty; they've got it all their own way! Seems sometimes as if wild natur' got jealous over a certain spot, and wanted to do just as she'd a mind to. You'll see here; she'll do her own ploughin' an' harrowin' with frost an' wet, an' plant just what she wants, and wait for her own crops. Man can't do nothin' with it, try as he may. I tell you, those little trees means business!"

I looked down the slope, and felt as if we ourselves were likely to be surrounded and overcome if we lingered too long. There was a vigor of growth, a persistence and savagery about the sturdy little trees, that put weak human nature at complete defiance. One felt a sudden pity for the men and women who had been worsted after a long fight in that lonely place; one felt a sudden fear of the unconquerable immediate forces of nature, as acute as the irresistible moment of a thunderstorm.

"I can recollect the time when folks were shy o' those woods we just come through," said Mrs. Todd seriously. "The men folks themselves never'd venture into 'em alone; if their cattle got strayed, they'd collect whoever they could get and start off all together.

They said a person was liable to get bewildered in there alone, and in old times folks had been lost. I expect there was considerable fear left over from the old Indian times and the poor days o' witchcraft; anyway, I've seen bold men act kind o' timid. Some women o' the Asa Bowden family went out one afternoon berryin', when I was a girl, and got lost, and was out all night; they found 'em middle o' the mornin' next day, not half a mile from home, scared 'most to death, an' sayin' they'd heard wolves and other beasts sufficient for a caravan. Poor creatur's, they'd strayed at last into a kind of low place amongst some alders, an' one of 'em was so overset she never got over it, an' went off in a sort o' slow decline. 'T was like them victims that drowns in a foot o' water, but their minds did suffer dreadful. Some folks is born afraid of the woods and all wild places, but I must say they've always been like home to me."

I glanced at the resolute, confident face of my companion. Life was very strong in her, as if some force of nature were personified in this simple-hearted woman, and gave her cousinship to the ancient deities. She might have walked the primeval fields of Sicily; her strong gingham skirts might at that very moment bend the slender stalks of asphodel, and be fragrant with trodden thyme, instead of the brown wind-brushed grass of New England and frost-bitten golden-rod. She was a great soul, was Mrs. Todd, and I her humble follower, as we went our way to visit the Queen's Twin, leaving the bright view of the sea behind us, and descending to a lower countryside through the dry pastures and fields.

The farms all wore a look of gathering age, though the settlement was, after all, so young. The fences were already fragile, and it seemed as if the first impulse of agriculture had soon spent itself without hope of renewal. The better houses were always those that had

some hold upon the riches of the sea ; a house that could not harbor a fishing boat in some neighboring inlet was far from being sure of every-day comforts. The land alone was not enough to live upon in that stony region ; it belonged by right to the forest, and to the forest it fast returned. From the top of the hill where we had been sitting we had seen prosperity in the dim distance, where the land was good and the sun shone upon fat barns, and where warm-looking houses with three or four chimneys apiece stood high on their solid ridge above the bay.

As we drew nearer to Mrs. Martin's, it was sad to see what poor bushy fields, what thin and empty dwelling-places, had been left by those who had chosen this disappointing part of the northern country for their home. We crossed the last field and came into a narrow rain-washed road, and Mrs. Todd looked eager and expectant, and said that we were almost at our journey's end.

"I do hope Mis' Martin 'll ask you into her best room, where she keeps all the Queen's pictures. Yes, I think likely she will ask you ; but 'tain't everybody she deems worthy to visit 'em, I can tell you !" said Mrs. Todd warningly. "She 's been collectin' 'em an' cuttin' 'em out o' newspapers an' magazines time out o' mind ; and if she heard of anybody sailin' for an English port, she 'd contrive to get a little money to 'em and ask to have the last likeness there was. She 's 'most covered her best-room wall now : she keeps that room shut up sacred as a meetin'-house ! 'I won't say but I have my favorites amongst 'em,' she told me t'other day, 'but they 're all beautiful to me as they can be.' And she 's made some kind o' pretty little frames for 'em all. You know there 's always a new fashion o' frames comin' round : first 't was shellwork, and then 't was pine cones, and beadwork 's had its day, and now she 's much concerned with perforated cardboard worked with silk. I tell

you, that best room 's a sight to see ! But you must n't look for anything elegant," continued Mrs. Todd, after a moment's reflection. "Mis' Martin 's always been in very poor, strugglin' circumstances. She had ambition for her children, though they took right after their father an' had little for themselves ; she wa'n't over an' above well married, however kind she may see fit to speak. She 's been patient an' hard-workin' all her life, and always high above makin' mean complaints of other folks. I expect all this business about the Queen has buoyed her over many a shoal place in life. Yes, you might say that Abby 'd been a slave, but there ain't any slave but has some freedom."

IV.

Presently I saw a low gray house standing on a grassy bank close to the road. The door was at the side, facing us, and a tangle of snowberry bushes and cinnamon roses grew to the level of the window sills. On the doorstep stood a bent-shouldered little old woman. There was an air of welcome and of unmistakable dignity about her.

"She sees us coming !" exclaimed Mrs. Todd in an excited whisper. "There, I told her I might be over this way again, if the weather held good, and if I came I 'd bring you. She said right off she 'd take great pleasure in havin' a visit from you. I was surprised ; she 's usually so retirin'."

Even this reassurance did not quell a faint apprehension on our part ; there was something distinctly formal in the occasion, and one felt that consciousness of inadequacy which is never easy for the humblest pride to bear. On the way I had torn my dress in an unexpected encounter with a little thorn bush ; I could now imagine how it felt to be going to Court and forgetting one's feathers or Court train.

The Queen's Twin was oblivious of such trifles; she stood waiting with a calm look until we came near enough to take her kind hand. She was a beautiful old woman, with clear eyes and a lovely quietness and genuineness of manner; there was not a trace of anything pretentious about her, or high-flown, as Mrs. Todd would say comprehensively. Beauty in age is rare enough in women who have spent their lives in the hard work of a farmhouse; but autumn-like and withered as this woman may have looked, her features had kept, or rather gained, a great refinement. She led us into her old kitchen, and gave us seats, and took one of the little straight-backed chairs herself, and sat a short distance away, as if she were giving audience to an ambassador. It seemed as if we should all be standing; one could not help feeling that the habits of her life were more ceremonious, but that for the moment she assumed the simplicities of the occasion.

Mrs. Todd was always Mrs. Todd, — too great and self-possessed a soul for any occasion to ruffle. I admired her calmness, and presently the slow current of neighborhood talk carried us easily along; we spoke of the weather and the small adventures of the way, and then, as if I were after all not a stranger, our hostess turned almost affectionately to speak to me.

"The weather will be growing dark in London now. I expect that you've been in London, dear?" she said.

"Oh yes," I answered. "Only last year."

"It is a great many years since I was there; along in the forties," said Mrs. Martin. "'T was the only voyage I ever made. Most of my neighbors have been great travelers. My brother was master of a vessel, and his wife usually sailed with him; but that year she had a young child more frail than the others, and she dreaded the care of it at sea. It happened that my brother got a

chance for my husband to go as supercargo, being a good accountant, and came one day to urge him to take it. He was very ill disposed to the sea, but he had met with losses, and I saw my own opportunity and persuaded them both to let me go too. In those days they did n't object to a woman's being aboard to wash and mend; the voyages were sometimes very long. And that was the way I come to see the Queen."

Mrs. Martin was looking straight in my eyes, to see if I showed any genuine interest in the most interesting person in the world.

"Oh, I am glad you saw the Queen," I hastened to say. "Mrs. Todd has told me that you and she were born the very same day."

"We were indeed, dear," said Mrs. Martin, and she leaned back comfortably and smiled as she had not smiled before. Mrs. Todd gave a satisfied nod and glance, as if to say that things were going on as well as possible in this anxious moment.

"Yes," Mrs. Martin resumed, as she drew her chair a little nearer, "'t was a very remarkable thing: we were born the same day, and at exactly the same hour, after you allowed for all the difference in time. My father figured it out sea-fashion. Her Royal Majesty and I opened our eyes upon this world together: say what you may, 't is a bond between us."

Mrs. Todd assented with an air of triumph, and untied her hat strings and threw them back over her shoulders with a gallant air.

"And I married a man by the name of Albert, just the same as she did; and all by chance, for I did n't get the news that she had an Albert, too, till a fortnight afterward; news was slower coming then than it is now. My first baby was a girl, and I called her Victoria after my mate; but the next one was a boy, and my husband wanted the right to name him, and took his own name and

his brother Edward's; and pretty soon I saw in the paper that the little Prince o' Wales had been christened just the same. After that I made excuse to wait till I knew what she 'd named her children. I did n't want to break the chain, so I had an Alfred and my darling Alice that I lost long before she lost hers, and there I stopped. If I'd only had a dear daughter to stay at home with me, same's her youngest one, I should have been so thankful! But if only one of us could have a little Beatrice, I'm glad 't was the Queen; we've both seen trouble, but she's had the most care."

I asked Mrs. Martin if she lived alone all the year, and was told that she did except for a visit now and then from one of her grandchildren, "the only one that really likes to come an' stay quiet 'long o' grandma. She always says, quick as she's through her schoolin' she's goin' to live with me all the time. But she's very pretty an' has taking ways," said Mrs. Martin, looking both proud and wistful, "so I can tell nothing at all about it. Yes, I've been alone most o' the time since my Albert was taken away, and that's a great many years; he had a long time o' failing and sickness first." (Mrs. Todd's foot gave an impatient scuff on the floor.) "An' I've always lived right here. I ain't like the Queen's Majesty, for this is the only palace I've got," said the dear old thing, smiling again. "I'm glad of it, too. I don't like changing about, an' our stations in life are set very different. I don't require what the Queen does, but sometimes I've thought 't was left to me to do the plain things she don't have time for. I expect she's a beautiful housekeeper; nobody could n't have done better in her high place, and she's been as good a mother as she's been a queen."

"I guess she has, Abby," agreed Mrs. Todd instantly. "How was it you happened to get such a good look at her?"

I meant to ask you again when I was here t'other day."

"Our ship was layin' in the Thames, right there above Wapping. We was dischargin' cargo, and under orders to clear as quick as we could for Bordeaux to take on an excellent freight o' French goods," explained Mrs. Martin eagerly. "I heard that the Queen was goin' to a great review of her army, and would drive out o' her Buckin'ham Palace about ten o'clock in the mornin'; and I run aft to Albert, my husband, and brother Horace where they was standin' together by the hatchway, and told 'em they must one of 'em take me. They laughed, I was in such a hurry, and said they could n't go; and I found they meant it and got sort of impatient when I begun to talk, and I was 'most broken-hearted; 't was 'most all the reason I had for makin' that hard voyage. Albert could n't help often reproachin' me, for he did so resent the sea, an' I'd known how 't would be before we sailed; but I'd minded nothin' all the way till then, and I just crep' back to my cabin an' begun to cry. They was disappointed about their ship's cook, an' I'd cooked for fo'c's'le an' cabin myself all the way over; 't was dreadful hard work, 'specially in rough weather; we'd had head winds an' a six weeks' voyage. They'd acted sort of ashamed o' me when I pled so to go ashore, an' that hurt my feelin's most of all. But Albert come below pretty soon. I'd never given way so in my life, an' he begun to act frightened, and treated me gentle, just as he did when we was goin' to be married; an' when I got over sobbin' he went on deck an' saw Horace an' talked it over what they could do; they really had their duty to the vessel, and could n't be spared that day. Horace was real good when he understood everything, an' he come an' told me I'd more than worked my passage, an' was goin' to do just as I liked now we was in port. He'd engaged a cook, too, that was comin' aboard that mornin',

and he was goin' to send the ship's carpenter with me, a nice fellow from up Thomaston way; he 'd gone to put on his shore clothes as quick 's he could. So then I got ready, and we started off in the small boat and rowed up river. I was afraid we were too late, but the tide was setting up very strong, and we landed an' left the boat to a keeper, and I run all the way up those great streets and across a park. 'T was a great day, with sights o' folks everywhere, but 't was just as if they was nothin' but wax images to me. I kep' askin' my way, an' runnin' on, with the carpenter comin' after as best he could; and just as I worked to the front o' the crowd by the palace the gates was flung open and out she came, — all prancin' horses and shinin' gold, — and in a beautiful carriage there she sat: 't was a moment o' heaven to me. I saw her plain, and she looked right at me so pleasant and happy, just as if she knew there was somethin' different between us from other folks."

There was a moment when the Queen's Twin could not go on, and neither of her listeners could ask a question.

"Prince Albert was sitting right beside her in the carriage," she continued. "Oh, he was a beautiful man. Yes, dear, I saw 'em both together, just as I see you now; and then she was gone out o' sight in another minute, and the common crowd was all spread over the place, pushin' an' cheerin'. 'T was some kind o' holiday, an' the carpenter and I got separated, an' then I found him again after I did n't think I should, an' he was all for makin' a day of it and goin' to show me all the sights, — he 'd been in London before; but I did n't want nothin' else, an' we went back through the streets down to the waterside an' took the boat. I remember I mended an old coat o' my Albert's as good as I could, sittin' in the sun on the quarter deck all that afternoon, and 't was all as if I was livin' in a lovely dream. I don't know how to explain it, but there has n't been

no friend I 've felt so near to me ever since."

One could not say much, only listen. Mrs. Todd put in a discerning question now and then, and Mrs. Martin's eyes shone brighter and brighter as she talked. What a lovely gift of imagination and true affection was in this fond old heart! I looked about the plain New England kitchen, with its wood-smoked walls, its homely braided rugs on the worn floor, and all its simple furnishings. The loud-ticking clock seemed to encourage us to speak. At the other side of the room was an early newspaper portrait of Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. On a shelf below were some flowers in a little glass dish, as if they were put before a shrine.

"If I could have had more to read, I should have known 'most everything about her," said Mrs. Martin wistfully. "I 've made the most of what I did have, and thought it over and over till it came clear. I sometimes seem to have her all my own, as if we 'd lived right together. I 've often walked out into the woods alone and told her what my troubles was, and it always seemed as if she told me 't was all right, an' we must have patience. I 've got her beautiful book about the Highlands, — 't was dear Mis' Todd here that found out about her printing it, and got a copy for me; and it's been a treasure to my heart, just as if 't was written right to me. I always read it Sundays now for my Sunday treat. Before that I used to have to imagine a good deal; but when I come to read her book, I knew what I expected was all true. We do think alike about so many things," said the Queen's Twin, with affectionate certainty. "You see, there is something between us, being born just at the same time: 't is what they call a birthright. She's had great tasks put upon her, being the Queen, an' mine has been the humble lot; but she's done the best she could, nobody can say to the contrary, and there's something

between us; she's been the great lesson I've had to live by. She's been everything to me. An' when she had her Jubilee, oh, how my heart was with her!"

"There, 't would n't play the part in her life it has in mine," said Mrs. Martin generously, in answer to something one of her listeners had said. "Sometimes I think, now she's older, she might like to know about us. When I think how few old friends anybody has left at our age, I suppose it may be just the same with her as it is with me; perhaps she would like to know how we came into life together. But I've had a great advantage in seeing her, an' I can always fancy her goin' on while she don't know nothin' yet about me, — except she may feel my love stayin' her heart sometimes, an' not know just where it comes from. An' I dream about our being together out in some pretty fields, young as ever we was, and holdin' hands as we walk along. I'd like to know if she ever has that dream, too. I used to have days when I made believe she did know, an' was comin' to see me," confessed the speaker shyly, with a little flush on her cheeks, "and I'd plan what I could have nice for supper; and I was n't goin' to let anybody know she was here havin' a good rest, except I'd wish you, Almira Todd, or dear Mis' Blackett would happen in, for you'd know just how to talk with her. You see, she likes to be up in Scotland, right out in the wild country, better than she does anywhere else."

"I'd really love to take her out to see mother at Green Island," said Mrs. Todd, with a sudden impulse.

"Oh yes, I should love to have you," answered Mrs. Martin, and then she began to speak in a lower tone. "One day I got thinkin' so about my dear Queen," she said, "an' livin' so in my thoughts, that I went to work an' got all ready for her, just as if she was really comin'. I never told this to a livin' soul before, but I feel you'll understand. I

put my best fine sheets and blankets I spun an' wove myself, on her bed, and I picked some pretty flowers and put 'em all round the house; an' I worked as hard an' happy as I could all day, and had as nice a supper ready as I could get, sort of tellin' myself a story all the time. She was comin', an' I was goin' to see her again, an' I kep' it up until nightfall; an' when I see the dark an' it come to me I was all alone, the dream left me, an' I sat down on the doorstep an' felt all foolish an' tired. An' if you'll believe it, I heard steps comin', an' an old cousin o' mine come wanderin' along, one I was apt to be shy of. She was n't all there, as folks used to say, but harmless enough, and a kind of poor old talking body. An' I went right to meet her when I first heard her call, 'stead o' hidin', as I sometimes did, an' she come in dreadful willin', an' we set down to supper together; 't was a supper I should have had no heart to eat alone."

"I don't believe she ever had such a splendid time in her life as she did then. I heard her tell all about it afterward!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd compassionately. "There, now I hear all this, it seems just as if the Queen might have known, and could n't come herself, so she sent that poor old creatur' that was always in need!"

Mrs. Martin looked timidly at Mrs. Todd, and then at me. "'T was childish o' me to go an' get supper," she confessed.

"I guess you wa'n't the first one to do that," said Mrs. Todd. "No, I guess you wa'n't the first one who's got supper that way, Abby" — and then for a moment she could say no more.

Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Martin had moved their chairs a little, so that they faced each other, and I, at one side, could see them both.

"No, you never told me o' that before, Abby," said Mrs. Todd gently. "Don't it show that, for folks that have any fancy in 'em, such beautiful dreams is

the real part o' life? But to most folks the common things that happens outside 'em is all in all."

Mrs. Martin did not appear to understand at first, strange to say, when the secret of her heart was put into words; then a glow of pleasure and comprehension shone upon her face. "Why, I believe you 're right, Almira!" she said, and turned to me.

"Would n't you like to look at my pictures of the Queen?" she asked, and we rose and went into the best room.

V.

The midday visit seemed very short. September hours are brief to match the shortening days. The great subject was dismissed for a while after our visit to the Queen's pictures, and my companions spoke much of lesser persons until we drank the cup of tea which Mrs. Todd had foreseen. I happily remembered that the Queen herself is said to like a proper cup of tea, and this at once seemed to make her Majesty kindly join so remote and reverent a company.

Mrs. Martin's thin cheeks took on a pretty color like a girl's. "Somehow, I always have thought of her when I made it extra good," she said. "I've got a real china cup that belonged to my grandmother, and I believe I shall call it hers now."

"Why don't you?" responded Mrs. Todd warmly, with a delightful smile.

Later they spoke of a promised visit which was to be made in the Indian summer to the Landing and Green Island; but I observed that Mrs. Todd presented the little parcel of dried herbs, with full directions, for a cure-all in the spring, as if there were no real chance of their meeting again first. As we looked back from the turn of the road the Queen's Twin was still standing on the doorstep watching us away, and Mrs. Todd stopped and stood still for a moment before she waved her hand again.

"There's one thing certain, dear," she said to me, with great discernment: "it ain't as if we left her all alone!"

Then we set out upon our long way home, over the hill where we lingered in the afternoon sunshine, and through the dark woods across the heron swamp.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

GASPAR OF THE BLACK LE MARCHANDS.

THE very heart of the green Acadian land was Grand Pré, village of apples and willows. Behind it rose the long, moderate slopes of Gaspereau Ridge, blue-patched in summer with blossoming flax fields, but in late autumn softly crimsoned with the stalks of the ripening buckwheat. Past the eastern skirt of the village ebbled and flowed tumultuously the yellow currents of Gaspereau stream, filling with noise the red mud chasm of their channel. In front lay outrolled the treasure of Grand Pré,—the fruitful marshes which her dyke-

builders had patiently reclaimed from the sea. Beyond the marshes, gnawing with sleepless depredation at the dykes, rose and fell the huge gray tides of Minas, the unstable among waters; and beyond Minas stood the looming purple bastion of Blomidon. West of the village flourished a thick beech wood, stretching over toward the mouth of the river Habitants; and there by the river, part of Grand Pré, yet set apart from her, was the little settlement of the Black Le Marchands, with its barley and flax fields hewn from the beech wood, its snug

acreage of dyke marsh snatched from the Habitants tide.

The Le Marchand men were dark, even for Acadians. Unlike their fellows, they were of Basque rather than Normandy or Picardy blood. Swarthy of skin, black-haired, black-bearded, and with heavy coal-black eyebrows meeting over the nose, they well deserved their name "the Black Le Marchands." Blackest of all, a Le Marchand of the Le Marchands, was Gaspar, son of Pierre, — save that he went with cheek and chin clean-shaven, and his eyes, instead of being black, had the cool, invincible hue of dark steel. The cottage next the beech wood, just where the Grand Pré trail emerged, was Gaspar's, — a low white cottage, with widely overhanging eaves, door and window frames stained to a slate color with a wash of lime and wood ash, and squat apple trees gathered about it. Here, with his mother and his boy brother Pierrot, lived Gaspar, and kept, as it were, the gates of the Le Marchands. Young though he was, — but two and twenty, — his level eyes and visibly resolute mouth made him much of a force among his kinsmen.

The red after light of autumn sunset, shooting low over the tide and the marshes, poured into the west windows of the cottage and dimmed the blaze on the great kitchen hearth. The smooth dark wood of the walls and the low ceiling warmly reflected it. It lit the bunches of herbs and strings of onions hanging from the beams. It played cheerily over the polished crockery — yellow and brown and blue and gray — on the dresser shelves. It threw a pinkish flush on the sanded floor, and on the well-whitened table whereat sat Gaspar and Pierrot. It laughed upon the happy, expectant face of the boy, whose eyes were intent on his mother, as she bent her broad, homespun-clad form over the pot swung in the fireplace; but upon Gaspar's face it only brought out the lines of anxious annoyance.

There was no sound in the kitchen but the crisp sputtering of the hot lard in the pot. Mistress Le Marchand dexterously dipped out a dish of little brown crescent-shaped cakes, steaming and savory to smell. Carrying them to the dresser, she dusted them with powdered maple sugar. There she left them, the loadstone of Pierrot's eyes, while from two covered dishes by the fire she fetched a baked shad and a pile of hot barley cakes. This portion of the meal was to be dealt with before Pierrot should be let loose upon the hot cookies. She seated herself opposite her two sons, and her round, hot, gentle face turned beaming from one to the other; but it grew troubled at Gaspar's gloom.

"What is it?" she asked in the old Normandy dialect which prevailed among the Acadians.

"The Black Abbé!" answered Gaspar sententiously, breaking his barley cake into a bowl of milk.

"Well, and what of him, Gaspar?" inquired the dame mildly.

"Just this, mother," said the young man, looking up, his black brows one straight frown across his face: "he is in Grand Pré, and on his way to see me, according to what I have just heard from yellow Ba'tiste at the ferry."

"But — but what can the good father want with you, my son?" asked the mother tremulously.

"You call him good to ward off his evil, mother," replied Gaspar, with a short laugh. "Well, it's no harm to try. But I fear he has heard I am not hot enough against the English to suit him. No knowing what he may have heard. There is like to be trouble for us out of this visit!"

"Oh, don't anger him, my son!" pleaded his mother, growing white and worried.

"Why are you not hot against the English, Gaspar?" asked Pierrot in a tone of rebuke. "Are they not our enemies? Have they not trampled us

down, and torn us from our own king? Are we not *French*, Gaspar?"

"You don't know what you are talking about, boy!" retorted Gaspar, with the wonted gentle patience of the elder brother.

"Don't I!" cried the lad indignantly, his eyes flaming. "Oh, but when I am old enough I won't stay here, grub-grub-grubbing; but I'll go to Quebec and fight for France, for King Louis, and for the Golden Lilies."

A rare smile softened the harshness of Gaspar's face.

"I spoke in haste, because I am troubled," said he. "Only a brief while back I thought as you do now, Pierrot; and I like your spirit, too. But look! Years ago France *sold* us to the English, to purchase peace! We belong to England. These years she has ruled us better than we were ever ruled before, and we have prospered; nevertheless, we have been forever troublesome and a thorn in her side."

"I should hope so!" interrupted Pierrot scornfully.

"But she has been patient and never punished us, and let us have our own way; and we have waxed fat under her care. You and I, Pierrot, are born under the English flag! Consider that. It is hard to see one's duty clearly. Think of what the Black Abbé has made us do, — things to make us ashamed of the name of Frenchmen! Think of the massacre of sleeping women and children at Dartmouth! Think of the good and brave Howe, murdered by La Garne's savages under a flag of truce!"

The boy was taken aback for a moment; then he cried passionately, "One bad priest could not make me turn against my country!"

"I say, now, it is hard to know what *is* our country," said Gaspar, earnest in his argument. "We are born English, some will say. Yet we are surely not English. France we love, but she cast us off, and now tries to make a cat's-paw

of us, or else forgets us and leaves us to the mercies of Quebec. Oh, Quebec! There's rottenness for you. You don't want to go there, Pierrot. There, New France is being betrayed, murdered. There, Bigot, the great thief, the prince of cheats, fattens himself and his crew on the people, and sucks his country's blood. The people are crushed with wicked taxes, Pierrot. They groan and starve there. And then look at us, the English ruling us, and plenty in our houses, and no misery save what Quebec and the Black Abbé make for us. Look at it, Pierrot. No, it is clear we have no country, we, save this good, kindly Acadian land. Let us be true to Acadie."

The door behind the speaker opened suddenly.

"A very proper sentiment, if properly understood, Gaspar Le Marchand," came a strident, authoritative voice, and a lean figure in a black cassock upgirt for marching strode into the room. The face of the newcomer, though almost grotesque by reason of its long, bulbous-tipped nose, was never known to excite derision. The chin and mouth were too fanatically domineering, too much of power spoke in the bitter, narrow-set, piercing pale eyes, to make pleasantry easy for the bravest.

Mistress Le Marchand sprang up in a flutter, ran around the table, sank on her knees, and besought a blessing. Rather doubtfully, Pierrot followed his mother's example. But Gaspar merely arose, bowed respectfully, and asked the visitor to be seated.

"I heard that you were on your way hither, sir," said he, "and in part expected that you might honor us."

"A guilty conscience, I fear," replied the grim priest, dismissing the woman and the boy with a somewhat perfunctory benediction. "I will not sit down in your house, Gaspar Le Marchand, till I know if it be the house of a loyal man."

"Be seated, then, Father La Garne," said Gaspar, with a cool civility. "My

conscience is at ease, — I confessed to good Father Fafard last Sunday ; and I am a loyal man according to my lights.”

La Garne’s lips became thin with anger, and his voice took on a menacing edge.

“Hark you !” said he. “You speak well of the English, and ill of the authorities at Quebec. Is this true ?”

“Would you have me speak well of Monsieur the Intendant, sir ?” asked Gaspar, unsmiling, but with irony under his tongue.

“Speak of him not at all, then,” snapped La Garne. “But what of the other charge ?”

“I must confess, sir, I have remarked upon the forbearance of these English, and upon their moderate rule,” answered Gaspar firmly.

The Black Abbé looked at him with a long, silent scrutiny, under which Pi-errot trembled and Mistress Le Marchand began to sob. But Gaspar’s black brows took it serenely.

“So much an enemy may concede,” said La Garne at last, in a voice grown smooth, as was ever his wont when most dangerous. “But you are young, and not yet quite resolute to follow the path of duty, my son. I must strengthen you, I perceive. You must choose here, now, between France and England.”

“Under what compulsion, sir ?” asked Gaspar, very civilly, though a flush glowed under the swart tan of his face.

“Do you need to ask, my young friend ?” inquired La Garne, almost tenderly, but still standing. “My faithful Micmaes are with me. Remember how difficult it is, at times, to restrain their zeal for France, their rage against traitors. Beaubassin, luckless village, defied them — and alas, Beaubassin is not ! This is a pleasant home of yours, my son. It were pity, indeed, if they should turn their zealous indignation against this house. Yet a lesson would not be amiss in these parts !”

There was dead silence for a moment

in the room ; then Gaspar Le Marchand laughed aloud. La Garne eyed him with angry amazement.

“I can see a corner,” said Gaspar, “when I am in it !”

“What do you mean ?” asked La Garne curtly. He liked not riddles save of his own propounding.

“I had hoped but to till my fields here, and not meddle,” replied Gaspar, with an air of resignation. “But since I must choose, I have chosen. Even if I loved the English, which I don’t ; even if I were cold toward France, which I am not, my choice would be the same. I am for France, sir.” The Black Abbé sat down ; but Gaspar continued : “I am for France, of a surety. Your arm, Father La Garne, is long and nimble. The arm of the English governor at Halifax is not so long, and it moves very slowly. Nevertheless, it may be long enough to reach you, sir, some day. Report says it gropes for you very zealously.”

“You have chosen with discretion,” said La Garne ; “but the manner of your choice is something lacking in the reverence due to your superiors. It were well to amend that, perhaps.”

Gaspar promptly seated himself, and fixed his cool gray eyes on the eyes of the priest.

“Do not push me too hard,” said he significantly. “You have now my obedience. Do not demand what it may be difficult for me to give.”

“You are right !” exclaimed this singular Churchman, springing up, and speaking with evident sincerity. “Your obedience is necessary for the cause ; your reverence, — that would be to me as a man. Who am I that I should demand it ? I am but the humble instrument.” His eyes gleamed with a fanatical brilliancy. “But look you, Gaspar Le Marchand,” he went on, drawing himself up and stretching out his arm solemnly, “this land of Acadie shall again shine among the rich jewels of the crown of

France; and this hand of mine, mark you, this hand of mine shall place it there!"

With this he strode to the door, and a look of deep relief came upon the countenances of his hearers. But at the door he stopped. He turned. He came back to the table. His whole demeanor had changed. His mouth wore a smile of caustic irony.

"I was forgetting," said he, "the chief part of my purpose. Your conversion, my son (upon which I had counted, indeed), was perhaps something sudden. I will fortify you in it. You shall signally serve France, and that at once."

Gaspar bowed his readiness, betraying neither anxiety nor reluctance. He was not one to spoil a gift by grudging.

"A band of my faithful followers will set out to-night for the Isthmus," continued La Garne, scrutinizing Gaspar's face. "They go on a grave enterprise, of great moment to the fortunes of this land, and they will be strengthened by your presence. You shall go with them, my son, that I may thereafter feel assured of you."

"And the enterprise?" asked Gaspar.

"There are some English settlers to be discouraged," answered La Garne grimly. "You will know more when the time comes, my son. You will clothe yourself and paint yourself as an Indian, of course. Be ready at moonrise."

"It is not war, this," protested the young man.

"What have we to do with war?" sneered the visitor. "It is victory we need! Are you with us or against us, Gaspar Le Marchand?"

"I will be ready," replied Gaspar, with indifference; and the Black Abbé, turning abruptly, departed without a word.

"Eat your supper, Pierrot," ordered Gaspar. "I have work for you." And the boy, with a white and frightened face, did as he was bidden. Gaspar went on with his meal in silence, his black brows

lowering over his eyes. His mother sat sobbing.

"Oh, my boy, my Gaspar, you will be killed!" she exclaimed brokenly, after a few minutes.

"Nonsense, mother! It's not that," said the young man. "There's no danger for me."

"What is it, then, Gaspar?" she asked, drying her eyes.

He looked at her in wonder.

"It means," he answered presently, "that some harmless English settlers are to be murdered in their beds by the Black Abbé's red devils, and that I am to take a hand in it, in order that it may be impossible for me ever after to expect any mercy from Halifax."

"Why do you go, then?" demanded the boy indignantly, his ardor for France much diminished.

"Because," replied Gaspar, "rather those strangers than my mother and my brother. La Garne and his power are *here*. If I defied him, this house would be ashes and you homeless, perhaps worse, this very night. Slow, slow and stupid are the English," he went on, flaming into sudden anger. "Why do they not shield those of us who wish to live at peace and obey their laws? We are ground to dust between the upper and the lower stone. Let them look to themselves. Nevertheless, I will warn them. Slip you out, now, Pierrot, down back of the barn and into the cover of the wood; and run, run your best to Father Fafard. Tell him to get word to the English at Piziquid that a raid is afoot against one of the English settlements. *Vite!*"

The boy, pleased at the weighty errand, was off noiselessly in a moment, despite his mother's tearful attempt to stop him.

"He's like a shadow. Don't be afraid, mother," said the elder brother reassuringly, hasting to finish his meal. "Come and eat, for there's much to be done after."

Late that night, when the moon, shapeless and withering, crept up over the fringed line of the beech woods, the Black Abbé came again to the door of Gaspar's cottage. He was met in silence by a painted, leathern-legged young warrior, whose steady eyes met his with a cold, gray gleam. La Garne was too hot a fanatic, too dominant and domineering, to be a discernor of men's minds. He was satisfied with his taciturn consort.

"Come," he said, leading the way to the river, where the canoes lay at the brink of the full tide.

The night fell dark over the marshes of Main-à-Dieu. The half dozen new cottages of the English settlers showed no glimmer of candlelight from their windows. Secure in the neighborhood of Fort Lawrence, not ten miles distant, and happy in the fertility of their new lands, proved by the rich harvest just garnered, the settlers slept the sound sleep of those who rise at dawn to work with their hands.

The raiding party had made their journey from Grand Pré, by canoe and trail, in three days. Haste was not urgent, or they might have done it in less time. It wanted some hours of moonrise when they came upon the first rail fence of the Main-à-Dieu fields.

Gaspar's heart sank as he perceived that there had been no warning, — that Pierrot's errand to Father Fafard had been in vain. A minute more and the cabins were surrounded, with no sound but here and there a hushed rustling, like the wind among dead leaves. A dog barked, but the bark ended abruptly in a whining sob.

Then, in three or four places, little flickers of flame appeared, punctuating the dark. In a second the rolls of white birch bark flared up vividly, and were set to stack and barn. At the same instant every door was beaten in, windows went to pieces with a shivering crash,

and the cruel yell of the Miamaes, wolfish, appalling, rose over the sudden glare, wavered in long-drawn cadence, and stopped. After what seemed to Gaspar an interminably prolonged silence, shrieks, oaths, and shouting broke out within the cabins.

At first he had stood inactive, sick with pity and impotence; but at this first sign of living humanity in the dark cottages Gaspar made up his mind what to do. The largest of the houses was just before him. Springing through the open door, he stumbled over two prone and writhing figures in the passage. The glare from the stacks showed him a painted Miamac and a white man in his shirt, locked in a death grip. This was no affair of his. He slipped past, darted up a narrow stairway, and found himself before two doors, one open and one shut. To the shut one he turned, with a flash of thought that here, perhaps, he might be in time.

The door was bolted, but snapped open as his shoulder surged against it; and he paused upon the threshold.

The little room was brilliantly alight from a blaze of hay just before the window. Against one wall was a low bed. He had a vision of a young girl starting up from the pillow, her great eyes wide with fear, her face whitely gleaming from a wild glory of red-gold hair. A cry froze on her lips, and she clutched at the blankets as if to try to hide some small form that lay between her and the wall.

At this moment, another door, opposite to Gaspar, burst open, and a savage darted in. His fierce black eyes fell on the bed, and with a whoop he pounced forward, scalping knife in hand. The girl covered, shuddering, and hid her face.

But Gaspar was there as soon as the savage. With his left hand he caught the uplifted wrist, and the stroke never fell. Under the raised arm his long knife shot home to the hilt, driven hotly. The

redskin dropped, with a deep, gasping grunt.

Gaspar rolled the limp body under the bed. The girl, who had looked up in time to see the end of the swift encounter, was gazing at him in bewilderment.

"Quick, mademoiselle! Get up! Come! There'll be others here on the instant!" He ordered sharply, thrusting into her hands a heavy woolen skirt which lay on a chair near by.

She had her wits about her in a moment.

"No," she answered. "Save *him* if you can!" and pulling aside the coverings she showed him a rosy child asleep beside her.

Gaspar's jaw set like iron.

"Jesu-Marie!" he vowed between his teeth, "I will save you both. But it will be hard! Come! Come!" And hastily rolling the little one in the blanket, he snatched him up and turned to the door by which he had entered. The girl, meanwhile, had slipped small white feet into the shoes which lay by the bed, thrown on the skirt deftly, flung a quilt over her head and shoulders, and was at his side without a further word. Even in that desperate moment Gaspar gloried in her self-control.

"How our women would have been shrieking!" he said to himself.

The bundle on his left arm began to squirm awkwardly, and muffled cries came from within it. He turned, and thrust it into the girl's arms.

"Keep him quiet!" he muttered, — though in truth there seemed little need of silence, for the red night was one quivering horror of yells, shrieks, and curses, penetrated sharply with a musket shot now and then. As the girl took the child a brief lull in the uproar let her hear deep groans from a neighboring room.

"Oh, that is my uncle's room!" she gasped, beginning to tremble violently, and leaning against the wall. But in a second she was firm again, and followed steadily with the child in her arms.

At the foot of the stairs opened a small, windowless closet; and into this, perceiving the approach of several savages by the front door, Gaspar pushed his charges. He took his stand in the entrance, leaning indifferently against the doorpost. His musket, hitherto unused, its one charge guarded for a supreme emergency, rested in his left arm. His right hand lay on the handle of his sheathed knife.

"Huh?" grunted the foremost savage inquiringly, while the others passed on. He peered over Gaspar's shoulder into the thick shadows of the closet. Then he attempted to push past, but the young man's elbow, jerked forward ungentily, balked him. The savage grunted again with resentment, and half raised his hatchet; but Gaspar's cold gaze made him hesitate.

"*My* business, brother! Go on!" was the curt command; and after an angry pause the redskin followed his fellows up the stairs.

The moment he disappeared Gaspar turned, clutched the girl's arm, and dragged her at a run out of the door, into the lurid street. There he paused; and they walked, as if there were no need of haste, straight down the middle of the street. A savage in the doorway opposite eyed them curiously, but, not recognizing Gaspar in his war paint, supposed his brother savage knew his business. Then three yelling redskins ran past, hard on the heels of a half-naked and unarmed white man, who fled with chalk face and mad eyes of horror. As they passed, one of the redskins aimed a slash at the girl with his knife; but his arm was caught by Gaspar with a wrench that nearly snapped it, and with a cry of pain and astonishment he ran on, not stopping to investigate the mystery.

A minute more and the fugitives found themselves opposite a lane which led down between some burning outbuildings to a spur of thick woodland. Here they turned; but as they did so two savages

stepped out from the nearest house, to which they had set fire, and stood squarely in their path. Simultaneously they caught at the bundle in the girl's arms. But quick as a flash Gaspar swept her behind him.

"Mine!" said he curtly and coolly, warning them off with a gesture. "Have a care, brothers."

"Huh! Chief Cope say no captives this time!" said one of the savages, while the other stood irresolute.

"But *I* say captives," rejoined Gaspar in a haughty voice. "If Chief Cope objects, he can talk to me by and by. I am Gaspar Le Marchand, and am minding my business. Go you about yours, brothers."

The two savages looked at each other, and then at Gaspar's steady eyes confronting them.

"We want our share, brother," grumbled the spokesman.

"You shall have that, — the scalp money!" replied Gaspar, with a sneer. "One livre tournois to each of you I will pay. Come to me for it, at Grand Pré, when you will."

"How we know? The French lie, sometimes, eh what?" objected the savage.

"The Black Le Marchands don't lie," answered Gaspar sternly. "I will pay you. Go!"

And they went, judging this Frenchman one ill to thwart. Gaspar fetched a deep breath of relief as he led the girl with her silent burden down the lane, safe out of the glaring exposure of the street. The heat was stifling as they passed between the blazing sheds, but he judged the worst of the peril was behind him. From a noticeable change in the character of the shouts and yells which still rent the air, he knew that certain supplies of potent New England rum had been discovered, and that for a time the raiders would have other things than dry pursuit to think of.

But he congratulated himself too soon.

One pair of vindictive eyes, at least, had seen him turn into the lane, and had been concerned that Chief Cope's order, "All scalps; no captives," should be enforced. The girl's quick ear caught a footfall behind her. She glanced back, and sudden as light swung herself, with a warning cry, around in front of her protector. Gaspar wheeled in his tracks and faced a huge savage, whose knife dripped blood still steaming.

For several seconds the two eyed each other in silence. But Gaspar could not waste time.

"I don't want to kill you!" said he, no longer cool and masterful, but beginning to lose himself in rage. "Don't interfere with me. Be off!"

Losing control of himself, he lost control of his opponent.

"Ugh!" snarled the savage. "Acadian no good!" and made a lightning pass at him. But Gaspar had the eye and hand which work quicker than the brain can order them. Ere that stroke formed itself he swerved lithely, and the muzzle of his musket, shooting upward, caught the redskin just below the chin. His head and both hands flew up; and as he staggered backward Gaspar swung the butt in a short circle so that it fetched him terrifically in the ribs.

"That fellow will not trouble us any further," he explained to the girl, as he eyed the painted heap in the gutter. Less than a minute more and they were within the shadow of the ancient woods.

The girl sank, half fainting, at the foot of a tree, but Gaspar pulled her to her feet.

"No, no," he muttered sternly, "you must not break down now! You have been wonderful, wonderfully brave and strong, mademoiselle; but you must keep it up. We may be followed. We must get away this instant!"

"Yes, I will be strong. I will do anything you bid me, sir," she answered, leaning upon him for a moment, but still firmly clutching the child, who mean-

while had got his little yellow head from the smother of blanket, and was watching Gaspar with round, blue, wondering eyes.

"I'll carry him now," said Gaspar; and the little fellow came to him readily, laughing, and rubbing the paint from his cheek with delighted fingers.

"You take the musket," he continued. "Could you use it at need, mademoiselle — or — *not* madame?"

"No, not madame," she answered, the faintest color returning to her white cheek. "He is my little cousin, — alas, an orphan now, as I have been since a child like him! But as for this," — and she examined the musket with a brave face, — "yes, I can use it, sir; and will fight beside you, if you will let me. But how do you come to be among those fiends, and painted as one of them? Oh no, — why do I ask questions, instead of just thanking God on my knees that you *were* among them!"

She knelt, but was up again ere Gaspar could bid her take a more convenient season for her devotions. Through the woods they pressed breathlessly, till first the babel behind them died out, and at last the glare of the burning grew dim; and then, with the earliest rose of dawn, they came out upon the marshes, and saw, not half a league away, the low ramparts of Fort Lawrence.

As they journeyed, now at an easier pace, Gaspar's eyes could not keep themselves from the strangely clad but wholly bewildering figure at his side. Her calm, her marvelous courage, the confidence of her white, fine-chiseled face, the wonder of her hair aglow in the early light, were a revelation of unguessed woman-

hood to him. His brain fumed with a thousand plans, but his tongue was wisely dumb.

At last they reached the foot of a gentle slope, some half mile from the fort gates; and here Gaspar stopped.

"I will watch you safely in, mademoiselle," said he, putting the child back into her arms and taking his musket. "But" —

"My name is Ruth, sir," she interrupted. "You have not asked it, but I hope you will remember it a little while. Ruth Allison, sir."

Gaspar's gray eyes flamed upon her, and his speech grew stammering.

"Ruth — I mean mademoiselle," he cried — "I will not go up to the fort now, because I should be detained for explanations, and I must make the utmost haste back to Grand Pré. I must get my house sold, and take my mother and young brother to a place of safety, before the Black Abbé gets wind of my part in this night's work. Then I must see you again, mademoiselle, to ask if you — if you and the little one — who seems to love me, I think — are recovered after these horrors. You will stay here, will you not? And I may come, may I not?"

"Surely, I should be grieved indeed if your interest in those you have saved were not enough to bring you, sir," she answered simply. "And for your noble courage, your splendid — Oh, sir, how can I find words for such generosity? God will surely reward you!"

"I pray, mademoiselle," said Gaspar in a low voice, turning to go, "that you will not leave my reward altogether to God."

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE INDIAN ON THE RESERVATION.

WHEN an Indian tribe had given up fighting, surrendered to the whites, and taken up a reservation life, its position was that of a group of men in the stone age of development, suddenly brought into contact with modern methods, and required on the instant to renounce all they had ever been taught and all they had inherited; to alter their practices of life, their beliefs, and their ways of thought; and to conform to manners and ways representing the highest point reached by civilization. It is beyond the power of our imagination to grasp the actual meaning to any people of such a condition of things. History records no similar case with which we can compare it. And if it is hard for us to comprehend such a situation, what must it have been for the savage to understand it, and, still more, to act it out?

On no two reservations was life precisely the same, yet on all of them it was the same in this: that it was different from old times; that the people no longer came and went at their own pleasure, but were confined by metes and bounds, and were subject to the orders of persons whom they themselves had not chosen to obey as chiefs. With the irksomeness of confinement came a change in physical conditions and health. The toils of the warpath and the hunting trail had ceased. Men who had been active in all the ordinary pursuits of their earlier life had now no occupation. They took no exercise, but sat about grieving over the good old times which were gone, and brooding over the present.

Cut off from their old free life of roving hunters, the Indians were forced to endure an existence without interest or occupation, and to see their people, old and young, dying about them faster than they had ever died in former days.

They saw before them no prospect save of an indefinite continuance of the same state of things. They had nothing to look forward to nor anything to hope for. They were like men sentenced to life imprisonment, with blank walls all about them, — walls which they could never hope to pass. Yet, as the years went by, the Indians grew more or less accustomed to these miseries and felt them less acutely, though to the older men and women memory still made life a bitter thing. But the people came to regard the hardships as unavoidable, and accepted them with a sad stoicism as a part of the new and incomprehensible situation.

The Indians had been brought to a reservation and were to be civilized. Let us see how they were handled, — what sort of men were set to instruct these grown-up children; to persuade, to urge, and to command them to do white men's work; to perform the difficult and delicate task of changing wild savages and roaming hunters to civilized laborers. To be successful, such work calls for infinite patience and tact, together with the constant realization that the tasks required of these people are wholly new and uncomprehended by them. Before they can perform them, they must understand why and how their work is to be done.

It is obvious that the Indians can be taught the white man's ways only by actual contact with white men, and that this contact can be had only with those living on the reservation to which the Indians are confined. Such white men are the employees of the Indian Bureau and the missionaries.

The task of civilizing the Indians really depends almost wholly upon the agent who is set over them. He represents the Great Father; he alone has

authority. It is for him to explain to them the benefits of toil, to reward the industrious, to punish the refractory, to encourage the unsuccessful, and to direct the ambitious. He can lead the tribe to see that work is necessary, and can induce them to work; or he can let the Indians take their own way, and face their problems without assistance. If he has enthusiasm for his work and a real desire to see the people advance, he can infuse into them some part of his own energy, and make them believe that actual benefits to themselves and to their children will follow their efforts.

An Indian agent has absolute control of affairs on his reservation, subject only to the approval of the Department of the Interior at Washington, which two or three times a year may send out an inspector to look after him. His position is one of great responsibility, for he has to administer a business representing each year from \$50,000 to \$200,000. His power on the reservation is more nearly absolute than anything else that we in this country know of. He has not the authority to order out his Indians to instant execution, but in practice this is the only power that he does not possess. Over property, liberty, and the actions of every-day life he has absolute authority. No Indian can receive food, no Indian can obtain a tool, no Indian can live in his home, unless the agent is willing. He holds in the hollow of his hand the welfare of the tribe and of each one of its individuals.

The man who bears these responsibilities and is clothed with these powers over his fellow men should be of high character and good abilities, such a one as would be chosen for the manager of a considerable business. He should feel the responsibility of his position, and not be satisfied merely to get along as easily as possible and to draw his salary regularly. The good agent really stands in the relation of a parent toward his Indians; and as a father instructs, punishes,

and rewards his children, so the agent should firmly, but kindly, govern the people who are under him. They recognize this relation, and often speak of the agent as their father. In the ordinary pursuits of life, a man qualified by training and temperament for such a place would receive a good salary; he ought to receive it here, — at least thrice the pittance that is now paid to Indian agents. Such a man ought to be retained in office so long as he would remain, and should not be turned out with the coming in of each new administration.

But the Indian service long constituted an important part of the spoils which until recently belonged wholly to the victors in the political contest. The position of agent is still a part of these spoils, and at present most of the offices are portioned out to the Senators and Congressmen of the various states. There are a few army officers acting as Indian agents, — among whom there has rarely been one who was incompetent, — but a large share of the civilian officials have been political appointees, minor ward or county politicians who obtain the office as a reward for vote-getting, or else "good fellows" who have failed in every business that they have undertaken, and now fall back on this place for a living. Men of this class cannot be expected to care for their people; often they are concerned only for their pay and their perquisites. Perhaps, in a vague way, they advise the Indians "to follow the white man's road," and then leave them to find out for themselves what that road is and whither it leads. Some Indian agents are men of high character, but none are well paid; for they receive only from \$1500 to \$2000 per annum, — small compensation for the never ending worries and detail of their position, to say nothing of the isolation of life at an Indian agency. The unwisdom of paying so poorly men who have such important work to do has long

been understood, and many years ago, during President Grant's administration, some of the religious denominations, to which the control of the Indians had been intrusted, chose as Indian agents men fitted for the task, and themselves added to the government salary a further compensation from their own funds.

The position of Indian agent is one full of annoyances, full of temptations. He should be a man of patience and shrewdness, kindly yet firm; a man of character, absolutely truthful. He must be willing to make over and over again the same elaborate explanations of the simplest matters; to resist attempts to impose on or to frighten him; to take a decided stand and never recede from it; to incur the lasting hostility of the white men, Indians, and men of mixed blood who received special favors from the previous agent, and who now expect the same from him. Most agents appear to imagine that their position is one which calls especially for office work, and much of their time, therefore, is spent in the office, overseeing the making out of papers; giving out orders for flour, sugar, coffee, sacks, and other things requested by the Indians; acting, in fact, much like a retail country storekeeper. The truth is that an agent should spend the greater part of his time in the saddle or in his wagon, traveling about among his people; learning the personality of each; finding out how each family lives, what improvements the man has made on his place, what property he has, how he is taking care of it and what use he is putting it to. The agent thus learns what each man requires and how far he is deserving. He also appears to his Indians to be taking an active interest in their welfare and to be more or less in sympathy with them; and there is nothing that an Indian appreciates more, nothing which is to him a stronger incentive to try to do well, than the exhibition of such sympathy.

The agent is assisted by a force of

clerks, farmers, and other employees, each of whom is brought into closest contact with the Indians, and thus may wield a tremendous influence for good or for evil. These men, as a rule, take their tone from the agent. If he is energetic and enthusiastic, they follow his lead at the pace he sets. If he is rough, brutal, and profane in his dealing with the Indians, they are so too. If he is dishonest, they are dishonest. If he is weak, a stronger man soon gains an ascendancy over him, and becomes practically the ruling power on the reservation. Often the clerks appear to regard it as an imposition that they have to attend to the Indians' wants, and are harsh in their intercourse with them, cursing them freely and treating them with the greatest indignity. Often, too, the agency farmers, whose immediate duty it is to instruct the people in the pursuits of civilization, do anything rather than that. They potter about the agency, or they are stablemen, or they work in the blacksmith shop, or put up new buildings, or paint and whitewash old ones, or spend much of their time at the butchering and the issue, — do anything, in fact, except to teach the Indians farming and oversee their work.

The United States army has given us by far the best class of men who have ever held the position of Indian agents; they have usually had a training in military business, and work on a system; they have no private ends to serve, and no affiliations with the white population adjacent to the reservation. When detailed to the service, they go to the posts assigned them to do their duty as they understand it; that duty being to make the Indians self-supporting and civilized, to protect them from white aggression, and, in general, to govern them according to the principles of justice and right. This view is different from that held by the average Indian agent, and so the work done by army officers is very different from that of most civilians, and

very much better. Among the civilians are notable exceptions to the rule, — a few men who have done work that could hardly have been excelled; but for all that such men are the exceptions; the rule remains. Among the army officers, on the other hand, a careless or incompetent agent is rare.

First and last, much has been done for the Indians by missionaries sent out by the various denominations. Many are earnest men who try hard to do their whole duty by the Indians; but as missionaries, after all, are only men, some of them are careless, lazy, and inefficient, while a considerable portion lack any understanding of how to handle men. Of the least efficient among them it may be said that if they do no good, they at least do little harm, while there are many whose services to Christianity and to civilization are very great. I have in mind an army chaplain whose work among some Indians who incidentally came within the sphere of his influence was so effective that it will never be forgotten by them. The man was a true follower of the Master, and instead of attempting at once to force upon the Indians the acceptance of religious doctrines, he showed them only sympathy and friendliness. When he had won their good will, they readily gave ear to the simple religious precepts that he taught. Admirable missionary work is done, too, by the Roman Catholic priests and sisters who are stationed on many of the Western reservations. They accomplish in a silent, unsuspected way a great deal of good.

It may obviously be objected to all purely religious work among the Indians that it is caring for the soul before the body is cared for. It is hard for a man to pray with a good heart when he is hungry, nor is it easy to concentrate the attention on the doctrine of the Trinity when his little ones are crying for food. Before the Indian can be Christianized he must be civilized and taught

how to earn his living; after he has learned this lesson, and has acquired some of the mental habits of civilized people, the ground will have been prepared for the sowing of the seeds of religion.

There is a practical form of missionary work, seldom seen, which cannot be too highly applauded. I have seen it practiced on the Blackfoot reservation by the Rev. E. S. Dutcher. This good man preaches on Sunday to those who come to hear him in the little church which his own hands built, and on other days of the week he takes his tools — for he has learned the carpenter's trade — and goes about over the reservation, helping the Indians to hang the doors and set the window frames in their houses, or to set the fence posts and stretch the wire for their pasture fences. Often his wife goes with him; and while he works out of doors with the men, she is busy within, teaching the women how to bake good bread or make the family clothing. Missionary work such as this, where practical religion is made a part of the daily life, and soul and mind and body are cared for at once, accomplishes lasting results.

For many years good people have been endeavoring to devise plans which should at once transform the Indian from a rover and a warrior to a sedentary laborer. Men of various trades and professions, from the soldier to the theologian, have studied the Indian problem, and many different methods have been suggested for rendering the wild man civilized and self-supporting. The author of each has had most perfect confidence that his remedy was the one certain to cure all ills brought to the Indians by contact with the white man. Some of these projects have had fair trial; yet the progress of the race has not been so rapid as to justify the faith that any of these means of civilization — except when engineered with unusual energy and wisdom — would do the work

claimed for it, while in some cases the experiments have brought disaster to the Indians.

The sincerity and earnestness of a majority of such philanthropists cannot be doubted, but in all their reasoning about Indians there has been one point of weakness: they had no personal knowledge of the inner life of the people they were trying to help. Their theories appear to have assumed that Indians are precisely like white men, except that their minds are blank and plastic, ready to receive any impression that may be inscribed on them. These friends of the Indians had little acquaintance with Indian character; they did not appreciate the human nature of the people. They did not know that their minds were already occupied by a multitude of notions and beliefs that were firmly fixed there, — rooted and grounded by an inheritance of a thousand years. Still less did they comprehend the Indian's intense conservatism, the tenacity with which he clings to the beliefs which have been handed down to him by uncounted generations.

The plans of the philanthropists who were anxious to benefit the race were based on the general proposition that all Indians should become farmers. As most civilized men earn their living by tilling the soil, they took it for granted that the Indian could do the same, and must become civilized in that way. They were profoundly ignorant of the surroundings of the Indian and of the land he dwelt in, and did not know that over a very large part of the West no crops can be grown unless the soil is well irrigated. They seem to have imagined the great plains a fertile country — perhaps like the prairies of Illinois — where, if land were ploughed and seed sown, bounteous harvests would be sure to follow. They did not understand that many of the Indian reservations consist of the most arid and barren lands that the sun ever shone on, — a

waterless, desolate, soul-withering region, whose terrors are incomprehensible to those who have never traveled over it. They did not know that many of the reservations are situated in the land of thirst, where water is the one priceless thing, and its lack the greatest horror. Many years and much effort have therefore been wasted in trying to teach the Indians how to raise crops in regions where white farmers could not possibly make a living; yet, up to a short time ago, the authorities, clinging to the antiquated notions of those who would make all Indians agriculturists, continued to insist that the Indians should sow in the desert, even though they could never hope to reap. Only within a few years has it been learned that in a country adapted for stock-raising Indians should raise stock, and in a farming country they should farm. Yet ever since these tribes have been known to us, the Pueblos and others, who have always practiced irrigation, and the Navajoes, who have long been herdsmen, have furnished examples of this adaptation to environment, and have shown us that different peoples should be treated according to the different conditions which surround them.

One civilizing idea has by this time become impressed on all the Indians of this country: they comprehend to-day that they must work if they would live. The time when food, a blanket, a gun, and some ammunition satisfied the Indians' wants has gone, never to return. Association with civilized people has brought the need for the things of civilization, which can only be had for money. The Indians see that, under the new conditions, money is as necessary to them as it is to the white men. They recognize that the government will not support them forever. So they are intensely anxious to work, to earn money. On many reservations they wear out the patience of the agent by continually asking him for work, when he has no work to give them. On the reservation of the Northern

Cheyennes, for the last two or three years, there has been an opportunity for a few men to secure work as laborers on the great irrigating ditch in course of construction on the adjacent Crow reservation. So long as men were wanted for this work, the Cheyenne agent was kept busy giving out passes to his people who wished to labor on the ditch. All the able-bodied men in the tribe would have gone, if there had been work for all. On the Blackfoot reservation, agents have told me of having fifteen or twenty applications a day for the job of going into the mountains to cut wood and haul it away for fuel. The Indians are ready to hire out to any one who will pay them, and they will work as hard, as long, and as faithfully as any laborers. Usually, there is little or no work to be had. Even the students who come back from the Eastern boarding schools equipped with knowledge of English and a trade, and fitted for a place in the blacksmith's or wheelwright's shop or for a position as industrial teacher at the agency day school, are only occasionally employed about the agency in the various positions which they might fill.

This, then, is one of the chief obstacles to the Indian's progress, the difficulty of earning a livelihood. After he has succeeded in doing this, he must learn how to keep his money when he gets it, — in other words, the lesson of thrift. The old-time Indian was hospitable, open-handed, and generous, to the last degree. The new Indian must learn to be close-fisted. As he progresses toward self-support, it is not very hard for him to accumulate horses, cattle, tools, and furniture; but to deal with money merely as money is as yet a very serious problem. If he has money, it burns in his pocket, and he feels that he must spend it. The time will come when Indians will have bank accounts, but that time — except among the civilized tribes — has not yet been reached.

Under the most favorable circum-

stances — with instruction and encouragement — it is hard enough for the Indian to change himself into a patient laborer, willing to toil day after day at his unpleasing task. Too often, in addition to the difficulties which are inevitable, his advancement is retarded or stopped by his being robbed of his lands by methods which he is powerless to resist. The courts protect citizens; but the Indian is not a citizen, and nothing protects him. Congress has the sole power to order how he shall live, and where. Most thoughtful people believe that in the past the Indians have been greatly wronged by the whites, but imagine that this is no longer the case. Let us see.

The greatest corruption of our Indian affairs took place not very long after the close of the war of the Rebellion. In those days, to be an Indian agent, trader, or contractor was to be on a highroad to fortune, if one made the most of his advantages. The contracts for supplies of every sort were in the hands of a small group of men, who controlled them all, and, what was more important, to a great extent controlled the agents and employees of the Indian Bureau, in the field. Attacks on the Indian ring were made from time to time with more or less success, reforms in the service and its methods were gradually introduced, and the opportunities for robbery grew less. The actual wholesale stealing of the food and clothing provided by the government has ceased, for the most part, or has degenerated into petty pilfering.

Nevertheless, methods are still found by which the money of the Indians may be diverted from its proper objects to find its way into the pockets of white men. One of these is the hiring of unnecessary attorneys for them. There are on file before the Court of Claims in Washington many thousands of dollars' worth of claims for alleged Indian depredations, and suits against various Indian tribes and the United States are being

carried on before that court. These suits are defended by the Attorney-General's office, and any judgment recovered runs against both the Indian tribe and the United States. If the tribe has no money to pay a judgment rendered against it, the United States must do so. But of late years most of the treaties made with Indians provide that none of the money appropriated under the treaty shall be used to pay depredation claims, and the ratification by Congress of an agreement of this nature puts the money of the tribe out of the reach of the Court of Claims, and so protects the Indians. Moreover, under a ruling of the Interior Department, made a number of years ago, it was determined that no tribes, except two, have any money available for the payment of such claims, and this ruling has hitherto been sustained. Nevertheless, it is a form of legal industry recognized in Washington, for a lawyer to visit an agency and inform the chiefs that claims amounting to many thousands of dollars have been filed against the tribe, and that they may have to pay these claims. By alarming them about the safety of their money, it is not difficult for the lawyer to induce them to make a contract retaining him as their attorney to defend the suits. Contracts of this kind are invalid until approved by the Secretary of the Interior, who is constantly pestered by the lawyers and their political friends to give his assent to them. But since the Indians have no funds which can be used to pay such judgments rendered against them, since the law specifically forbids the use of their funds for such a purpose, and since, therefore, they can have no money interest whatever in the suits, it is manifestly a great wrong that these contracts should be approved by the department, and that the money appropriated for the Indians' support should go to fill the pockets of lawyers. Yet I have in mind a single law firm in Washington which, by its contracts with different tribes of

Indians, who are protected by their treaty and so in no wise need attorneys, is likely to receive this year over \$8000, — and for doing nothing. There was absolutely nothing for them to do. The defense they pretended to give the Indian did not require. There was nothing for them to defend him against. The real defense he needs is against the lawyers themselves. It is hardly necessary to add that a large proportion of the depredation claims filed against the different tribes are barefacedly fraudulent.

Indians are now subject to encroachments, conducted, not by an Indian ring, but by the government, which, in its ignorance, does injury to this race as serious as ever was done by any group of individuals. These encroachments are begun by white people living near the Indians, who covet the land possessed by them, and usually secured to them by pledges of the government's faith, and who endeavor to gain possession of it by lawful means; that is, by inducing the government to break that faith and violate those pledges.

Wherever its reservation may be, an Indian tribe is bitterly opposed by local popular feeling. Its people are hated because they are Indians, and envied because they hold lands that white men might own. In thought, if not in words, its white neighbors say of a tribe, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Local prejudice and local greed combine to force the Indians — who have no representative in Congress — from their homes, where perhaps they may have made some improvements, and to which often they are deeply attached. The people who wish them removed do not care where they are taken, if only it is away, somewhere else. Their object is to secure the land which they hope to have thrown open to settlement.

This is how the plan of expulsion is carried out. A treaty having been made with a tribe of Indians, a certain tract of country is assigned to them as a per-

manent home. After a time the land near them becomes settled, and the white people crowd about the reservation. The reservation may be good for something: it may be imagined to contain mines of coal or precious metals, or it may be a good cattle range, or the land may have valuable water on it. When this is the case, the people living in the neighborhood begin to urge upon their delegate, or their Congressman, or their Senator, the importance of moving the Indians, and throwing open their reservation to settlement. Both Senator and Congressman naturally wish to oblige their constituents, and forthwith a bill is introduced or a section is added to the Indian Appropriation Bill, providing for the desired removal. Most members of Congress, knowing nothing of the rights or wrongs of the measure, take it for granted that the local member must know what ought to be done, and are very likely to assent to it.

Less than ten years ago, I was present on a reservation in the Indian Territory when a commission was negotiating with the Indians to induce them to take their lands in severalty, and to sell the surplus. The commissioners made no secret of the fact that the administration had urged them to carry through the sale, because at the next election they wished to go before the people with the statement that they had thrown open to settlement by the public a certain number of acres of Indian reservations. This statement would influence many votes in the West; it would be a good political cry. The negotiations began, and by persuasion, promises, and at last by threats, about one third of the Indians were induced to sign the agreement. After that signatures came in very slowly. The commissioners hired their interpreters to assist them to obtain signers. The attorneys, who claimed that they had been retained by the Indians to defend their rights, worked hard to induce the people to sign. These

attorneys were working on a contingent fee, — “the usual ten per cent for collection,” — and of course would receive nothing unless the treaty went through and the sale was made. Indians who were corrupt were hired, I was told, to vote more than once; signing first the name by which they went at the time, then the name which they had borne earlier in life, and later perhaps some still earlier name. The names of absent schoolboys were added to the list, on the mere statement by some Indian that they were in favor of the sale. So, by cajoling, promising, bribing, browbeating, bullying, and using illegal votes, the sale, which was bitterly opposed by one half the tribe, was at last carried through by a bare majority.

Even to-day the same thing is going on. Among the measures recently before Congress was one looking to the removal of the Northern Cheyennes from their present reservation in Montana to “some other place.” The territory occupied by these people, although very small, is a fine stock range, which the neighboring cattlemen long to possess for their herds. Besides working with might and main on their representatives in Congress to secure the removal of these Indians to another reservation, these cattlemen endeavor to manufacture a public sentiment against the Indians by continually sending out press reports of the ill doings of the Northern Cheyennes, and two or three times a year Montana press dispatches to the newspapers tell of threatened outbreaks by these people. As a matter of fact, the Indians are entirely well disposed, but they realize that an attempt is being made to take them away from their old country, and are uneasy and fearful lest it should succeed. Yet when these Indians surrendered, nearly twenty years ago, General Miles, representing the government, solemnly promised them that they should reside here on this piece of land so long as they should be friendly

with the United States. This promise was subsequently repeated by high officials in Washington; yet to-day these Cheyennes fear that they will be moved, and are prevented from working on their homes by the apprehension that as soon as they accomplish anything these homes will be taken from them. Several years' work has been necessary to convince the authorities at Washington that the title of these Indians to their reservation should be confirmed, and that the white men settled on the reservation should be moved away.

There is now in contemplation a measure to take from the Metlakahtla Indians of Alaska — on the ground that there are mines on it — a large portion of the island allotted to them by the government more than ten years ago. This is a case of great hardship, — that of a tribe of Indians who, with the help of one intelligent and devoted white friend, have become civilized and self-supporting by their own exertions. They moved from British to United States territory in search of freedom, and in their new home they have built a town, have a sawmill and a salmon cannery, and govern themselves. They ask nothing from any one, save the poor privilege of living undisturbed on the rock where they are settled. But now it is proposed to take a part of this away from them, and so to deprive them of the water power which runs their sawmill and their cannery, of most of their timber land, and of the stream which furnishes the salmon on which they subsist.

Last spring, on the day of my arrival at the Blackfoot agency I found there two strange Indians, who told me that they were Kutenais, living on the Flat-head reservation; that their chief had heard that I was coming out to see the Blackfeet, and that I was the man who helped Indians, and therefore he had sent them as messengers, on foot, across the mountains, a distance of 150 miles, in order that they might tell me of the hard

lot of the Kutenais, to see if I could not help them. They said that there were over eighty families of Kutenais living near Dayton Creek, on Lake Macdonald; that they received no rations from the government; that they had been told to take up farms on their reservation, and had done so; but that after they had built their houses, fenced in their land, and planted their little crops, the white people had come to them and told them to move away, that their homes were not on the reservation and did not belong to them. At first they had refused to move, but at last, when the whites had said that if they did not go the Great Father would send troops to move them, they gave up and went away. Now there is no place left on their reservation where they can farm, as all the country is rocky, timber-covered mountains. The faith that had led these men to take this long, toilsome journey to tell me their story was pathetic enough, and the sense of my utter inability to help them was humiliating, but there was nothing that I could do.

A search through the reports of the Indian commissioner shows that these Indians were recently ejected from lands which they had occupied since 1855, on account of a mistake made by a surveyor in locating the boundaries of the reservation. The farms that they had striven to cultivate proved to be without the corrected boundary line, and as soon as this was discovered the neighboring whites insisted on the removal of the Indians. As the land did actually lie outside of the reservation, the Indians of course had no claim to it, and were forced to give it up. After this, in 1891, the agent for the Kutenais, acting under the Dawes Severalty Act, allotted to eighteen of the Indians claims off the reservation and upon the land from which they had been expelled. Of these claims, three were allowed, while fifteen have for seven years been suspended by the Land Office. White people have settled in the valley of Dayton Creek and built

their fences about the plots held by the Indians, who have now no means of reaching their claims except by trespassing on the land occupied by the whites, which they are warned not to do. Within the white men's fences can be seen still standing the rotting rails and posts of the inclosures built years ago by the Indians when these claims were first allotted to them, and they strove to work as the white man works, and to improve their little farms as he does his. No wonder they are discouraged and hopeless at the result of their efforts, and it is hardly to be imagined that they will ever again make any real effort to become self-supporting so long as the memory of this wrong remains. Some method of repairing this injustice and of helping these Indians ought to be found.

No argument is needed to prove the discouraging effect on Indians — or indeed on men of any race or color — of such uncertainty about their location. If a white man were given the fairest tract of wild land on the continent, with the understanding that he might be ejected from his tenancy at any moment, he would have little motive to improve it, and would put on it just as little labor as he could get along with. Indians feel and act in precisely the same way. Whether they are moved or not, the uncertainty under which they live takes away from them all motive for industry and self-help.

Indians are perfectly capable of making progress in the arts of civilization. This is shown by what has been accomplished during the last nine years by the Blackfoot Indians of northern Montana, with whose affairs I have long been closely familiar. A dozen years ago I won their confidence and regard and became deeply interested in them, and ever since I have acted as their counselor and next friend. To bring about the results obtained, it has been necessary to watch them carefully, to advise them against the commission of follies, to per-

suaue them to industry, to reprove them for wrong-doing; in fact, to try to teach them to exercise what white men call ordinary common sense in the affairs of life, checking them or spurring them on as circumstances required. When I first knew the Blackfeet they were wild Indians, wearing blankets and robes, living for the most part in lodges and on a reservation remote from railroad or civilization. Except their ponies they had no property. They had no desire to work, nor any belief that it would be to their advantage to do so.

The country which they inhabit lies on the flanks of the Rocky Mountains, just south of the parallel of forty-nine degrees, at an elevation of 3000 or 4000 feet, and is far too high, cold, and dry for the successful practice of agriculture. For years the Indian Bureau had been trying to induce them to farm, but nothing had ever been grown on the reservation except an occasional crop of oats and potatoes. The region, however, is an excellent cattle range. In 1888 I determined that if these Indians were ever to become self-supporting it must be by cattle-raising, and a statement of the conditions convinced General Morgan, then Indian commissioner, that the experiment was worth trying. My visits of the next two years to the reservation were devoted to elaborate explanations to the Indians of the value to them of cattle; of the importance of never killing them for food, and of caring for them in winter, so that they should live, do well, and breed. It was explained that at the end of four years those who followed the advice given would have animals which they could sell, and that the money received for the beeves would be theirs to use as they might please. The idea of having cattle which they should own individually, and not as a tribe, was wholly new to them; when it was understood it was very welcome, and the prospect created quite an excitement in the community. A majority of the men cut hay for the stock that

was to come, and built sheds and shelters to protect it from the winter's storms.

In 1890 about 1000 cattle were issued. Some families received only a single cow, others two, and others four or five. All went well with them. The succeeding winter was mild; no cattle died, and the calf crop was large. The people took great pride in their new possessions, and watched and tended them with much devotion. At intervals of a year or two more and more cattle were issued to them, until they had received about 10,000, and in the year 1897 it was estimated that, with the increase, the Blackfeet had between 20,000 and 22,000 head of cattle. Besides this, for three years past they have sold a great deal of beef; and their faith in the promises made to them, which led them for four years to refrain from eating their cattle and to take good care of them, has been abundantly justified. They have found a way by which money can be earned, and have come to understand that their future depends on their cattle and the care they take of them. It must not be supposed that all the men of the tribe have done equally well. While many have been unfailingly faithful, some have neglected their stock, or traded it off, or let it wander away. But, on the whole, they have done well, wonderfully well for Indians, and have been as steadfast and industrious as white men would have been.

The branding of the calves and the round-ups have been in charge of the agency employees, and this work has often been very much neglected. The Indians are not permitted to brand their calves, and they have suffered heavy losses by the failure of the government employees to brand those born in the fall of the year. These autumn calves, having been weaned and separated from the mothers, by spring become mavericks, animals whose ownership is not known, and so they are branded by any one who may find them, chiefly by the half-breeds and white men living on the reservation,

who are more familiar than are the Indians with the white cattleman's way of accumulating a herd.

The years during which the Blackfeet have had cattle have not been years of ease and comfort. The people have had their troubles and perplexities, but the effort has been made to give them aid and direction by letters, by frequent visits, by consultations, by encouragement and advice, and by praise or severe reproof as either was needed. Often from old White Calf, long the chief of these people, a message is received something like this: "I want you to come to us quickly. There are many things to be talked over. We are blind once more. We need you to open our eyes." Thus, what the Blackfeet need, and all other Indians with them, is, not the good will to labor and to strive, but proper direction, in order that they may labor and strive effectively. They lack that discretion and judgment in dealing with every-day matters which inheritance, training, and experience have brought to most middle-aged business men, and these must be exercised for them. The power to look at things through the white man's eyes must be supplied to them. They must be made to share the wisdom of the white race. If the Indian Bureau at Washington can be induced to see that the Blackfeet cattle are properly handled, the future is assured; but the Indian Bureau, being really a clerical office for the transaction of Indian business, often knows little about the actual condition of the people.

The wish to better their present condition is not peculiar to any particular tribe nor to any section of country. If they can be convinced that it will be for their advantage, all Indians are ready and willing to put forth effort; but when only failure rewards the work they perform, they become discouraged and think that they can never succeed. The Indian of to-day is living his life on the reservation, where he occupies a house and has acquired a certain degree of self-control.

He is anxious to have a better living than he gets now, and is willing to work hard to secure it. He has given up many of his old wild ways and beliefs. He is a savage who has been more than half tamed. Civilization has brought to this Indian many hardships; it has abridged his liberty, has caused disease, has weakened or broken down many of the fine savage qualities that he once possessed, and has introduced him to liquor. As yet it has not brought him much that is good except humility and some self-control. His rights are little safeguarded, except so far as the Indian Rights Association can occasionally protect him. He has been taught but little of the individual's responsibilities. He is sometimes subjected to gross injustice.

His inability to speak our tongue or to think our thoughts must always be remembered in considering the Indian. He is voiceless; he is unable to claim any rights for himself or to tell his side of any story, for he has no method of communicating with civilized people except through an interpreter. He cannot speak for himself, and he has no one to speak for him, no one to advocate his cause. Even the young men who have been away to school and have learned how to speak good English speak it as a foreign tongue. They think in their own language, and translate their Indian thoughts into English, which is often not to be understood without further explanation. The Indian's psychological condition is bewildered and confused. Inheriting the beliefs of his people, developed through thousands of years, he is suddenly told that all these beliefs are false. His faith in his own creed is destroyed; but while we have taken from him his old beliefs, we have not known enough to give him new ones which he can understand. Thus his mind is in a whirl, and he feels that there is nothing sure, nothing that he can depend on.

What the Indians require to-day is

something more than mere food and clothing. They need to be directed with some intelligence and interest. The conditions of each tribe or each agency should be studied by a fairly intelligent and experienced person, and the particular method thus determined to be the one best suited to the needs of the people should be employed. Agents and agency employees who are careless or indifferent should not be retained in the Indian service, and it should be the business of the inspectors actually to learn how far the employees residing permanently on the reservation are sincerely interested in the Indians under their charge. It is gratifying to notice that the force of inspectors has recently been increased, and that a number of those holding the position feel a deep interest in their work, and are willing to follow up the agency employees so that they will be obliged to do their duty. The farmers employed on reservations where agriculture can be practiced should be real farmers. They should not pass their time in loafing about the agency. They should spend seedtime and harvest out among the camps and settlements, teaching the Indians how to perform the various operations of farming. The farmers on reservations where the Indians are stock-raisers should be practical cattlemen. They should understand their duties, and have something of the loyalty of the old-time cowboy. The cattle should be really cared for; stray cattle belonging to neighboring whites should be kept off the reservation, and the Indians' cattle held on it. The Indians should be taught how to brand and care for their own stock. They should not be allowed to sell or kill it except by the agent's permission.

Liquor should be kept off the reservation, and those dealing in it or using it should be punished with extreme severity; in other words, the law should be enforced. The Department of the Interior and the Department of Justice must act together in this matter. In the

past it has rather been the practice of each of these departments to throw the responsibility on the other.

We can do no more for the Indian than fit him to fight the battle of life, and we must begin by teaching him about its material things. He will readily learn industry and the white man's way, if he sees before him a reward for his work. The task of teaching him saving, thrift, is more difficult, since all his training leads him to share whatever he has with others. In order that he may compete with the white man, he must be taught to speak English and to read and write. This can be taught only to the children, but a part of whom at present attend school. There is the widest possible difference in the efficiency of the agency schools, and very great diversity of opinion exists as to the relative advantages of reservation and of Eastern boarding schools. The subject is a large one, and not now to be treated; but it is obvious that the Eastern schools cannot care for any great proportion of the children, and that good reservation schools are imperatively required.

We need not inquire here what is to be the ultimate fate of this race. Much more to the purpose is it to consider their present perplexities and immediate needs, and to endeavor as well as we may to help them along over the steep, rough trail by which they are climbing upward toward civilization and self-support. The obstacles which lie in the path are many, but they are not insuperable, and they may be greatly lessened by intelligent aid and encouragement. Interest in the Indian is steadily increasing. Many

thoughtful people are coming to recognize that he possesses qualities that are worth studying. Writers take him for their theme, sculptors model him, and painters use for subjects scenes from his old wild life. Intelligent people who study him wish to know more about him, and soon learn his true character and give him his true place, demanding for the race the consideration which it ought to have.

The task of giving help to the Indian is one worthy the best thought and effort of the country. The noblest work that any man can do is to make life easier for some of his fellows, and in the visible results which follow the stretching out of a hand in help and sympathy to an Indian tribe may be found rich reward and ample encouragement to renewed activity. I know of no field in which he who is really interested in his fellows may labor with a surer prospect of appreciation by those he is trying to help, or a more abundant certainty of answering effort by them. When once the Indian's confidence has been won, he strives earnestly to live up to the standard set before him by his white friend, and to repay by aspiration and endeavor all that has been done in his behalf.

The Indians must still do battle, but in conflicts unlike those of the olden time. They may still win victories, but the victories will be of peace. The day has passed, too, when one may achieve glory by a campaign against hostile Indians, but worthier triumphs and more lasting rewards await him who shall fight by their side in this new and desperate struggle.

George Bird Grinnell.

THE ENJOYMENT OF POETRY.

BROWNING's description of the effect of the recital of classic poetry upon a band of piratical Greeks must seem to many persons to be exaggerated:—

"Then, because Greeks are Greeks, and hearts
are hearts,
And poetry is power, they all outbroke
In a great joyous laughter with much love."

Because Americans are Americans, and business is business, and time is money, and life is earnest, we take our poetry much more seriously than that. We are ready to form classes to study it and to discuss it, but these solemn assemblies are not likely to be disturbed by outbursts of "great joyous laughter."

We usually accept poetry as mental discipline. It is as if the poet said, "Go to, now. I will produce a masterpiece." Thereupon the conscientious reader answers, "Very well; I can stand it. I will apply myself with all diligence, that by means of it I may improve my mind." Who has not sometimes quailed before the long row of British Poets in uniform binding, standing stiffly side by side, like so many British grenadiers on dress parade? Who has not felt his courage ooze away at the sight of those melancholy volumes labeled *Complete Poetical Works*? *Poetical Remains* they used to call them, and there is something funereal in their aspect.

The old hymn says, "Religion never was designed to make our pleasures less," and the same thing ought to be said about poetry. The distaste for poetry arises largely from the habit of treating it as if it were only a more difficult kind of prose. We are so much under the tyranny of the scientific method that the habits of the schoolroom intrude, and we try to extract instruction from what was meant to give us joy. The prosaic commentary obscures the beauty of the text, so that

"The glad old romance, the gay chivalrous story,
With its fables of faery, its legends of glory,
Is turned to a tedious instruction, not new,
To the children, who read it insipidly through."

One of the most ruthless invasions of the prosaic faculties into the realm of poetry comes from the thirst for general information. When this thirst becomes a disease, it is not satisfied with census reports and encyclopædia articles, but values literature according to the number of facts presented. Suppose these lines from *Paradise Lost* to be taken for study:—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the
brooks
In Vallombrosa, where th' Etrurian shades
High over-arched embower, or scattered
sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion armed
Hath vexed the Red Sea coast, whose waves
o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

What an opportunity for the school-master abroad! What interesting questions are suggested about autumn leaves, Etrurian antiquities, sedge, Orion, and the history of Egypt! Here is material for exhaustive study in geography, ancient and modern, history, astronomy, botany, meteorology, chronology, and archaeology. By following this method, one may get almost as much information from *Paradise Lost* as from one of those handy compilations of useful knowledge, entitled *Ten Thousand Facts*, which are sold on the train for twenty-five cents.

Next to the temptation to use a poem as a receptacle for a mass of collateral information is that to use it for the display of one's own penetration. As in the one case it is treated as if it were an encyclopædia article, in the other it is treated as if it were a verbal puzzle. It is taken for granted that the intention of the poet is to conceal thought, and

the game is for the reader to find it out. We are hunting for hidden meanings, and we greet one another with the grim salutation of the creatures in the jungle: "Good hunting!" "What is the meaning of this passage?" Who has not heard this sudden question propounded in regard to the most transparent sentence from an author who is deemed worthy of study? The uninitiated, in the simplicity of his heart, might answer that he probably means what he says. Not at all; if that were so, "what are we here for?" We are here to find hidden meanings, and one who finds the meaning simple must be stopped, as Armado stops Moth, with

"Define, define, well-educated infant."

It is a verbal masquerade to which we have been invited. No knowing what princes in disguise, as well as anarchists and nihilists and other objectionably interesting persons, may be discovered when the time for unmasking comes.

Now, the effect of all this is that many persons turn away from the poets altogether. Why should they spend valuable time in trying to unravel the meaning of lines which were invented to baffle them? There are plenty of things we do not understand, without going out of our way to find them. Then, as Pope observes,

"True No-meaning puzzles more than Wit."

The real "defense of poesy" is that it has a different function from prose. It is not to be appreciated by the prosaic understanding, — unless, indeed, that awkward faculty be treated to some Del-sartean decomposing exercises to get rid of its stiffness. Poetry is like music ; it is fitted, not to define an idea or to describe a fact, but to voice a mood. The mood may be the mood of a very simple person, — the mood of a shepherd watching his flocks, or of a peasant in the fields ; or, on the other hand, it may be the mood of a philosopher whose mind

has been engrossed with the most subtle problems of existence. But in each case the mood, by some suggestion, must be communicated to us. Thoughts and facts must be transfigured; they must come to us as through some finer medium. As we are told that we must experience religion before we know what religion is, so we must experience poetry. The poet is the enchanter, and we are the willing victims of his spells. We are reminded of John Bunyan's quaint incantation over his reader: —

"Would'st thou see
 A man i' th' clouds and hear him speak to
 thee?
 Would'st thou be in a dream and yet not
 sleep?
 Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and
 weep?
 Would'st thou lose thyself and catch no harm?
 And find thyself again without a charm?

O then come hither
And lay my book, thy head and heart to-
gether."

Only the gentle reader who yields to the charm can dream the dream. The poet may weave his story of the most common stuff, but "there's magic in the web of it." If we are conscious of this magical power, we forgive the lack of everything else. The poet may be as ignorant as Aladdin himself, but he has a strange power over our imaginations. At his word they obey, traversing continents, building palaces, painting pictures. They say, "We are ready to obey as thy slaves, and the slaves of all that have that lamp in their hands, — we and the other slaves of the lamp."

This is the characteristic of the poet's power. He does not construct a work of the imagination,—he makes our imaginations do that. That is why the fine passages of elaborate description in verse are usually failures. The verse-maker describes accurately and at length. The poet speaks a word, and *Presto!* change! We are transported into a new land, and our eyes are “baptized into the grace

and privilege of seeing." Many have taken in hand to write descriptions of spring; and some few painstaking persons have nerved themselves to read what has been written. I turn to the prologue of the *Canterbury Tales*; it is not about spring, it is spring, and I am among those who long to go upon a pilgrimage. A description of a jungle is an impertinence to one who has come under the spell of William Blake's

"Tiger! tiger! burning bright
In the forest of the night."

Those fierce eyes glowing there in the darkness sufficiently illuminate the scene. Immediately it is midsummer, and we feel all its delicious languor when Browning's David sings of

"The sleep in the dried river-channel where
bulrushes tell
That the water was wont to go warbling so
softly and well."

The first essential to the enjoyment of poetry is leisure. The demon *Hurry* is the tempter, and knowledge is the forbidden fruit in the poet's paradise. To enjoy poetry, you must renounce not only your easily besetting sins, but your easily besetting virtues as well. You must not be industrious, or argumentative, or conscientious, or strenuous. I do not mean that you must be a person of unlimited leisure and without visible means of support. I have known some very conscientious students of literature who, when off duty, found time to enjoy poetry. I mean that if you have only half an hour for poetry, for that half hour you must be in a leisurely frame of mind.

The poet differs from the novelist in that he requires us to rest from our labors. The ordinary novel is easy reading, because it takes us as we are, in the midst of our hurry. The mind has been going at express speed all the day; what the novelist does is to turn the switch, and off we go on another track. The steam is up, and the wheels go around just the same. The great thing is still

action, and we eagerly turn the pages to see what is going to happen next, — unless we are reading some of our modern realistic studies of character. Even then we are lured on by the expectation that, at the last moment, something may happen. But when we turn to the poets, we are in the land of the lotus-eaters. The atmosphere is that of a perfect day,

"Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be."

Into this land our daily cares cannot follow us. It is an

"enchanted land, we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream."

Once in this enchanted country, haste seems foolish. Why should we toil on as if we were walking for a wager? It is as if one had the privilege of joining Izaak Walton as he loiters in the cool shade of a sweet honeysuckle hedge, and should churlishly trudge on along the dusty highway rather than accept the gentle angler's invitation: "Pray, let us rest ourselves in this sweet, shady arbor of jessamine and myrtle; and I will requite you with a bottle of sack, and when you have pledged me, I will repeat the verses I promised you." One may, as a matter of strict conscience, be both a pedestrian and a prohibitionist, and yet not find it in his heart to decline such an invitation.

The poets who delight us with their verses are not always serious-minded persons with an important thought to communicate. When I read,

"In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree,"

I am not a bit wiser than I was before, but I am a great deal happier. I get more enjoyment from the words than from the most elaborate description of the latest twenty-story building in Chicago; although I have not the slightest idea where Xanadu was, and only the vaguest notion of Kublai Khan, while Chicago is an undoubted fact. There are poets who, when haled before the court of Sound Reason to justify their verses

to an intelligent reading public, must take the poor debtor's oath. They have no intellectual property, real or personal. Yet the world could more easily spare some well-to-do persons.

There are poems that are not meant to be understood. They are mystical and illusive, and in the illusiveness lies their charm. Fancy one's trying to explain Rossetti's *Blessed Damozel*. Yet when the mood is on us we see her, as she leans

"From the gold bar of Heaven:
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven."

This is not astronomy nor theology, nor any of the things we know all about; it is only poetry.

Let no one trouble me by attempting to elucidate Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came. I do not care for a Bae-deker. I prefer to lose my way. I love darkness rather than light. I do not care for a topographical chart of the hills that

"like giants at a hunting lay,
Chin upon hand."

The mood in which we enjoy such poetry is that of Emerson's *Forerunners*:

"Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides.
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trails.
On eastern hills I see their smokes,
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.
I met many travellers
Who the road had surely kept:
They saw not my fine revellers."

If our thoughts make haste to join these "fine revellers," rejoicing in the sense of freedom and mystery, delighting in the mist and the wind, careless of attaining so that we may follow the shining trails, all is well.

As there are poems which are not meant to be understood, so there are poems that are not meant to be read;

that is, to be read through. There is Keats's *Endymion*, for instance. I have never been able to get on with it. Yet it is delightful,—that is the very reason why I do not care to get on with it. Wherever I begin, I feel that I might as well stay where I am. It is a sweet wilderness into which the reader is introduced.

"Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern and rushes fenny
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn. . . .

Who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree-tops? — through
which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often, too,
A little cloud would move across the blue."

We are brought into the very midst of this pleasantness. Deep in the wood we see fair faces and garments white. We see the shepherds coming to the woodland altar.

"A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt
looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat list'ning round Apollo's pipe
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly."

We see the venerable priest pouring out the sweet-scented wine, and then we see the young *Endymion* himself:—

"He seemed
To common lookers-on like one who dreamed
Of idleness in groves Elysian."

What happened next? What did *Endymion* do? Really, I do not know. It is so much pleasanter, at this point, to close the book, and dream "of idleness in groves Elysian." The chances are that when one turns to the poem again he will not begin where he left off, but at the beginning, and read as if he had never read it before; or rather, with more enjoyment because he has read it so many times:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never

Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing."

Shelley describes a mood such as Keats brings to us : —

"My spirit like a charmed bark doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing
Far away into regions dim
Of rapture, as a boat with swift sails wing-
ing

Its way adown some many-winding river."

He who finds himself afloat upon the
"many-winding river" throws aside the
laboring oar. It is enough to float on,
— he cares not whither.

What greater pleasure is there than in
Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*, provided
only we do not study them, or simply read
them, but dream them ! We must enter
into the poet's own mood : —

"I seemed

To sail with Arthur under looming shores,
Point after point, till on to dawn, when dreams
Begin to feel the truth and stir of day."

It is good to be there, in that far-off
time, good to come to Camelot : —

"Built by old kings, age after age,
So strange and rich and dim."

And all we hear of kings, and magi-
cians, and ladies, and knights is "strange
and rich and dim." Over everything is
a luminous haze. There are

"hollow trappings up and down,
And muffled voices heard, and shadows past."

There is the flashing of swords, the
weaving of spells, the seeing of visions.
All these things must become real to us ;
not simply the stainless king and the
sinful queen, the prowess of Lancelot
and the love of Elaine, but the magic of
Merlin and the sorceries of Vivien, with
her charms

"Of woven paces and of waving hands."

And we must stand at last with King Ar-
thur on the shore of the mystic sea, and
see the barge come slowly with the three
queens, "black-stoled, black-hooded, like

a dream ;" and we must hear across the
water a cry,

"As it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one
comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the
world."

But what good is there in all this ?
Why waste time on idle dreams ? We
hear Walt Whitman's challenge to ro-
mantic poetry : —

"Arthur vanished with all his knights, Merlin
and Lancelot and Galahad, all gone, dis-
solved utterly like an exhalation ;
Embroidered, dazzling, foreign world, with
all its gorgeous legends, myths,
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and
warlike lords and courtly dames,
Passed to its charnel vault, confined with
crown and armor on,
Blazoned with Shakspeare's purple page
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme."

Away with the old romance ! Make
room for the modern bard, who is

"Bluffed not a bit by drain-pipes, gasometers,
and artificial fertilizers."

The intelligent reader, also, is not to be
bluffed by any useful things, however
unpleasant they may be, but he winces
a little as he reads that the "far super-
ber themes for poets and for art" include
the teaching by the poet of how

"To use the hammer and the saw (rip or cross-
cut),
To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plaster-
ing, painting,
To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler,
porter,
To invent a little something ingenious to aid
the washing, cooking, cleaning."

The Muse of Poetry shrieks at the
mighty lines in praise of "leather-dress-
ing, coach-making, boiler-making," and
the rest. Boiler-making, she protests, is
a useful industry and highly to be com-
mended, but it is not music. When
asked to give a reason why she should
not receive all these things as poetry, the
Muse is much embarrassed. "It's all
true," she says. "Leather-dressing and
boiler-making are undoubted realities.

while perhaps Arthur and Lancelot are myths." Yet she is not quite ready to be off with the old love, and on with the new, — it's all so sudden.

Whitman himself, under the inspiration of great feeling, gave the best illustration of the difference between poetry and prose. Turn to that marvelous dirge, "When lilacs last in the door-yard bloomed." There is here no catalogue of facts or events, no parade of glaring realism. Tennyson's "sweet sad rhyme" has nowhere more delicious music than we find in the measured cadence of these lines. We are not told the news of the assassination of Lincoln as a man on the street might tell it. It comes to us through suggestion. We are made to feel a mood, not to listen to the description of an event. There is symbolism, suggestion, color mystery. We inhale the languorous fragrance of the lilacs; we see the drooping star; in secluded recesses we hear "a shy and hidden bird" warbling a song; there are dim-lit churches and shuddering organs and tolling bells, and there is one soul heart-broken, seeing all and hearing all.

"Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their
memory ever to keep, for the dead I
loved so well,

For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days
and lands — and this for his dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the
chant of my soul,

There in the fragrant pines and the cedars
dusk and dim."

This is real poetry, and yet while we yield to the charm we are conscious that it is made up of the old familiar elements.

Tennyson's apology to a utilitarian age was not needed: —

"Perhaps some modern touches here and there
Redeemed it from the charge of nothing-
ness."

The "modern touches" we can spare. The modern life we have always with us; but it is a rarer privilege to enjoy

the best things of the past. It is the poet who is the minister of this fine grace. The historian tells us what men of the past did, the philosopher tells us how their civilizations developed and decayed; we smile at their superstitions, and pride ourselves upon our progress. But the ethereal part has vanished, that which made their very superstitions beautiful and cast a halo over their struggles. These are the elements out of which the poet creates his world, into which we may enter. In the order of historic development chivalry must give way before democracy, and loyalty to the king must fade before the increasing sense of liberty and equality; but the highest ideals of chivalry may remain. Imaginative and romantic poetry has this high mission to preserve what otherwise would be lost. It lifts the mind above the daily routine into the region of pure joy. Whatever necessary changes take place in the world we find, in

"All lovely tales which we have heard or read,
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink."

I have said that one may be a true poet without having any very important thought to communicate, but it must be said that most of the great poets have been serious thinkers as well. They have had their philosophy of life, their thoughts about nature and about human duty and destiny. It is the function of the poet not only to create for us an ideal world and to fill it with ideal creatures, but also to reveal to us the ideal element in the actual world.

"I do not know what poetical is," says Audrey. "Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?" We must not answer with Touchstone: "No, truly! for the truest poetry is the most feigning."

The poetical interpretation of the world is not feigning; it is a true thing, — the truest thing of which we can know. The grace and sublimity which

we see through the poet's eyes are real. We must, however, still insist on our main contention. The poet, if he is to hold us, must always be a poet. His thought must be in solution, and not appear as a dull precipitate of prose. He may be philosophical, but he must not philosophize. He may be moral, but he must not moralize. He may be religious, but let him spare his homilies.

"Whatever the philosopher saith should be done," said Sir Philip Sidney; "the peerless poet giveth a perfect picture of it. He yieldeth to the power of the mind an image of that of which the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description. . . . The poet doth not only show the way, but doth give so sweet a prospect unto the way as will entice any man to enter it. Nay, he doth as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at first give you a cluster of grapes."

We have a right to ask our poets to be pleasant companions even when they discourse on the highest themes. Even when they have theories of their own about what we should enjoy, let us not allow them to foist upon us "wordish descriptions" of excellent things instead of poetry. When the poet invites me to go with him I first ask, "Let me taste your grapes."

You remember Mr. By-ends in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, — how he said of Christian and Hopeful, "They are headstrong men who think it their duty to rush on in their journey in all weathers, while I am for waiting for wind or tide. I am for Religion when he walks in his silver slippers in the sunshine." That was very reprehensible in Mr. By-ends, and he richly deserved the rebuke which was afterward administered to him. But when we change the subject, and speak, not of religion, but of poetry, I confess that I am very much of Mr. By-ends' way of thinking. There are literary Puritans who, when they take up the study of a poet, make it a point of conscience to go on to the bitter end of his poetical

works. If they start with Wordsworth on his *Excursion*, they trudge on in all weathers. They *do* the poem, as when going abroad they do Europe in six weeks. As the revival hymn says, "doing is a deadly thing." Let me say, good Christian and Hopeful, that though I admire your persistence, I cannot accompany you. I am for a poet only when he puts on his singing robes and walks in the sunshine. As for those times when he goes on prosing in rhyme from force of habit, I think it is more respectful as well as more pleasurable to allow him to walk alone.

The poets are full of great thoughts about nature, about humanity, about religion. In order to enjoy them, we must go to them when the right mood is upon us. To the poet of nature we must go just as we go to nature herself. Not every prospect pleases, and no prospect pleases all the time. There are times when we delight in the sea, and other times when we seek the soothing influence of meadows and hills. As various are the moods to which different poets minister and which they interpret. We speak, for instance, of Wordsworth and Emerson as poets of nature: and so they were, but how different their interpretations! There are times when Emerson only bewilders us, and Wordsworth puts us to sleep. Nature to Wordsworth was nature in England. Everywhere it had human associations and memories. The paths he walked had been trodden by successive generations. The thought of the loving constancy of nature took possession of him. His was

"the harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

When we come "with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony," he satisfies as few others can.

We turn from Wordsworth to Emerson. We are in the New England climate, — a climate not unfriendly to man, but fickle in its kindness. Emerson suspects in nature what the sober imagina-

tion of Wordsworth could not detect, — a certain humorous quality. Nature is for him “a merry Sphinx,” who delights in incongruities, and is not above enjoying a practical joke. She speaks in oracles, in paradoxes, in swift suggestions. Wisdom comes by flashes. We

“mount to Paradise
By the stairway of surprise.”

We must take the vision as it comes : —

“Speeding Saturn cannot halt ;
Linger, — thou shalt rue the fault :
If Love his moment overstay,
Hatred’s swift repulsions play.”

In the nineteenth century the spirit of the old Vedas was revived, and to the eyes of this American all nature was alive with a divine meaning. Everywhere the light shined ; now like a star, now melting in the purple clouds, now like the flecks of sunshine in the New England woods, but always wonderful.

“The world is the ring of his spells
And the play of his miracles.”

As we enjoy the poetry of nature in the same way that we enjoy nature itself, so our pleasure in the poetry of humanity is but another form of our enjoyment of human nature. We feel toward the people in books as we do toward our friends and neighbors. What is needed is, not learning, but the quick sympathy that goes out toward all sorts and conditions of men. Here is Shakespeare bringing with him

“A vision of crowded city streets
With human life in endless overflow.”

The natural man enjoys Shakespeare just as he enjoys plunging into the tumultuous life of a great city. He delights in its variety, its activity, its picturesqueness, its infinite suggestiveness. There is so much of it, and it is all alive ! It does not distress him to find some things which he does not understand. He is like a man hurried along by a crowd, who enjoys the scraps of conversation which he hears from persons whom he has never seen before, and never expects to see again. They do

not add anything to his stock of systematic knowledge, and yet they have a distinct human interest. They pique the curiosity without satisfying it.

Let him not be disheartened when he is challenged by those solemnly erudite persons, the Shakespearean scholars, who rebuke him for his audacity in presuming to enjoy that which he does not fully understand. They warn him off the premises, informing him that all are trespassers who have not mastered “the literature of the subject,” and been prepared by adequate linguistic training to appreciate the peculiarities of Elizabethan English. Alas ! many a man has taken an innocent delight in Shakespeare who has slight interest in Shakespeareana. The natural man must assert his rights. Our old laws distinguish between small ponds, which may be inclosed as private property, and “boatable waters,” from access to which the general public may not be shut out. Shakespeare’s genius belongs to the boatable waters whereon all have equal rights. When we put off in our canoes or skiffs or mud scows, we may snap our fingers at the men on the shore. We turn our backs upon “the literature of the subject,” and “the original sources,” and “all that is at enmity with joy.” Let Schoolmaster Holofernes object as he may, we will proceed to enjoy our Shakespeare after our own “undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion.”

The joy of the dramatic representation of life comes from the multiplication of our personality. If it is a gift to see ourselves as others see us, it is a greater gift to see others as they see themselves. Here lies the charm of Robert Browning. He explored human nature as Emerson’s forest seer explored the woods.

“What others did at distance hear,
And guessed within the thicket’s gloom,
Was showed to this philosopher,
And at his bidding seemed to come.”

The frequent verbal obscurity of Browning is a blemish, but the obscurity of his subjects is another matter. One may not only love the sunny fields, but delight to plunge now and then into the thickets. Browning is then a rare companion. He is at home in the thickets of the soul, and many a shy thing comes at his bidding.

In these days we are likely to hear discourses from the pulpit on the Religion of the Poets. The theme is a noble one, but frequently it is treated in too ponderous a fashion. There is a religion of the poets which comes with power to many who care little for the religion of the priests. But it is not formal or didactic. It is the welling up of that "natural piety" of which Wordsworth speaks. Shelley describes it when he says, "Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds." To share in the best moments of the best minds, to enter into their happiness, what is this but

a religious exercise and privilege? It is not only poets like Dante and Milton, who sought expression for their theology in verse, who have entered into the sphere of religion. All the greatest poets have grappled with religious problems, and in their best moments they have uttered words of lofty cheer.

"I believe the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity."

Here, as elsewhere, the great thing is the mood. We cannot enjoy the highest poetry without being in the mood of reverence. Charles Lamb would have a solemn service of music to prepare for the reading of Milton, and Longfellow came to Dante as to a great cathedral.

"As I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Samuel M. Crothers.

MR. CRAWFORD'S AVE ROMA.

THE nature of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's elaborate and beautifully illustrated book about Rome is fairly well indicated by the sonorous title, with its remote echo of the blood-stained arena, — Ave Roma Immortalis. The work is neither archæological, historical, ecclesiastical, nor political, though partaking in a degree of all these characters. It is quite frankly sentimental and picturesque. It is a *Carmen Seculare* in two bulky volumes, — a sustained hymn of praise to the goddess of a lifelong worship. It has the proportions of an epic, and in some sense the character of one, with its catalogues and episodes, its artfully arranged historical vistas and passages of brilliant description; and

Mr. Crawford is to be congratulated on having done, with much enthusiasm, large general knowledge, and almost unerring taste, what no one of the innumerable writers on Rome had exactly done before him.

Every reasonably well-informed guest of the Eternal City, who stays long enough to take breath and look tranquilly about him there, finds his imagination bewildered at first, and his thought confused by the diversity and the frequent incongruity among themselves of the stately and impressive things he sees. The one everlasting Rome of his historic or religious worship has disappeared for the time, and he finds himself confronted by the visible fragments of a dozen

different Romes. Here are the broken marbles and stark brickwork of classic Rome; underfoot are the crowded graves of early Christian Rome; yonder the surly towers of mediæval Rome; here, there, and everywhere the faded though still flaunting splendors of nascent papal Rome; and mingling with, and temporarily, at least, vulgarizing and disfiguring all, are the crude and tasteless architectural experiments of that sorry Rome of to-day, which yet ought to appeal more strongly to our human sympathies than any and all the rest; for it is a city of living men fighting a desperate battle; a link, however hastily and coarsely forged, in the age-long chain,—the one link capable of binding the Rome of the dreamlike past to the Rome of the yet more dreamlike and uncertain future. The stranger soon perceives the impossibility of comprehending in less than a lifetime any one of these hopelessly mixed and recklessly superimposed cities. He has but a small fraction to bestow of a life which has never appeared to him so pitifully short as now; and he cannot decide, upon the instant, which of all the Romes he would prefer if possible approximately to comprehend.

It is here that Mr. Crawford steps in with the consolatory assurance that no such choice is needful. "It is better," he says in so many words, "to feel much at Rome than to try and know a little." He would assist his reader to recover something of the sympathetic intuition and large uncritical outlook of the last-century traveler and man of letters; of that spirit which makes Eustace and Bonstetten better company and more satisfying reading upon Italian soil than any gymnasium-crammed and diploma-crowned investigator of to-day. In short, it is Mr. Crawford's express aim to restore, as in a vision, the broken unity of this protean metropolis, resetting successive dynasties in what seems to him their true perspective, until

the earliest of them all fades away in the *lumen purpureum* which clothes the Alban hills.

It is evident that minute archæological and chronological criticism would be entirely out of place in the review of such a book; and, indeed, the author himself has almost precluded its possibility, for he rarely gives an exact date, and never cites an authority save in the most casual and informal manner,—“the ever delightful Baracconi,” or “Lanciani, probably the greatest authority on Roman antiquities, living or dead.” A few points may be noted, nevertheless, at which the perspective of Mr. Crawford's large composition seems to us faulty and his color not altogether true.

His résumé of the legendary history of Rome is admirable; for here, of necessity, he follows Livy, and, consciously or unconsciously, he has caught something of the grand style of that superb piece of writing, the matchless first book of the annals. When, however, he comes down into full historic times, he goes astray after German gods, and fairly out-Mommens Mommensen in his extravagant laudation of both Julius and Augustus Cæsar. Assuredly these were great men, among the greatest the world has seen: the one by vast native genius, the other by rare and rarely utilized opportunity. But they were great at a great period, from a high vantage-ground, and among a crowd of other memorable Romans, many of whom nearly approached them in distinction; and it is ridiculous to try to revive at the end of the nineteenth century an apotheosis which was calculated and fictitious at the beginning of the first. When Mr. Crawford says that “the world might have been what it is without Alexander, without Charlemagne, without Napoleon, but not without Julius Cæsar,” and that “Alexander left chaos behind him, while Cæsar left Europe,” it is difficult to understand what he means. Cæsar left Europe as a “geographical expression,” and so

did Alexander leave Asia ; but the actual return to "chaos and old night," the long syncope of civilization during which mankind lost, for a time, even the memory of what had been, occurred, not between Alexander's conquests and Caesar's, but between the era of imperial Rome and that of Christianized and Catholic Europe. Later on, when, after touching in a strangely light and inadequate manner upon the martyrology of Rome, he comes to the internecine feuds of the mediæval barons, Mr. Crawford finds it a woeful thing that the population of the world's capital should have fallen from the million, more or less, which the best authorities now give as its maximum, to about seventeen thousand souls. But he takes no note whatever of that time after the capture of Rome by Totila in 547, when for a period of full forty days — the dreariest Lent on record — not one living human creature was left inside the walls. The same sort of caprice and partiality appears in his estimate of the great Roman writers. He gives the better part of a chapter to Horace, for whom he has a special devotion, presenting a life-like and in the main very truthful picture of the man, his works, and the society in which he moved. But he hardly recognizes the existence of writers of the second rank, like Juvenal and Statius, who nevertheless tell us so much more than their superiors condescend to do concerning the every-day life of ancient Rome ; while Virgil — best beloved always, if not most keenly relished, of all the ancients, "landscape lover, lord of language," he of whom the "sense of tears in human things" is really the chief psychological tie between the pagan and Christian dispensations — is dismissed with the solitary and amazing remark that "appealing to the tradition of a living race of nobles, . . . he does not appeal to the modern man"! Nor can we forbear the inquiry, of what can Mr. Crawford have been dreaming,

when he says of St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, the master of a unique Latin style, — post-classical, of course, and provincial, but of rare distinction, — that he "knew very little Greek" (which may well be true, though he tells us much in the Confessions about his struggles with the elder tongue at school), "and was probably no great Latin scholar"?

The fourteen *regiones* into which Augustus divided his reconstructed and beautified Rome correspond roughly, though under altered names, with the *rioni*, or wards, of the mediæval and modern city ; and it was a novel and rather happy thought of Mr. Crawford's to arrange his reminiscences of later times topographically, giving a chapter to each rione or region, and grouping together all the important and specially scenic events which have taken place within its limits. The casual visitor at Rome thinks very little about the rioni, each one of which guarded jealously for ages its local peculiarities and prejudices, and had its own badge or symbol, like the *contrade* of Siena, — a column, a pine cone, a group of three hills, — which badges Pope Benedict XIV., in the middle of the last century, caused to be engraved on marble shields and set up at the principal street corners of the different districts. They are all clearly defined and numbered upon the map prefixed to Mr. Crawford's first volume, — the only map, by the way, which finds a place among the profuse and for the most part admirable illustrations to Ave Roma.

But the map itself is too small ; the great main landmarks are not plainly enough indicated, and it has the disadvantage of appearing, at the first glance, to have been inserted upside down. There is, perhaps, no intrinsic reason why a survey of the modern city should not begin at the point where everybody now enters it, the great railway station near the Bath of Diocletian ; that is to say, why this point should not be

at the bottom of the map. Yet it still seems more natural and regular to approach Rome in spirit by the Flaminian Way, and for the eye to travel from the Porto del Popolo, leaving St. Peter's on the right and the Pincian Hill upon the left, up the length of the Corso toward the Capitol, the Forum, the Coliseum, and the Lateran, and so on across the Campagna to those beauteous mountains of the south which form a perpetual background to the ever widening view.

A corresponding sense of chronological dislocation and inversion seems, at times, to result from studying the annals of mediæval Rome by regions; and it is undoubtedly a little confusing to find chapter vii. devoted chiefly to Cola di Rienzi's revolt, which took place in the fourteenth century, and chapter x. to that of Arnold of Brescia, which belongs to the twelfth. Both characters are vividly and sympathetically portrayed, though a thought less than justice is perhaps done to the sincere mysticism of Cola; while a good deal of light is shed on the obscurer movements associated with the names of Crescenzius and Porcari, and even upon the weird figure of Theodora Senatrix, reputed ancestress both of the Crescenzi and of the Colonnas, who terrorized Rome from the mole of Hadrian in the early part of the tenth century. The truth is that Ave Roma ought not to be read consecutively, but topically, and if it may be, of course, upon the spot.

Mr. Crawford's review of that gloomiest period of the middle age, when Rome was a cluster of fortified camps, and her squalid populace the alternate prey of Colonnas, Orsini, Gaetani, and the lesser baronial families, is both very graphic and remarkably lucid. Here too, as always, he is the man of feeling and the pronounced partisan, siding with the Colonnas against all comers. He cherishes one of his romantic passions for that ancient race in all its branches and at every stage of its history. He

has idealized some of the hereditary traits of the Colonnas in the Saracinescas of his Italian novels; and finds himself rather embarrassed sometimes, as a good Catholic, by their disrespectful attitude toward the Popes of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. For the Colonnas were stanch Ghibellines, and cared little for pontiffs who were not of their own making. He even feels bound to defend the peerless Vittoria from the charge of unbecoming levity in her intercourse with Michelangelo. For our own part, we never dreamed of questioning the discretion of either of those exalted beings; and the earnestness of their latest apologist reminds one a little of the reply of the aged poet Rogers to the Frenchwoman who was his own contemporary, and who hinted that they might be compromised by remaining too long *en tête-à-tête*: "Ah, madame, we might have excited remark at sweet seventy-eight, *mais nos beaux jours sont passés*." Among Mr. Crawford's many good and brilliant gifts a sense of humor is not conspicuous. It is the chief defect in the best of his romances.

The fullest and most valuable part of the present work is that which treats of later mediæval and ecclesiastical Rome; and this is well, for it is the visible Rome of the Popes — *baroque*, and yet how lovely! — which has suffered most from recent vandalism, and is likely to suffer yet more. The present Italian government respects, and will rescue and defend according to its own lights, the *avanzi* of Republican and Imperial Rome; but it hates, and cares not how soon it consigns to oblivion, the obvious reminders of papal domination. It is in this part of his book, also, that Mr. Crawford fulfills the promise made upon his title-page, and draws his material largely from original chronicles and the private annals of the great Roman houses. One can tell in a moment when he begins borrowing from Latin and early Italian records, by the peculiar style —

simple and sometimes noble, but so unlike his own — into which he regularly falls ; a style which partakes about equally of the Old Testament and of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. We are glad, however, when Mr. Crawford goes back to his own equally picturesque but more virile and forcible manner. His whole discussion of the origins of the Renaissance in Art is fresh and striking, though the theme is so well worn, and shows the easy grasp of one who has lived all his life in an artistic atmosphere. Mr. Crawford says Renaissance, as Matthew Arnold conscientiously tried to do, and there is every reason in favor of this form. But the world is inert, and clings to the more familiar French word.

Again, when he comes to dealing with the Renaissance Popes, we find our author somewhat hampered by his allegiance to the titular head of the Church. He accepts without comment the decorous convention of the Pope's nephews, and passes lightly over such pontificates as those of Alexander VI. (Borgia) and Leo X. (Medici). But he takes it out — if one may be permitted to say so — upon Cæsar Borgia, to whom he does not hesitate to attribute the murder of his brother, the Duke of Gandia, though the most respectable authorities now incline to relieve Cæsar's burdened conscience of that one enormity, and to charge it upon Cardinal Ascanio Sforza ; and he has painted one of his most gorgeous and highly wrought pictures of the last banquet together of Vanozza and her unnatural sons. Mr. Crawford is also sufficiently severe upon Clement VII. (Medici), who had so nearly betrayed the Eternal City to irreparable ruin ; and he credits Paul IV. (Caraffa), who established the Inquisition in Rome, with having confirmed the apostasy of England by the roughness with which he repelled the pious advances of the youthful Queen Elizabeth.

As between the Dominicans who administered the Inquisition and the Je-

suits, he adheres warmly to the latter ; analyzing ably and persuasively, in the chapter concerning the ninth Region, (*pigna*), which contains their evicted college and their finest church, the character, aims, and achievements of that curiously misconceived and dreaded order. "Neither their faults," as he truly says, "nor their mistakes seem adequate to explain the deadly hatred which they have so often roused against them among Christians of all denominations."

Mr. Crawford is naturally no admirer of the house of Savoy, nor has he much faith in the future of United Italy ; and it must be confessed that the faith of those who hoped most from the new order has been sorely tried, and that there is no clear outlook ahead. But the author of *Ave Roma* is a Cæsarist by temperament as well as by conviction ; and we think he repeats once or twice too often his favorite bonmot to the effect that the difference between the United Italy of Julius Cæsar and the United Italy of to-day is this : that in the former case the Romans took Italy, while in the latter the Italians have taken Rome. To him, born in Rome under Pope Pius IX., and steeped from boyhood in the sentiment of the stately days gone by, the Pope is still, by rights, a temporal sovereign ; and we really wonder at his forbearance concerning the immense blunder — to call it by no graver name — which was committed when the seat of the new government was removed hither from Florence. No one having even a superficial knowledge of the facts will be inclined to think that in his concluding chapter, entitled *Leo the Thirteenth*, Mr. Crawford has exaggerated the great qualities of the present Pope either as a statesman or as a saint. All that he says in that most interesting chapter is true ; and it seems disproportionate only when we remark that the name of King Umberto does not occur at all in these volumes, and that of Queen Margherita once only, in connection with a peculiarly

trivial anecdote ; while the far greater name of Camillo Cavour is, we believe, never mentioned save in the following extraordinary collocation : " On a smaller scale, — perhaps because he represented a much smaller power, — Cardinal Antonelli is to be classed with Disraeli, Metternich, Cavour, and Bismarck."

But it may be that we too have lost our sense of proportion, and have dwelt too long upon the trifling flaws in what is, after all, a delightful and a timely book. For the ambitious and unterrified student, who wants something more than this elegant and beguiling guide, something drier, and perhaps deeper, there are volumes innumerable within the reach of all, — Muratori, Nibby, Gregorovius, Ampère, Lanciani, Gaston Boissier, to name only a few of the most obvious.

There is also the indefatigable Murray, ready always to contradict his former statements in his latest edition, and the amiable Hare, to suggest a trite poetical quotation at every turn. Even Zola's pitilessly photographed backgrounds have a certain value in their bare veracity. But the young enthusiast, predestined to a grand passion for the mistress, Rome, will prefer Ave Roma to them all ; and so will the jaded worldling, who has begun to suspect that study also is vanity ; while the *moriturus* — the aging and unwilling exile, who yet doubts in his darkest moments only that he may never see the fairest spot on earth again — will bless the book for the strong illusion of vanished days and scenes, both in his own life and in that of the imperishable city, which it has power to conjure up.

A GROUP OF RECENT NOVELS.

It sometimes happens to a writer, not weighted with too great ambitions, to select his subject so happily and to treat it so simply and skillfully, guided by so sure an instinct for artistic truth, which is also, as Goethe says, the truth of nature, that he produces what is just as surely a masterpiece, in its modest way, as the biggest work of the first of the immortals. It seems to us that this is precisely what Mr. Gilbert Parker has done in his very beautiful story *The Battle of the Strong*. From start to finish, the tale is *right*, — clear, temperate, symmetrical ; awakening in the reader a keen personal sympathy with the author's creations, moving smoothly and surely to an end not clearly foreseen from the beginning any more than the end of life is foreseen, but perceived after the fact to have been inevitable.

Mr. Parker, as readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* know, lays his scene in the Isle

of Jersey, where he is entirely at home ; he is far too deeply penetrated with the spirit of its life and lore to show any signs of that cheap process best known by the appropriately vulgar name of "reading up." The sweet Jersey landscape is here as a background to the action, but never obtruded or overdrawn. The insular customs and quaint racial characteristics of the Jersiais are here, a little more pronounced than the modern traveler sees them, as they must needs have been at the date of the story. The delicious Jersey dialect is here, but so sparingly introduced that, even in these days of the flagrant abuse of dialect, — when one sickens at the sight of a page bespattered with bizarre spelling, — we actually long for more. It seems so limpid and spontaneous a form of human expression that we are conscious of a certain liability to drop into it, and *nannin-gia* springs unbidden to

the lips, as the "one entire and perfect" form of mild yet energetic negation. It is as apt and as artless as the baby's *da-da* or the overworked monosyllables of the anthropoid ape. What, for example, could excel the following in humor and charm?

"The ability to speak English — his own English — was the pride of Jean Touzel's life. He babbled it all the way, and chiefly about a mythical Uncle Elias, who was the text for many a sermon. 'Times past,' he said, as they neared Maître Ile, 'mon Onc' 'Lias, he knows these Ecréhoses better as all the peoples of the world — respé d'la compagnie! Mon Onc' 'Lias, he was a fine man. Once when there is a fight between de Henglish and de hopping Johnnies,' — he pointed toward France, — 'dere is seven French ship, dere is two Henglish ship — gentlemen-of-war dey are call. Eh ben, one of de Henglish ships, he is not a gentleman-of-war; he is what you call go-on-your-own-hook, — *privator*. But it is all de same, très-ba, all right! What you think coum to pass? De big Henglish ship, she is hit ver' bad; she is all break up. Efin, dat leetle *privator* he stan' round on de fighting side of de gentleman-of-war, and take de fire by hér loneliness. Say, then, wherever dere is troub' mon Onc' 'Lias he is there. He stan' outside de troub' an' look on. Dat is his hobby! You call it *hombog*? Oh, *nannin-gia*! Suppose two peoples goes to fight, ah bah, somebody must pick up de pieces, — dat is mon Onc' 'Lias! He have his boat full of hoysters; so he sit dere all alone and watch dat great fight, an' heat de hoyster an' drink de cider vine!'"

For the rest, Mr. Parker's characters are mainly noble, yet not too impossibly noble. They have many faults among them, but few weaknesses, and their *démêlé* is rightly named *The Battle of the Strong*. The souls of these gallant combatants may be sin-stained, as their bodies are war and weather stained; but

they fight fair; the tale of their prowess is inspiring, and, above all things, clean; and we are glad to see the great prize of the contest fall, in the end, to that repentant sinner over whom the angels are reported specially to rejoice.

If the novel fails at any point in artistic sobriety and perfect *justesse*, it is in unduly protracting the last agony of Philip. His touching testament seems rather too long and elaborate a document for a desperately hurt and rapidly sinking man to have written without aid.

Were Mr. Parker to go on and write another novel showing as marked an advance over this, in the mastery of his material, as does this over the clever but slightly turbid and confusing *Seats of the Mighty*, there is no saying to what he might not eventually attain. But it is enough, in a time of rough work and reckless haste, to have done one thing exactly as well as it can be done, and to have afforded the worried spirit of the would-be conscientious critic an hour of unexpected and most grateful repose.

Caleb West, Master Diver, the able and original romance by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, which also first appeared in these pages, is both vigorous and pleasing. The author has a manly enthusiasm for vast and daring mechanical enterprises, rising at times, as does Mr. Kipling's in the *Bridge-Builders*, fairly to poetic power. He is also moved by a generous desire to sing in fitting strains the dumb heroism of the New England mariners, the hardest tried and least remunerated, whether by prizes or praises, of all the obscure toilers of this world. Mr. Smith has thrown himself into the life of these men with special ardor; but his range is wide, and he shows much insight into the workings of many minds, and delineates with great spirit and humor other strongly marked national types, as that of Major Slocomb, the expansive and mercurial Marylander. Certain qualities of the pictorial art-

tist are conspicuous in scattered bits of vivid description; and this makes one regret the more that the actual illustrations to the story should fall on a lower plane, emphasizing one of the author's own dangers by oversentimentalizing the situation.

Captain Joe — an heroic old acquaintance of the readers of Mr. Smith's short stories, who here gives us an opportunity for knowing him more intimately — and Caleb West are two as real men as have got themselves into the pages of a novel for a long time. Rough but not coarse, weather-beaten, of the heroic temper, with characters shaped more by their calling as builders of submarine structures than by any social influences or human associations (for they are men who might have lived at any time), they are a type of the product of our Northern seashore and seafaring life, — a life that has been strangely neglected both in history and in fiction. Whatever else Mr. Smith has done or may do, he has in these men presented characters of permanent human interest. They walk through the book and come into the reader's attention with a reality that not only justifies their existence, but that gives the story a proper place at the head of Mr. Smith's fiction; for it marks an advance on all his previous work.

A striking feature of the story is the wide range of Sanford's sympathies; his alternate and almost equally balanced passion for luxury on the one hand, and for hardship and peril on the other. He is, however, quite consistent in his versatility, and as fully alive as any of the other specimens of that undeniably charming type which recent changes in the aspect of the world's affairs have brought into high repute, both in life and in fiction, — the generous dreamer who waits only opportunity to become the generous doer, the man of fashion under whose urbane exterior are latent the most stirring potentialities of the man of action. Incidentally, too, in the

strong sketch of Carleton, the superintendent of the lighthouse work, we have an illustration, which has much point in this year of grace, of the power carelessly lodged in the government overseer to repress the noble rage and thwart the unselfish endeavor of the knights-errant of true progress.

The genteel comedy which is made to run alongside this brave narrative of a struggle with elemental forces and unformulated laws suggests the conventional; yet a word of hearty praise must be given to the discreet and delicate treatment of a dubious situation in the relations between Sanford and Mrs. Leroy. The smothered love story of these two, with its blameless course and quiet end of unspoken renunciation, is a great deal more true to the nature of honorable folk, betrayed by circumstance into a hopelessly false position, than your two-penny cynic likes to admit.

It must be that we read books of travel far more for the sake of the traveler's idiosyncrasies than for solid information about the lands which he or she may elect to visit; else how should we be ready and eager to accompany a dozen successive adventurers to the North Pole or the heart of Africa, scores to Russia, India, and Egypt, hundreds to Athens, and thousands to Rome? No reader can reasonably have expected that the beguiling heroine of Penelope's English Experiences would have anything new to tell him about the "land o' cakes and brither Scots" in the tartan-clad volume with the alliterative title of Penelope's Progress. But who, after having sojourned in London and "Belvern" with Penelope, would hesitate about accompanying her anywhere? She is at her very best in Scotland, with her bright audacity, her invincible good temper, and, above all, her frank and infectious laughter at herself. Her gift of unforced but unflagging high spirits is one that is becoming ominously rare in this

world ; and once we have yielded a minor point of old-fashioned etiquette, and conceded that one's experiences of private hospitality may properly be served over as side dishes at a public banquet, we shall find few entrées more daintily and spicily concocted than Penelope's. It would hardly be possible to win a social victory more adroitly, or to describe it less offensively, than does our witty countrywoman that of her first Edinburgh dinner party : —

“I think my neighbor found me thoroughly delightful, after he discovered my point of view. He was an earl ; and it always takes an earl a certain length of time to understand me. I scarcely know why, for I certainly should not think it courteous to interpose any real barriers between the nobility and that portion of the ‘masses’ represented in my humble person. . . . The earl took the greatest interest in my new ancestors, and approved thoroughly of my choice. He thinks I must have been named for Lady Penelope Belhaven, who lived in Leven Lodge, one of the country villas of the Earls of Leven, from whom he himself is descended. ‘Does that make us relatives?’ I asked. ‘Relatives, most assuredly,’ he replied, ‘but not too near to destroy the charm of friendship.’

“He thought it a great deal nicer to select one's own forbears than to allow them all the responsibility, and said it would save a world of trouble if the plan could be universally adopted. He added that he should be glad to part with a good many of his, but doubted whether I would accept them, as they were ‘rather a scratch lot.’ I use his own language, which I thought delightfully easy for a belted earl.”

There is a great deal else in the book which is quite as amusing as this ; and some few graver passages, like the discussion of the typical Scotch sermon and long improvised public prayer, which show both sympathy and acute penetration.

In its freshness, lightness, and candor, and in absolute lack of pretension to be other than it is, *Penelope's Progress* is a delightful book.

Miss Ellen Glasgow's *Phases of an Inferior Planet* suggests the aspects of life from the window of a New York elevated car. The clatter and roar of city sounds form the dreary undertone of this entire story of two unhappy lives. That a girl with a passion for music and a genius for sensation of every keen variety should have met and married a man of extraordinary development, almost wholly mental, was sufficient to bring tragedy to each of them. Their union has given Miss Glasgow the opportunity of drawing not only the life they both lived, but also a vivid picture of the Bohemian New York in which they found themselves and each other. They and their fellow occupants of a cheap apartment house, the whole sordid background for the tragic birth and death of their child, and their own bitter separation are depicted with convincing skill in the first Phase of the narrative. The exceptional success of the detached husband as the rector of a church with a name impossible for an Anglican parish contributes to the second Phase of the story something less of reality ; for it is difficult to conceive that the reverend father could have wrought such clerical wonders with a head so little aided by his heart. But in this Phase the reunion of man and wife is the real thing, and it is vigorously brought about by the author. That its final outward achievement is frustrated by the woman's dying and the man's becoming a suicide, by intention if not in act, may be regarded merely as a bit of the general evidence that destiny is too much both for Miss Glasgow and for her creations. The book, if you will, is a morbid anatomy of the spirit, — an anatomy of the morbid spirit may define it more truly, — and those who care not for such undertakings may well abstain from

it. Yet it possesses the distinction of dealing bravely with actual life, although in unlovely manifestations, and therefore of affecting the reader very much as such life might move the observer to sympathy or repulsion. The story, moreover, in spite of a tendency at times to sacrifice too much to the sententious and epigrammatic, is excellently told, without too many traces of the influence of "favorite authors." It bears out the promise of the writer's first attempt in *The Descendant*, and it makes promises of its own for further interpretations of the modern.

Unhappily, it is impossible to look forward to anything more from the pen of Mrs. Maria Louise Pool. Her latest story, *A Golden Sorrow*, has many qualities which go to make the reminder, *nil nisi bonum*, superfluous. It turns upon the unwilling marriage of a pleasure-seeking Northern girl in Florida to a Spanish grandee, who, aided by the girl's ambitious mother, forces her to desert the man she truly loves, and to attempt a married life in which the gold is found to weigh as nothing in comparison with the sorrow. The tale begins lightly, and when the premonitory note of tragedy is struck, the whole affair, as the author well says, seems to the young man like a scene in a burlesque opera, and he wonders when the chorus will begin singing something comic. To his own sorrow, he soon learns that for him and the woman he loves both chorus and solos, from that time forth, are pitched in the most tragic of keys. If fault is to be found with the narrative, it lies in the trumping up at the last moment of the comic-opera device of a forgotten mock marriage, which is proved to have had sufficient reality to permit the heroine to escape from her galling bonds, and to lend herself to a "happy ending." It is in the unhappy portion of the story that the writer has revealed uncommon directness and energy in her treatment of a tragic theme. The latter portion of the title-

page of Joanna Baillie's Series of Plays, "in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the mind," defines with accuracy the attempt which Mrs. Pool has made, and it must be said that her attempt has been rewarded with a large measure of success.

The task which Mr. Julian Ralph has set himself in his story *An Angel* in a Web presents difficulties even greater than those of blending tragedy and comedy; for here he has assayed the almost impossible fusion of the natural and the supernatural. The natural has to do with a dying rich man, his will and a missing heir, and the story composed of these elements is a reasonably interesting creation of the rather improbable sort. The supernatural is provided by the intervention of the spirits of the rich man's dead relatives, "Etherians," on behalf of everybody concerned in the property. The total result is an inevitable flavor of unreality, which exists neither in life nor in the unadulterated productions of specialists in psychical research. Many of these would doubtless approve the theory of blending the psychic and the actual, but they could hardly defend its practice in art which does not contrive to carry conviction to the reader.

Wholly actual is Mr. Will Payne's story of *The Money Captain*. It belongs to the family of *The Honorable Peter Stirling* and *The Federal Judge*, and is a straightforward attempt to put into fiction one of the less alluring phases of contemporary American life. The relations between a capitalist, here a "gas duke," and a corrupt city government, here Chicago, the exposure of these relations by a journalist of integrity and almost brutal daring, — these, with the subordinate element of a love story, are the writer's raw materials. The structure into which he moulds them, by a process somewhat lacking in ease, but often and increasingly vigorous, insists upon being taken with a certain serious-

ness. As a mere narrative it is by no means without power, and as an illustrative comment upon current American affairs it has a positive value.

A corresponding historic value is to be found in *A Herald of the West*, an American Story of 1811-1815, by Mr. Joseph A. Altsheler. Its hero is a young Kentuckian, connected with the government at Washington before the war of 1812, and serving in the army throughout the conflict. The descriptions of the British attack upon Washington and of the battle of New Orleans give the story a specific interest for students of history. But perhaps its best service is rendered by its delineation of the national temper before and during the war, which is made to appear even more responsible than the Revolution for the old-time feeling of hostility toward England. In such a story it is not unnatural to feel that the historical transcends the human interest. The book, as a work of fiction, commands more respect than enthusiasm.

It is a far cry from America, present or historic, to the scenes, events, and characters of Mr. S. R. Crockett's tale *The Red Axe*. As the title suggests, it is a story of "heads off all round," in which a red slayer exercises no self-deception whatever in thinking that he slays. All that one asks of such a narrative of love and bloody adventure in mediæval times is that the incidents shall be abundant and unhackneyed; that the possibilities, if not the probabilities, shall be regarded; and that the writer shall show himself to be familiar not only with essential human nature, but also with the art of writing. These demands are agreeably satisfied by the author of *The Red Axe*. When Mr. Crockett becomes thoroughly warmed to his work, as in the last third of the volume, he provides so exciting a narrative of its sort that none but the most hardened reader could fail to be stirred by it.

To the same emotions touched by this

book Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson appeals, by somewhat different means, in his story *The Adventurers*. What a few modern French painters have tried to do with sacred subjects he has attempted in this tale of treasure-trove concealed and defended in an ancient castle, fully equipped with moat, portecullis, and dungeon keep; for the participants in the galloping series of mediæval adventures which form the substance of the book are for the most part thoroughly modern Englishmen, such as any of us might encounter in or out of their native country. Except for a race of two hansom cabs in London, the futile intervention of contemporary law, and the catastrophe supplied by the running down of a smack by a transatlantic liner in the Severn, the entire machinery of the tale is mediæval, and the spectacle of its handling by a little company of men easily within the limits of our personal acquaintance imparts to the narrative a refreshing element of novelty. According to a reader's taste, it is for or against the story that no element of love appears in all its three hundred pages. If the common belief is founded upon reason, it will therefore appeal more strongly to men than to women. The judicious of both sexes will probably unite in wishing the story shorter; for, in spite of fertility of invention and agility of manner, there is such a thing as a surfeit of adventure, and Mr. Watson might well have been a little more cautious.

Restraint would have added also to the value of another tale conspicuous for masculinity, — Mr. Alfred Ollivant's *Bob, Son of Battle*. Bob is the industrious apprentice of shepherd dogs in the region at the north of England where the scene of the story is laid. In contrast and ceaseless conflict with him stands Red Wull, a great ill-begotten tyke, with a horrid way of hurling himself with a crash against a door closing on a retreating human figure. The enmity between Bob and Red Wull is paralleled by the

enmity between their masters, models respectively of everything good and evil. Even the philosopher whose regard for dogs increased with his knowledge of men would have found it hard to choose between Adam M'Adam and his hideous Wull; but he who would know more about the ways of shepherds and shepherd dogs, their rivalries of sagacity, vengeance, and faithfulness, will find that much light is thrown upon these subjects by the pages written out of the fullness of Mr. Ollivant's sympathy and knowledge. There are those, moreover, who run to dog-fights as willingly as to fires, and for them the book will have the special value of removing the necessity for undignified physical exercise.

The teller of short stories obviously runs fewer risks of over-elaboration than the writer of longer narratives, but there are pitfalls even in the shortest courses. A book which well illustrates the results both of avoiding and of falling into them is *The Man who Worked for Collister*, by Miss Mary Tracy Earle. When there is a failure to set out with a definite, adequate end in view, the result is likely to be as vague as the impression made by a fellow creature whose personality keeps him constantly in the "middle distance." Against this vagueness even a graceful, sympathetic manner cannot always successfully contend. But when such a manner as the writer of these tales has at her command is brought to the service of a clearly conceived story of life that has a sufficient intrinsic interest, one need make no complaint of the resulting product. A story of this order is that which gives the volume its title; another is *The Fig-Trees of Old Jourdé*; still another, *Mr. Willie's Wedding-Veil*. The best of the writer's descriptions of Creole scenes are notably good.

That it is not enough, however, to display a mastery of a strange dialect is suggested by the presence not only in Miss Earle's book, but also in Mr. Maurice Thompson's *Stories of the Cherokee*

Hills, of tales which produce upon the reader no effect of a quality other than temporary. Indeed, excepting for the picture of the old master and slave, Ben and Judas, these tales by Mr. Thompson produce, and perhaps aim to produce, less the effect of fiction pure and simple than that of the writings loosely and generally defined as "side lights on history." Mr. Thompson's chief object has been to depict the state of society and the curious race conditions existing in northern Georgia in the bewildering days of reconstruction. If the writer has confessedly elected to achieve this end by the means of fiction, it is of less consequence that the fiction should be wholly remarkable as such than that its end should be achieved so successfully as it is.

Mrs. Annie Trumbull Slosson's *Dumb Foxglove and Other Stories* brings the reader to the intangible things of New England. Her stories are eminently those of a woman, and have to do usually with a strange personification of New England character, touched equally with something of the poetic and of the "queer." A deformed child who invents Biblical dishes as extravagant as Lear's "gosky patties," an old man who explains and justifies everything in the terms of apples, an old woman who figures by mistake as the chief mourner at the funeral of a person quite unknown to her, and is changed for life by the experience, — these are typical creations of Mrs. Slosson's fancy. Her tales are not echoes of Miss Jewett's or Miss Wilkins's, but have a separate, half-mystical quality of their own. They are sometimes overburdened with detail, like the spoken narrations of many New England women, yet they carry with them much that is quaint, suggestive, and memorable.

Very different are the qualities of mysticism and of method which characterize *The Shape of Fear and Other Ghostly Tales*, by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie. Apart from any contrast with diffuseness, these

really short stories are to an uncommon degree incisive and to the point. The supernatural element, instead of taking on the religious tinge of Mrs. Slosson's mysticism, is of the purely ghostly order, and the communing is frequently with evil rather than good spirits. Of the mundane relations described in one of her stories Mrs. Peattie says: "Fate was annoyed at this perfect friendship. It didn't give her enough to do, and fate is a restless thing, with a horrible appetite for variety." It is usually to aid the gratification of this appetite that the unseen influences play their part in these tales. That they possess a certain distinction is due to the author's variety of imagination, and to an effective directness of telling which amounts to a positive quality of style. It would be unfair to leave the impression that the writer's skill is concerned wholly with gruesome materials, for there is abundant pathos in the stories of *Their Dear Little Ghost* and *From the Loom of the Dead*; and in *A Grammatical Ghost* a refreshing leavening of humor is apparent. It will be interesting to observe what larger and more ambitious work will come from this same author, who has now put forth three books of short stories.

Shorter than the shortest of Mrs. Peattie's stories, and quite distinct from all the other writings noticed here, are the observations of Mr. Dooley in *Peace* and in *War*. They stand alone, because

the volume which contains them must be seriously considered as a claimant for a place among the real contributions to American humor. Such contributions may or may not endure; but just as Major Jack Downing, Hosea Biglow, and that genial showman Artemus Ward figured as typical spokesmen for something in the American body politic and social at the times of their appearance, so Martin Dooley, saloon-keeper of Chicago, speaks truly as a living man of living things. The explanation of its success is not far to seek. The Chicago journalist, Mr. F. P. Dunne, who is known in open secret as its author, has dealt with such topics of the Spanish war and the years of peace immediately preceding it as have come under the daily notice of everybody. Into the mouth of the philosophic Dooley, familiar with ward politics, laboring men, and the police, he has put the shrewdest of comments upon all these topics. The dialect is an exact reproduction of the unconsciously droll speech of Dooleys known to us all, and the humor of this particular sage, and of the sharers in his walk and conversation, is often as subtle as his common sense is sound. To test the effect of his words not only in sound, but in significance, every person with any linguistic gift may be advised to make the experiment of reading Dooley aloud; for whether the hearers enjoy it or not, the reader surely will.